

THE MUSEUM.

MAY, 1835.

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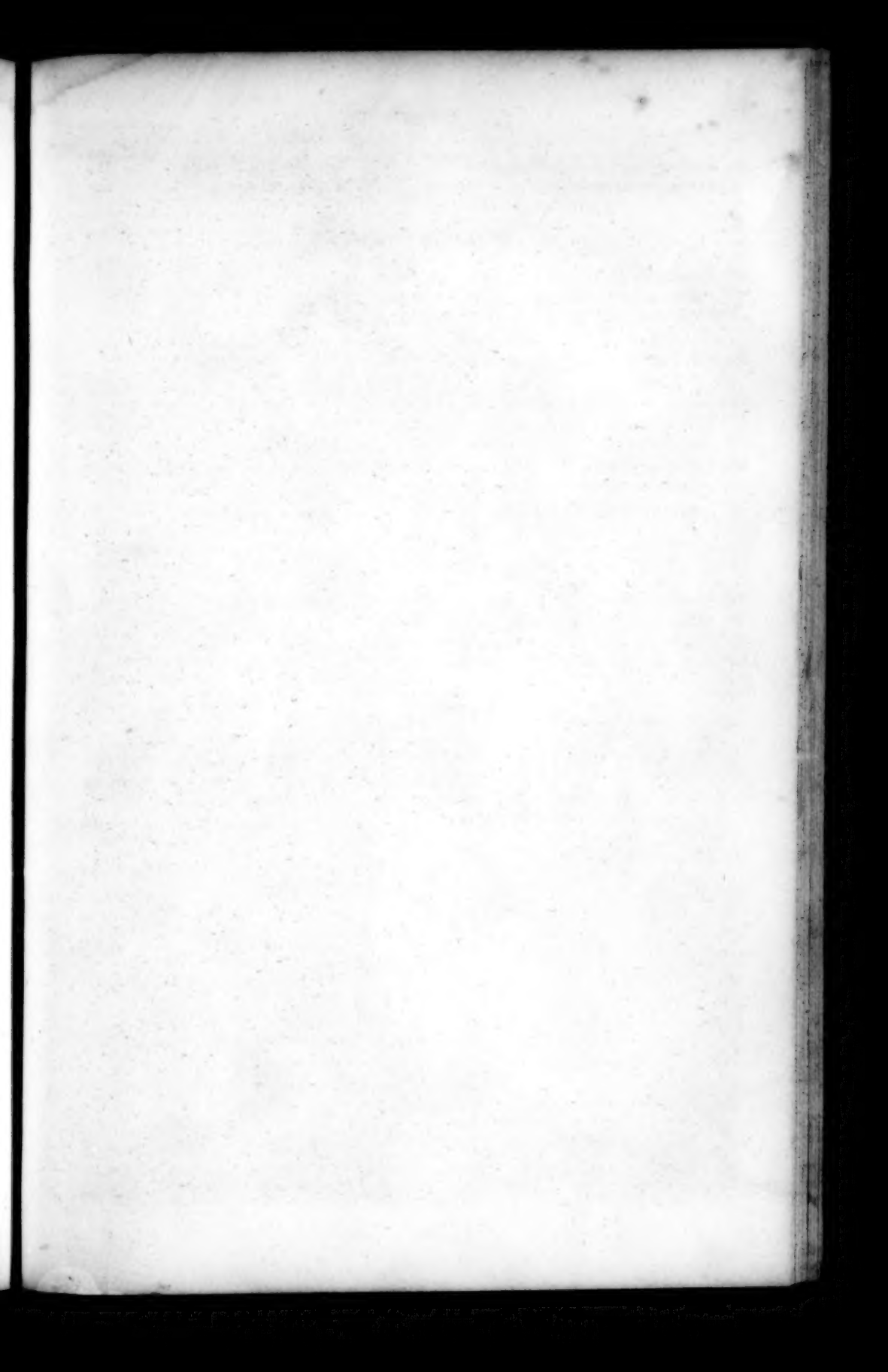
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AUTHOR OF A JOURNAL.

From Fraser's Magazine.

COMTE D'ORSAY.

Comte D'Orsay, who stands opposite, was first introduced to the literary readers of these realms in the correspondence of Lord Byron, where he is designated as a *Cupidon déchainé*, and described as the ideal of a Frenchman before the revolution—that is to say, as a French gentleman, the breed of whom, gradually diminishing for many years, has been at last pretty well extinguished by Louis Philippe, who certainly does not make any absurd pretensions to figure in the character. His lordship was so kind as, in another letter, to describe Comte d'Orsay as one who seemed to have all the qualities requisite to have figured in his brother-in-law's ancestor's memoirs—by which he means the memoirs of Count Grammont, perpetrated in or of the days of Charles II. by "Antonio Hamilton."

A dozen of years, wo for the time! have passed since these letters of Lord Byron were written; and the comte is nearer to that bourne from whence no traveller returns by what Tacitus would call "*ingens spatium humane vite.*" We may freely translate the passage for the benefit of all concerned:

Believe me, dear comte, that twelve years do not pass,

And leave not some signs as they go;

They may fly with the wings of the hawk—but, alas!

They are marked by the feet of the crow.

But still the comte is in fine preservation, and may be seen in all places where fine fellows do congregate as the observed of all observers. Hang it! after all, as Dr. Morris (i. e. John G. Lockhart) says of old Potts, five-and-thirty is the very prime of life, and they know nothing of it who maintain the contrary. We appeal to several of the fairest judges in France or England.

The history of the comte, and his adventures in various courts, from that of William IV. or Charles X. to any other you would please to mention, in any quarter of London or Paris—in street or rue, in place or square, whether St. James's or Red Lion—has been written by so many illustrious authors, especially of the hebdomadal press, that we willingly excuse ourselves from entering upon it here. He is the son of General Comte D'Orsay, commonly called, we believe, Beau D'Orsay and brother of the beautiful Duchess of Guiche. As for the antiquity of his race, that is sufficiently indicated by its having given the name to the Quay D'Orsay; and when we recollect that Henry IV. and Louis XV. are (or were) content with being patrons only of bridges across the Seine, it is no small glory to share with Voltaire the honour of being predominant over a whole quay on its side. Our business with him is as an author. And yet we do not know well how to inform our readers what he has written. He has most cleverly caricatured and peppered with *bon mots* all and sundry people who have come near him: the only Lord Byron that ever gave the least idea of how the man really looked, is by the comte. But where is his book that his lordship took so much interest in? Where is the Journal, the extraordinary produc-

tion, which gave "a most melancholy but true description of all that regards high life in England?" Where is the book which "a young Italian lady of rank, *tres instruite* also," namely, Guiccioli herself, was delighted with? Where is the Journal, of which Lord Byron says he never could have described what it attempted so well? To this effect, "*Il faut être Français.*"

Il faut être donc un de nos collaborateurs. Comte D'Orsay must send the Journal and its continuation to us; and having made him this proposition, we conclude by requiring the attention of all our male readers to the exquisite sketching of Croquis, our lady readers will need no bidding to look at what is under the hat of our Alfred, than whom, "since his majesty of the same name, there has not been a more learned surveyor of our Saxon society."

And so adieu—we shall no more say
About the whiskers of Comte D'Orsay.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

WILLIAM PITT.

PART II.

All the great questions of politics return periodically in England. For the wants, wishes, and passions of all generations are the same, and the liberty of England gives them all a tongue. The established church, the duration of parliament, the admission of Roman Catholics to the legislature, the purification of the elective franchise, have all revolved through the circle of debate in successive times, since the days when England first had a constitution, the days of Elizabeth. They, or topics similar to them, will revolve while England possesses a constitution. But this arises less from the necessity of things than from the nature of debate. An English legislature has never existed, and never will exist without a conflict of parties. The new titles of faction are but a shifting of the oldest appellatives of party. There will always be found in a free legislature a body of men to whom freedom is a cloak for ambition; power is all in all; a ruined country over which they can rule, is better than the noblest national prosperity of which they have not the rule, that they may have the plunder. The political physiognomy of those men is known. Chiefly poor, and chiefly profligate in their personal lives, they have nothing to lose in property, and nothing to hurt in conscience. They are thus sent into the field prepared to accomplish the most violent change, by the most desperate means. This faction is small, cautious, and obscure, but it forms the nucleus of the revolutionary mind of the nation. It has a wonderful power of expansibility. It can sink altogether from sight, but when the hour for its evil is come, it is the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, that distends over the whole political horizon, and pours down in a hurricane. This was the spirit of the American Revolution. Neither wrongs inflicted, nor rights denied, unfurled the banners of revolt beyond the Atlantic. It was the fury of a faction for power, inflaming

the passion of a populace for change. This was the spirit of the French Revolution. Neither domestic tyranny nor foreign insult sacrificed the king on the bloody altar raised to democracy. It was the fury of a faction for power, inflaming the passion of a populace for change. But in England, the character of the nation, grave, firm, and decorous, compelled this spirit to assume another shape. It never dared, as in America, to throw off the mask, and start from the suppliant into the revoler. It never possessed either the force or the effrontery, as in France, to exhibit its naked impurity before the people, and with the torch of a profane philosophy in one hand, and the cup of massacre in the other, lead off the new dance of death, secure of seeing every class and condition of man whirling after it in its grim festivity. Here, always vulgar, feeble, and obscure; nurtured among the lower haunts of the commonwealth, it has always found it politic to lurk under the various disguises of imposture, diffident of its means. It has appealed to the young, by their natural distaste for the wisdom of old institutions, to the generous by their scorn of political corruption, and to the patriotic by their zeal for the honour of the country. Thus, nearly every public man of decided ability commences his career by the adoption of a cause which his whole after life is employed in resisting. Thus we find men of the most powerful understanding, and the most patriotic views, the Chathams, Burkes, and Pitts, forced perpetually to contend against the imputation of having deserted principles, which they never held, of being traitors when they had only been betrayed, and of adopting for the bribes of office, the resistance to objects into which they could have been even ensnared only by the subtlest artifices of faction.

But in this decided and contemptuous judgment, we distinctly disclaim all idea of involving the body known by the general name of opposition. The changes of the public councils from year to year may throw into its ranks men incapable of political deviation. Some of the greatest names of our history have been numbered among the opposers of the cabinet for the time being; and it has been said, with a just knowledge of the English government, that the country might as well exist without a cabinet, as without an opposition.

Pitt had till now distinguished himself only as a subordinate. He had been content to follow the topics thrown out by the leaders of the house. But he had felt his powers, and he was now to lead. The first public question in which he thus advanced alone was parliamentary reform. There is strong temptation in the topic; it has always abounded in strong points of declamation, and it has always enlisted the popular feelings on the side of the orator. Of all the questions that have ever come before a senate, it is capable of the broadest colouring and the simplest tamperings with fact. But these were not the merits which won Pitt to its advocacy. The alleged venality of parliament during the long dictatorship of Walpole, its submission under the leaden sceptre of the Pelhams, and its apathy under the shifting of power from hand to hand of the Hollands,

Grafton, and even Chatham himself, had roused popular contempt, and roused even more, the alarm of honest men and true patriots for the final fall of the legislature. From the accession of the first George to the commencement of the American war, in 1775, parliament had nearly abandoned all its influence in the government of the state. It was turbulent from time to time, but all its activity was impressed from without. The nation had begun to look upon it as a bed of justice, a French parliament, where the king alone was awake. But these were the feelings of quiet times, and the evil was endured. When the American war came to counsel the nation to look into its resources, whether of liberty or power, the singular adherence of parliament to Lord North generated a new order of suspicion, embittered by a new order of resentment. Exaggerated accounts of public disaster, acting upon feelings unused to disaster of any kind, turned all eyes upon the conduct of that legislature, from which they were constitutionally taught to expect defence. They looked in vain. The aspect of the war was darkening day by day, the aims of England were tarnishing in every quarter of the globe, allies were turning into neutrals, neutrals into open enemies. The star of the empire was palpably going down; but the minister and the parliament were still as firm allies as ever. The cry of indignant alarm rang from corner to corner of the land, but within the walls of the legislature all was confidence. Remonstrance was the language of every portion of the people; but the minister answered it by a majority. To drive Lord North from power now became the universal object; but before they could seize the criminal they must storm the stronghold. The apathy of parliament was attributed to its corruption, its corruption to the form of choosing its members; and men of the highest sincerity pledged themselves to a measure, whose avowed purpose was purifying the legislature, at once to rescue it from national odium, to restore it to constitutional energy, and to make it an instrument of national rights, instead of being a rampart of ministerial ambition.

It is not our desire to palliate the failings even of Pitt, though his fame is the fame of his country. Like inferior men, he was open to the errors of political inexperience, and had to learn from time the lessons that time alone can teach. In this zeal for parliamentary reform of a senator of twenty-three, much must be allowed alike to the ardour of youth, the temptations of party, and the rashness of immature knowledge. But those are not the charges brought against his memory. He is accused, in the bitterest tones of party, with abandoning his views. Let that be his panegyric,—let it be told to his honour that, when he saw the necessity for the change at an end, he gave up the change; that when parliament had, by the force of circumstances, resumed its full activity, he did not obstinately persevere in the regimen which was fit only to rouse it from a state of torpor; in fact, that in the midst of the French revolution he did not revolutionise England. Ten years had made the whole distinction. Before that period, brief as it was, popular

opinion made but a slight impression upon the legislature; after that period popular opinion threatened to become the tyrant of the legislature. The influence which was nearly dormant in the time of Lord North, menaced the constitution with overthrow in the time of the Pitt ministry. The fall of monarchy in France had removed the barrier between the populace and power; the republican spirit of France propagated republicanism in every kingdom of Europe. Was this a time to add to the popular predominance in England? The old bugbear had been the preservative; it was quietly laid in its grave. The new destroyer was democracy; was it folly to meet the evil with new weapons; to reject the insidious compromise between personal popularity and national downfall; to curb the license of the multitude as steadily as of old, the domination of the minister? This was the head and front of Pitt's offending, and for this, undying honour be to his grave. Hating corruption, he not less hated tumult; kindling the vigour of the legislature, he would restrain its violence; the champion of true liberty, he taught Englishmen to scorn the labours of revolution.

In 1782 the Rockingham cabinet was formed. The premiership had been first offered by the king to Lord Shelburne; but that nobleman declining it, and stating that, *for the present*, the Marquis of Rockingham alone could fill the situation, his majesty assented. Shelburne and Fox were named the secretaries of state, Lord John Cavendish was chancellor of the exchequer, Lord Camden president of the council, Conway commander-in-chief, Keppel first lord of the admiralty, and Dunning chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster. Thurlow was continued chancellor.

On the 7th of May, 1782, Pitt brought forward his motion for parliamentary reform, having been appointed for this purpose by the general meeting of the friends of reform at Richmond House. His speech recapitulated the alleged grievances of the representation. He declared that his object was simply to bring back parliament to its original system, and, by offering a reform at once moderate and substantial, relieve the state from those decays which threatened to destroy "the most beautiful fabric of government in the world." He pressed heavily on the palpable difference between the public opinion and the votes of parliament during the American war, and argued that this hazardous anomaly was to be rectified only by restoring purity of election. He enumerated boroughs which had lost all connection with the principle of constituency, places without trade, population, interest in the country, or any stake to entitle them to the distinction of sending representatives to parliament. At the same time he admitted, that "the corruption of which he complained was the natural effect of the wide limits of our empire, and of the broad and great scale upon which its operations were conducted; it had grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, but it had not decayed with our decay. It had supported a late administration against all the consequences of a mischievous system and a dismembered empire." He concluded by moving for a committee to examine into

the state of the representation. The motion was lost by 161 to 141.

The sweeping measure which has so lately passed in parliament renders this topic new once more. We have not come to its actual working yet, for no instantaneous change can be wrought upon the mind of England. We must speak of it still in theory: the future generation alone may feel the weight of its penitential practice. Examining it in the dispassionate light of a problem in political philosophy, and casting aside the prejudices alike of its advocates and its opponents, we can alone come to the true conclusion. The only legitimate objects of a change in the representation can be, to render the elector less corrupt, and the representative more efficient. Thus the question divides itself into two—the corruption outside the doors of parliament, and the inactivity within. Has Lord John Russell's bill met the first evil? All men of honesty and honour will acknowledge instantly, that the corruption of the elector is at once a personal crime and a public injury; for it implies in the elector a breach of conscience, and in the representative a readiness to take the bribe which he gives. He who buys will naturally sell. The dealer in corruption advertises himself. But has the reform bill increased or diminished the facility of electoral corruption? It has increased that facility on an enormous scale. By the ten-pound qualification, it has expressly lowered the whole elective franchise, and lowered it to a class peculiarly corrupt and *agitating*—the little shopkeepers. It is a principle of common sense, that the higher the qualification, the less liable to corruption. If the voters of a county were confined to a thousand gentlemen of a thousand a year each, they would be less accessible by corruption than a thousand of a hundred a year each, from the obvious circumstances, that they would be more conspicuous objects in the eye of their neighbours, have more character to lose, possess higher habits, and, even if they were inclined to sell themselves, would be less within the power of purchase, from the higher amount of their price. If the franchise were lowered from a hundred to ten pounds, it would fall constantly into a lower class, more easily purchaseable, from their being less marked by society in their proceedings, and from the smaller sum necessary for their purchase, the increase of their numbers not being in any degree a set-off against the decrease of the bribe. If the franchise were, again, lowered to five shillings or five farthings, it would at each descent sink into a still inferior class, more capable of corruption, and at a still cheaper rate. Of course, in these remarks, it is not meant to say that a poor man may not have as proud a spirit and as pure a conscience as a rich one. We speak not of the individual exception: we take society on its broad scale, and there we are fully entitled to pronounce, that poverty and obscurity are strong temptations to the readier ways of gain.

And this principle runs through every portion of the state. Why are members of parliament required to produce a qualification, three hundred a year in land for the borough member, and six hundred for the county member? Certainly not

for the absurd object, in a country essentially commercial, of excluding all but the agricultural interest;—certainly not of restricting the care of the constitution to the wisdom of the country gentlemen; but for the purpose of securing a house exempt from the actual wants which make corruption easy and acceptable. Property in land was justly deemed the best standard for this purpose, as being the most secure. The sum now appears small; but three hundred a year, even a hundred years ago, was equal to twice the sum now, and was a considerable fortune. The opulence of commerce floats and fluctuates, the landed property was permanent, and formed a solid ground of character. The clear intention of the law was, that men entirely and permanently above personal necessity should alone constitute the legislature.

But it is asserted that every man has a *right by nature* to a vote. No more than he has a right by nature to the British constitution, or the empire of China. A province in the moon would be as much the natural result of being born with two arms and two legs. All political rights are *conventional*. Man, by nature, has a right to nothing but what he can earn by his labour. Society is even so far from giving an enlargement of his natural right in this most essential instance, that it restricts the right. The savage in the wilderness has a right to all that he can hunt, fish, or till. The man of society is narrowed in all those rude privileges, his labour is put under guidance, his products are limited, his enjoyments are ruled, according to the general uses of the community. The whole revolutionary theory on this head is one successive blunder. In fact, when man has once coalesced with his fellow-men, all natural rights are rapidly extinguished. They are exchanged for one of more import than them all, but wholly growing out of his new association, the *right of being protected*. But this protection argues no right to civil office. On the contrary, society in all instances where wisdom has made the laws, enforces the demand of a qualification. The lawgiver knows that man is not, by nature, fit for power. He demands, therefore, that he shall exhibit his acquired fitness, before power can be entrusted to his hands. Prior to Lord John Russell's bill, that fitness was required in this country in various shapes, arising from various circumstances of life and history; in some instances, descent from a line of freemen, in others an apprenticeship of a certain number of years, implying regular habits and approved character; in others, purchase, which implies property, the chief stake required, and wisely required, for the security against the betrayal of trust, a negligence to public interest, or an abuse of power. All these are now merged in one, the ten-pound qualification; too low to constitute property, too high to let in what its authors call natural right; and after thus sinning against both principles, abolishing the whole system of securities derived from location, birth, industry, and character.

The new theory of parliament is equally a blunder. It pronounces the two houses "the great council of the nation, the supreme deliberative assembly, &c.; and its purpose is especially

to make the house of commons the source of all government, the very head of active authority in the state." This is, in every point, a gross constitutional error. The king and his ministers are the "great council of the nation." The parliament is simply the guardian of the constitution. The king and his ministers, having in their hands all the questions of policy, the making of war and peace, the greatest of all, with every other function of public rule, are the only *government*. Whatever body in the state possesses the *initiative* in public questions, is essentially the government. The business of the house is not to govern, but to guard. Our ancestors had too much the advantage of their posterity, to conceive the monstrous proposition, that the promptitude, secrecy, or deliberation essential to the conduct of an empire, could be found in an open assembly of three hundred, or of six hundred and fifty-eight, more than in an assembly of as many millions. Its office is, therefore, not to originate measures of exigent counsel, but to check their invasions of national liberty; not to tyrannise, by absorbing the whole power of the state, but to *stand between the nation and tyranny*, let it come from what quarter it will, and with equal vigilance, whether from the cabinet or the multitude. And for this purpose it possesses one branch of power, and but one, the command of the national purse. Without money nothing can be done; and the minister who fails to justify his measure to the house, is thus instantly stopped in his career. It is true that, practically, to prevent subsequent disputes, the opinion of the house is asked in a variety of public affairs before their execution. But this is merely matter of ministerial convenience. The cabinet are not enjoined to make these communications, to ask this advice, to awake these debates. They may act, in the infinite majority of public transactions wholly on their own responsibility. The judgment of the legislature cannot anticipate, it must follow; it cannot prohibit, it can only punish. The king in council is the primary agent, the parliament is only a check on the minister if he comes to them for supplies; or, if he should not, a tribunal to impeach him for his negligence, incapacity, or treason.

The true office of parliament being thus defined, the only question at all times can be, on which side the danger of the constitution is most imminent. Two centuries ago, it was menaced most from the throne, and Charles, reigning for eleven years without a parliament, was, though a mild, and even a reluctant despot, a despot in the full sense of the constitution. Yet we see with what terrible energy the power of the populace distended itself, even in those times of hereditary veneration for the throne. Under Charles the constitution slept. Under the parliament it was brought from its slumbers only to be torn to pieces. Under Cromwell it was completely lost to sight, buried, to all human view, in a returnless grave.

Time obliterated the lesson, and popular fears and popular oratory, for the hundred years that followed, could see no enemy but the prerogative. They were in perpetual terror of being crushed

by the little pinnacle of power above their heads, while they walked fearlessly on ground every foot of which was charged with the materials of explosion. The French republic at length showed the power of the populace, and the fears of all who were honest in their zeal for the constitution, fixed themselves in that gigantic shape, which starting up from beneath their feet, grew hourly, until its height overtopped all the ancient forms of authority, and menaced universal change. The war saved us. The wisdom of Pitt in that war raised a barrier, which the proud foot of Jacobinism dared not overleap. The clamours of conspiracy were extinguished in the magnanimous voice of the nation, called to buckle on its armour, and contend for the final stake of human kind. In that hour of general European difficulty, England, the true Achilles of a more authentic history, and a nobler time, forgetting all her injuries, all the discontents and slights of false friends and jealous rivals, saw nothing but the common cause, grasped the spear and shield, given by a higher than human hand, and springing on the last rampart of Europe, by her single shout restored the victory.

The point on which the wisdom of Lord John Russell's bill turns, is whether England is now in more peril from royal or from popular domination. A mob may be as much a tyrant as the most unbridled despot of Tartary. Whether was the English king or the English populace advancing more rapidly to illegal power? What man in his senses can hesitate to say, that the rapid increase of popular influence during the last twenty-five years has totally thrown the prerogative into the shade; that the true enemy which national freedom had to dread was the sovereignty of the populace; and that the reform bill, by giving that populace an extraordinary addition to its influence over the parliament, has actually to that full extent hazarded the safety of the constitution? If we are to choose between tyrannies, let us have the tyranny of a monarch; the rigid rule of a Peter or a Nicholas, rather than the sanguinary license of a Jacobin Club and a Robespierre; the iron sceptre of a fictitious divine right, rather than the capricious fury of popular passion, cupidity, and revenge, making a law of its will, and the anarchy of the million administering its wrath in the *nistralade* and the guillotine.

The present state of the representation in Great Britain and Ireland will be the clearest evidence of the formidable growth of this new authority.

ENGLAND.

In England, 40 counties return 144 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 344,564. Cities and boroughs, amounting to 185, return 227 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 274,649. Total, 471 members, and 619,213 voters.

WALES.

In Wales, 12 counties return 15 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 25,815; 14 districts of boroughs return 14 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 11,309. Total, 29 members, and 37,124 voters.

SCOTLAND.

In Scotland, 30 counties return 30 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 33,114; 76 cities and boroughs return 23 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 31,332. Total, 53 members, and 64,446 voters.

IRELAND.

In Ireland, 32 counties return 64 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 60,607; 34 cities and boroughs return 41 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 31,545. Total, 105 members, and 92,152 voters.

Thus in Great Britain, while the members for counties are but 189, the members for cities and boroughs are 364! The case is stronger still with respect to England, the most influential portion of all. There the county members being scarcely more than one-half the members for the towns, or 144 to 227! But even this view hardly shows the extent of the hazard. The population of the counties but slowly increases, while that of the towns is accumulating with hourly rapidity; the county population is, from its nature, nearly stagnant in point of political impulses, while the town population is perpetually urged to political movements, is constantly employed in speculations on public affairs, and from its habits of trade and manufacture, and its closer state of intercourse and communication, possesses tenfold the applicable power, and political excitability, and condensed force of the remaining population.

This is the true evil of the coming time, and the unanswerable argument against the measure. We are aware of the crowd of inferior objections urged, and justly urged, against its immediate working, its exclusion of nearly all but men of vast landed property, or furious demagogues, from parliament; thus shutting the doors upon nearly the whole class who once made the lights of the legislature, the Pitts, Burkes, Sheridans, Foxes, and every man who has but knowledge and genius to offer as his claims; its setting up the representation as a prize for the most extravagant popular charlatanry, until no man can enter parliament but with a pledge and without a character; its actually binding parliament down by the resolutions of every election rabble, and transferring all deliberation from parliament to the roarers of the hustings. All are present evils, and of a dark dye; but the great overwhelming evil is to be felt only in the course of years; the utter absorption of the whole power of parliament by the population of the towns, establishing a direct republican influence as the paramount authority of the house of commons, converting that house into a house of delegates, stripping the constitution on that side of all power, and, through the breach, invading the crown, the peerage, the cabinet, and all the few feeble remaining bulwarks of the monarchy.

Pitt had now evidently taken the lead of the patriotic party. Foiled in his attempt to obtain the reform of the electors, his next effort was to obtain the reform of the representative. This was now to be done only by restraining the term

of his power, and thus compelling him to return more frequently to his constituents. On the 17th of May, within ten days after his speech on reform, he powerfully sustained Sawbridge's motion, for "shortening the duration of parliaments." It was lost by a majority of 149 to 61. Still he was not exhausted. Within a month he came forward again, in support of Lord Mahon's bill for "preventing bribery and expense at elections." This he pronounced to be no innovation, but a restoration of the old constitutional practice and principle. Pitt has been named an apostate for his subsequent resistance to similar measures. But the ground of his change has been already assigned. He was no more an apostate than the man who lights a fire on his empty hearth is an apostate for extinguishing it when a barrel of gunpowder is brought into the room. What was safe in 1780 might be ruinous in 1790. It is observable, in honour of his sincerity, that his adoption of the subject must be exonerated from all personal motives, by the circumstances of his position. He was not, on the one hand, a factious tribune haranguing for place. He was not, on the other, a falling minister throwing out a lure for popular support. Attached to Lord Shelburne by personal regard, and to the ministry by public views, he was not labouring to float into possession on the wreck of their popularity. Politically hostile to Lord North and the opposition, whom he had strongly contributed to overthrow, he could look for their combination as little as he had revered their power. The ministry were in the full tide of their influence. No reverses had shaken them. They stood on a height altogether beyond the desultory shock of a young orator, yet known to the country only by name. Every argument is on the side of the assertion, that in those efforts Pitt was perfectly sincere, that he laboured to achieve a service for his country, and that he had no thought beyond achieving a service for his country.

But the position of his antagonist was more questionable. That antagonist was Fox. The later worshippers of that remarkable man must have looked back with astonishment at the versatility of his principles. He boldly pronounced the bill an attempt to draw an unnatural line of separation between the constituent and the representative. Was the house to lend itself to a system for circumscribing the few remaining privileges of the electors? "Nothing could more enhance the natural independence of English electors more than the power of *obliging their friends*." As to the expenses of the candidates, he "was not fond of recurring to those times when representatives were paid for their trouble by those they represented. That house was then of little or no weight in the government of the country. And those arguments which referred to such ancient usages could be of no other use than to put the house in mind of its ancient insignificance." On this occasion Pitt succeeded by 60 to 59. But an important clause being rejected in the committee, the bill was withdrawn.

Pitt's official life was now to begin. The Rockingham cabinet contained jarring elements. The clear, dexterous, and accomplished mind of

Shelburne already contemplated supremacy. The loose, but powerful genius of Fox, scarcely enduring a rival, disdained to suffer a superior. The character of the Marquis of Rockingham, supine but estimable, and conciliating yet dignified, restrained open jealousies; but his death, in July 1782, dissolved the cabinet at once, and gave its quarrels to the world.

The king instantly renewed the offer of the premiership to Lord Shelburne. It was accepted. Fox and Lord Cavendish angrily threw up their offices. Conway openly charged Fox in the house with disappointed ambition. Fox, thus forced to explain, declared that the motive for his resignation was the appointment of Lord Shelburne as first lord of the treasury, instead of the Duke of Portland, the natural successor of the Marquis of Rockingham in the confidence of the whig party. This acknowledgment brought down a storm of reprobation, in which Pitt led the way. He charged Fox "with hazarding the honour of the government for personal motives, and the safety of the country for pique. With the phrase of 'measures and not men' perpetually on his lips, he had acted on the principle of 'men and not measures.' He had thrown up office to embarrass the minister the moment he found that he could not degrade him, and rather than narrow the extravagance of his ambition, he had abandoned the sincerity of his principles, and when he found that he could not rule the government with unbounded sway, under the mask of another, he adopted the daring resolution of flinging it down and standing forth in the attitude of an assailant." Thus began the open conflict between those two eminent men, which lasted until they were in their graves.

Pitt was now presented to the nation as a minister. The resignation of Fox and Lord John Cavendish made way for new appointments, and Pitt was named chancellor of the exchequer, at twenty-three. Thus, scarcely beyond boyhood, he rose at once to the most difficult office of the state, to the conduct of the whole finance of the empire, and the leadership of the house of commons. None of the chief statesmen of the century had obtained power at his age, nor had obtained it but through the gradations of office. Godolphin, Oxford, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Pelham, Chatham, North, and Fox, had all served in subordinate offices. Pitt alone stood in the foremost rank at his first step, and every subsequent hour of his life justified his sense of his unrivaled talents, and the proud prognostics of his country.

The reign of the Brunswick line was characterised by a feature new to English government. Their predecessors had retained a large portion of individual power. The Brunswick reign was the reign of ministers. Realising for the first time the true theory of the constitution, that all power should be responsible for its acts, the acts thenceforth originated with those who were personally responsible. Thus the hazardous collision of the national feelings with the royal privilege of impunity ceased to exist, and the fall of a cabinet was the substitute for a revolution. Yet the personal inclinations of the monarch must

always be of high importance, and it was remarked that during the long reign of George III. in all his feelings the most *constitutional* of monarchs, no cabinet was able to stand its ground against the personal impressions of the king. The Rockingham cabinet was forced upon him, and it was on the point of perishing even before the death of its premier; it was extinguished within a year. The Fox cabinet of 1806 was forced upon him; it too was on the point of perishing before the death of Fox, and it too was extinguished in a year. The king's displeasure against Fox was among the most prominent causes of his exclusion during a whole life of the public display of great abilities, and unwearied appetite for power. The king's personal respect sustained Pitt against the early difficulties of his ministry, successive majorities in parliament, and the loudest outcry of party through the nation. His personal attachment upheld Lord North in his ministry, and protected him when out of it. The gentleness and good-nature, added to the unquestionable integrity of Lord North's character, endeared him to the sovereign; and this regard he seems to have extended to the members of his cabinet. A little anecdote exhibits this disposition in its most graceful point of view. Early in the period when the fall of Lord North's ministry was inevitable, the king received Lord George Germaine in his closet for the purpose of giving up the seals of his department. Germaine was a man of elegant manners and striking abilities, a powerful debater, and possessing great weight in the cabinet. The stain fixed on his character by the battle of Minden, and the sentence of the court-martial which followed, had been partially cleared away by his parliamentary distinctions, if not still more advantageously by the gradual public acknowledgment, that his disobedience on that memorable day had arisen much less from personal timidity than from disgust at the arrogance of his German commander. Lord George's resignation of the American secretaryship was the first direct omen of the breaking up of the ministry, and the interview was marked by unusual emotion on both sides. The king, after expressing his regret for the disastrous state of the cabinet, and his sense of Lord George's services, asked, "if there was anything he could do, to express his sense of them, which would be agreeable to him."—"Sir," was the answer, "if your majesty will raise me to the dignity of the peerage, it will form at once the best reward to which I can aspire, and the best proof of your approbation of my past exertions in your affairs."—"By all means," the king replied, "I think it very proper, and shall do it with pleasure." The conversation continued, in the course of which Lord George requested that the creation should be of a viscountcy, for if raised only to the barony, "his own secretary, his own lawyer, and his father's page, would all take rank of him." The king, struck with this curious combination, enquired into the particulars. "The first," said Lord George, "is Lord Walsingham, who was long under-secretary in my office, when Mr. De Grey. The second is Lord Loughborough, who has been always my legal adviser. The third is Lord Amherst, who, when page to my father, the

late Duke of Dorset, has often sat on the braces of the state coach that conveyed him, as lord-lieutenant of Ireland, to the Parliament House in Dublin." The king smiled, and added, "What you say is very reasonable; it shall be so, and now let me know what title you choose?" Lord George asked permission to take the title of Sackville, as having been compelled to renounce his family name for the estate of Drayton left to him by Lady Betty Germaine. "I quite approve of that idea," said his majesty, "and if you will state to me your title, I shall write it down myself, before we part, and send it directly to the lord chancellor." The king immediately placed himself at a table, took the pen and ink lying upon it, and having committed the viscountcy to paper, asked him what barony he chose. Lord George answered, Bolebrook, in Sussex, as being one of the most ancient estates belonging to his family, and contiguous to Buckhurst, the original peerage conferred by Queen Elizabeth on his ancestor, the first Duke of Dorset. When the king had written the name, he rose, and with the kindest expressions, mingled with concern, ended the interview. The character of George III. was so often charged with harshness and impatience, that it is only justice to a sovereign estimable in every point of view, to give a trait which exhibits so much personal urbanity and royal condescension.

On the accession of the Fox ministry in 1806, the caricaturists amused themselves with depicting the sudden change of the whig costume for the dress of the levee. The same metamorphose had amused the public fourteen years before. When the house of commons met for the despatch of business, on the change of administration, every eye was turned with wonder to the treasury bench. Lord North had so long kept possession, that to the rising race of members it had seemed his by inheritance. But a new tribe were now masters, and it was equally difficult and ludicrous to discover the members of the old opposition in the new equipment of office. At that period it was the custom for ministers to attend in full dress. On one side Lord North and his friends were scarcely to be recognised in their opposition dishabille, great coats, frocks, and boots. Still more astonishment was excited by the spectacle of the old file of opposition throwing off their usual habiliments, and instead of the ancient blue and buff, which often bore signs of long service, and in the instance of Fox, was remarkable for its negligence, flourishing in lace and embroidery; with silk, swords, and hair powder. The change was the subject of frequent pleasantry in the house, but a remark of Lord Nugent's one night threw it into universal laughter. Just as the new ministry had first made their appearance, it happened that his lordship's house in town had been broken into, and robbed of a variety of dresses, and among other things many pairs of laced ruffles. The particulars were advertised, and the robbery, of course, was generally known. Coming down to the house immediately after the recess, a member who sat next him casually asked, "Whether he had yet made any discovery of the robbers." "Not yet of the robbers, but probably enough of the receivers," said his lordship. The member

enquired again. "I shrewdly suspect," said his lordship, glancing at the ministers, "that I now see some of my ruffles on the treasury bench." Fox and Burke were sitting at the moment in their court dresses opposite to him. The allusion spread instantly, and the house was "in a roar."

This was the era of ministerial change. Shelburne was destined to share the fate of his predecessors. No example can be stronger, that the power of acquiring popular approbation is a talent peculiar and most incommunicable. Shelburne seemed to possess every quality that could raise him to the height of public favour. He was a singularly accomplished personage, of remarkable sagacity, promptitude, and force in debate, an excellent general scholar, and fond of sustaining his early literature; handsome and dignified in his exterior; animated and graceful in society; powerful and impressive in the house, and continually reinforcing his acquirements from every source of literary association and personal study. On the foreign relations of England his knowledge was indisputable. He was conceived to be more intimately acquainted with the springs and circumstances of the foreign cabinets than any statesman in Europe. Altogether he was a fine specimen of the foremost race of mankind, an accomplished English nobleman. No man was more made for power.

But he was not made for popularity. Continually soliciting it, he uniformly failed. Some unaccountable suspicion of insincerity attached itself to every step of his progress, and while the nation forgave in Fox the most frequent and open lapses, it watched with a jealous eye the decorous life of a statesman immeasurably his superior in all that constitutes a claim to the confidence of a manly people.

The charges now brought against Lord Shelburne at this crisis turned on his known aversion to acknowledge American independence. It was from this argued, that his proposals of peace were a mask, and that the nation was to depend on caprice and contingency for a benefit which the general voice pronounced essential. Lee, the ex-solicitor-general, a man of rough manners, but of considerable legal character, openly assailed the government in the house of commons, declaring the premier destitute of common honesty in public transactions. The sound was caught by the populace, and echoed in every shape of contumely. The newspapers were filled with lampoons, and the shops with caricatures of the new minister. One of the most popular of those pictured libels represented him as Guy Faux, lantern in hand, stealing under the treasury to blow up the resources of the nation.

In England the popular voice must always be powerful, and no man was more conscious of its power than Shelburne. He weathered the storm boldly through the session, but on its close, he consulted with his colleagues on the expediency of strengthening the cabinet from the ranks of opposition. In this instance, we meet an additional proof of the manliness of Pitt. He instantly gave his decision against any junction with Lord North. He declared, that it was totally impossible for him, with any remaining sense

of public duty, to suffer the renewal of influence in hands whose misconduct had already brought the empire into danger; or, with any remaining sense of personal honour, to be seen coalescing with one whose principles he had so constantly and so strongly reprobated; this opinion he further declared to proceed not from any personal dislike to Lord North, with whom he had never had any personal intercourse, but simply from his conviction that a total change of system was necessary for the safe government of the empire.

It was then determined to apply to Fox, against whom none of those objections lay. An interview took place accordingly. It was marked by the characteristics of the two personages. Pitt waited on Fox by appointment. Fox asked at once whether, in the proposed negotiation, Lord Shelburne was to remain premier? Pitt answered, undoubtedly! Fox hotly replied that nothing could induce him to belong to any ministry of which Lord Shelburne was to be premier. Pitt, with equal promptitude, retorted, that if that were the case, all further discussion must be waste of time, for "*he did not come to betray Lord Shelburne.*" They parted instantly, and never again met under a private roof, for the rest of their lives. The sword was drawn by both, and it was never sheathed by either.

A slight, yet curious example of the inconvenience arising from changes in the old arrangements of office, attracted public conversation at this period. On the king's going to prorogue parliament, it was indispensable to send the crown and sceptre to Westminster. Burke's reform bill had suppressed the jewel office. But the suppression was so recent, that no new official regulation had been adopted relative to the conveyance of the jewels on public occasions. Egerton, the former master of the jewel office, was superseded by the bill. The next resource was an application to the lord steward, and the lord chamberlain. But those lords were not satisfied of their power to interfere, and would not interfere. The next resource was the secretaryship of state, and from him an order to the keeper of the jewels in the tower was at length obtained for their transmission. Another difficulty now arose. From the irregularity of the whole transaction, none of the king's carriages, the customary conveyance, were forthcoming, and the secretary was reduced to the rude expedient of summoning the Bow Street magistrates to his aid. Half a dozen of their constables, in a couple of hackney coaches, were sent to the Tower, and in this hazardous style the crown jewels were despatched on their way. All due precautions were taken to conceal the nature of this valuable convoy, and all was necessary. Any one of the hundred, or the thousand gangs of London plunderers would have easily stripped royalty of its ornaments. The coaches were driven, with the blinds up, along the outskirts of London, re-entering it by Portland Street, and then hurrying down to Westminster. After the ceremony, they were reconveyed to the Tower, with the same secrecy and rapidity, and fortunately without any further obstruction. Another Colonel Blood might have made the risk memorable.

Of all human subjects, politics present the most exciting aspect to man; and it is to the honour of English intelligence that they supremely attract the man of England. Always abounding in novelty, yet always referring to experience, they meet at once the natural curiosity of the human mind, and give a vigorous exercise to its judgment. But to the man of England they have the higher interest of involving the principles of that freedom, which is not more the national boast than it is the national security. Thus, to the philosopher offering the finest spectacle of abstract truth brought into practical action—to the man of ability the broadest field for the display of his intellectual strength—and to the freeman the great tribunal in which the cause of national freedom is perpetually tried and defended. Politics offer not merely an exhaustless stimulant to our natural love of the strange, the capable, and the animating, but a noble study to minds which look above novelty—to the most enlarged and most permanent interests of mankind.

In recalling the contests of Pitt and Fox, we are not recalling the obsolete struggles of two great statesmen, long since gone to that place of rest where the passions of the world stop short, and an epitaph is all their fame. Under the names of those two men, we are speaking of the struggles which exist at this hour, and which will exist during every hour of the history of Britain—of struggles, too, which are essential to the continuance of her freedom—the currents which keep the national mind from stagnation—the muscular impulses which urge the circulation of her heart's blood—the winds which, blowing as they list, and sweeping her surface with what violence they may, yet purify the political atmosphere from the silent and yet unsparing pestilence of inaction, impurity, and slavery.

The cabinet was now to meet parliament. No position could be more surrounded with difficulties. In front was the powerful party of Lord North, by long possession of power shooting its branches through every department of the country, and by long habit trained to public business. The failure of the negotiation with Fox had still more formidably reinforced the opposition. It had given them the talents of a man framed above all men of his time to make an opposition master of the state. Of all the great names of senatorial eloquence, Fox seems to have been the first parliamentary speaker. In passing down the picture-gallery of the last century, a nobler memorial to the glory of England than all her conquests, we see nothing equal to the parliamentary figure of Fox. The Bolingbrokes, Walpoles, Poulteneys, and Townsends have long since lost both colour and outline, and are sunk into indiscriminate shade. The bold proportions of Chatham still arrest the eye, but they are the proportions of an orator of Greece—classic, graceful, and full of life, but belonging to times and thoughts past away. Burke stands wrapt in the robe which might have alternately covered the limbs of a Plato and an Aristotle—a philosopher, in his finer meditations, soaring into the very heaven of magnificent invention, yet in his intercourse with men and things capable of bringing the subtlest abstrac-

tions into the service of common life—still too philosophic, lofty, and retired from common impulses, to be the true pleader with the people. Pitt is the orator of Rome, in the finest spirit of the portraiture. Superb, yet glowing,—grave, yet strenuous, with, at once, the Ciceronian love for liberty,—the Ciceronian hatred of the arts and violences which usurped its name,—he might have stood beside the great patriot of Rome, if his firmness did not strip the Roman of his laurel. Still, either his faculties, his position, as the appointed antagonist of popular caprice, or the reserve imposed upon him as the leader of British council, forbade that flexibility, variety, and reckless candour which belong to the plenitude of popular impression. It was there that Fox never found a rival. No man ever threw himself into debate with so apparent a reliance on the simple strength of his cause, and so apparent a forgetfulness of any aid which the cause might derive from the superiority of the advocate. With sufficient scholarship to avoid disgusting the accomplished part of his auditory, with sufficient general knowledge to avoid the ridicule of men of business, a reasoner without the formality of argument, and a keen and subtle sophist, under the guise of the most affecting simplicity, drawing all his illustrations from the common things of life, and professing, in all instances, to strip public matters of their coverings of office and artifice, and speak plain things to plain men, Fox was the true orator of that confused and miscellaneous assemblage of refinement, rudeness, ignorance, knowledge, public feeling, and keen self-interest, frigidity, and enthusiasm, which makes a British house of commons. As this assemblage has never had a similar in the world, its orator must be left without a parallel. If we were to compress into a single phrase the qualities of the four great speakers whom this period brought into action, we might pronounce that Burke spoke to astonish, Sheridan to charm, Pitt to enlighten, Fox to subdue.

It is remarkable, and important as a guide to the true perfection of popular speaking, that the printed speeches of those eminent men have met with a fate nearly the reverse of their effect when spoken. Burke's form one of the proudest monuments of human genius, and are read at this hour, and will be read while eloquence is dear to the heart of man, with an increasing homage to his name. Pitt's live to us chiefly as specimens of forcible argument and manly conceptions. Fox's are scarcely available to either the student or the statesman, and lie before us as great masses of thought, rudely flung together, and incapable of order or use. Sheridan's have almost wholly sunk into oblivion: his finest efforts, the speeches on Hastings, were extinguished by his own act, from the evident consciousness that their material was not fit for posterity. As airy, fantastic, and brilliant as the palaces of necromancy, they were dissolved by the touch of the necromancer. The result of this examination, and of all examination into the great science of national appeal, is, that of all qualities for impression on a mixed multitude, and pre-eminently on a British house of commons, the most irresistible is feeling. In all

other points of the orator, few men were less gifted than Fox. To the last day of his life, he was not fluent: the perpetual practice of thirty years had not given him the mastery of the English language. He hesitated, was often at a loss for words, turned back upon his steps, and increased his embarrassment by his unwieldy efforts at extrication. All that belongs to attitude and exterior was entirely against him. But his singular faculty of throwing his feelings into his speech turned his very defects into sources of his success. When he had once seized on the popular sympathy, if he lost words, it was from his absorbing interest in his cause; if his arguments were perplexed, it was from the weight of his matter. The sudden failures of his voice, his ungainly gestures, and all his innumerable sins against oratorical dignity, were attributed to a force of sincerity, which overpowered all his perception of minor things; the burst of a natural and swelling sensibility, which justly swept away the trifling observances important only on trivial occasions and to trivial men. Fox has, more than once, shed tears in the house; a spectacle ridiculously frequent among foreigners, but so rare among the manlier minds of Englishmen, that it only added to his triumph.

With an antagonist of this rank, armed with specious topics, and with every specious gift to make those topics successful, Pitt had to fight the solitary battle of a cabinet which had scarcely tasted of power when it was loaded with unpopularity. By a singular addition to the difficulty of the cabinet, all the usual hopes of enfeebling opposition by an offer of power were confessedly extinct, or rather the hope was converted into incurable hostility. It was known to Lord North that Pitt had resolutely insisted on his exclusion. It was equally known to Lord Shelburne that Fox had violently protested against connections with him as a minister. Thus, with public ambition, sharpened by personal resentment, the parties came into a conflict which threatened to be the most envenomed and hazardous to the vanquished since the days when the fall of a ministry only ushered them to the scaffold.

One of those extraordinary events, which make politics a scene of the highest instruction, was now at once to change the aspect of affairs, to throw an indelible stain on the rival of the young minister, and to fix the character of that minister in a still more striking rank of national honour.

During the period of the session which followed the fall of the Rockingham Cabinet, some slight compliments had for the first time passed between Lord North and Fox. But the open and furious assaults which Fox had constantly made on the character of Lord North, and his direct hints of bringing him to the block, rendered all idea of their junction, under any contingency, extravagant. At the opening of the session in December, 1782, they were still evidently wide asunder. Fox attempted to divide the house on the American articles, and was left in a minority of forty-six, while Lord North, carrying over his strength to the ministry, swelled their majority to 219. The true detail of the "*Coalition*," so

memorable in its day, and transmitted to the contempt of all posterity, has not even yet been distinctly delivered. But we have its outline sufficiently clear. The determined resolution of the cabinet against North and Fox individually awoke a determination on their part to take it by storm, let the means be what they might. It was proposed that the parties should combine. Lord North on this occasion was comparatively guiltless; he had at no time exhibited enmity to Fox. He had received his attacks with the habitual patience of his nature, and retorted them with the harmless dexterity of a wit, who regarded them merely as the customary sallies of political opponents. Fox, on the contrary, was pledged by every demonstration that could express implacable scorn and indignant hatred. Yet a negotiation was begun; the Honourable George Augustus North, conducting it for his father, and the Honourable Colonel Fitzpatrick acting for Fox. Mr. Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, was considered the chief author of the proceeding. The matter pressed, and the negotiation was carried on with singular diligence on both sides. The debate on the peace, the great question of the time, was fixed for the 17th. It was not until nearly four in the morning of the 16th, that, after many visits between the negotiators, and various messages between St. James's Street and Grosvenor Square, where North resided, that the business was brought to a completion. The arrangements were, that on the overthrow of the cabinet by their union, the Duke of Portland should have the treasury, and Lord North a cabinet office, while the remaining employments should be divided between the leading members of both parties. Within little more than twelve hours was to be the trial of strength, and they retired to prepare for an evening momentous to the ambition of each, and still more momentous to their character.

The rumour of the coalition had gained ground during the day, and the house was crowded. Upwards of four hundred members were present at the division at eight in the following morning. On Fox's rising, the universal attention was drawn to him. He seemed perfectly unfatigued by the labours of the night before, and spoke with his usual vigour, and even more than his usual daring. He boldly avowed the coalition, scoffed at the idea of eternal political enmities, and pronouncing a panegyric on those who could trample under their feet all personal recollections when they interfered with the good of their country, sat down in the midst of a roar of applause from opposition.

The appearance of Lord North was equally a source of curiosity. He had come down to the house at an early hour in the evening, but, from age, heaviness of frame, and the sleeplessness of the past night, had not been able to keep his eyes open. To avoid the appearance of this indecorum, he went up to the members' gallery, and there gave way to sleep, desiring some of his friends who were near him to awake him when any thing occurred of importance for him to hear. As the debate proceeded, it became more violent, and Lord North's slumber spared his ears many a bitter expression. At length he awoke, obtained

from those around him a sketch of the progress of the speeches, went down into the body of the house, and took his seat beside Fox. While the members were gazing on this unusual juxtaposition, he rose, and, to the astonishment of all who had seen him slumbering through the debate, went through its whole course with incomparable skill, stirred a gloomy and anxious house into perpetual laughter at his wit, and confessedly made the most animated, dexterous and impressive speech of the night. His amendment was carried by 224 to 208.

But no eloquence could rail the seal off the bond. The character of the transaction, at least on the side of Fox, was indelible. On him poured the whole tempest of indignation, in and out of the house. His actions, his pledges, his express words, were flung in his teeth; he was contemptuously asked, whether it was *he*, who, scarcely a year before, had in that house declared that, "whenever he should be found entering into any terms with an individual of the noble Lord (North's) cabinet, he should rest satisfied to be called the most infamous of mankind." He was asked, whether, as if in contemplation of the very measure which now covered his name with eternal obloquy, he had not declared, that—"he never could suffer the idea of a connection with the members of that cabinet to enter his mind, a connection with men who had shown themselves devoid of the common principles of honour and honesty, and in whose hands he could not venture to trust his own honour." To this no reply was made. He was next asked, with no less asperity and truth, whether he had not inveighed against the system, the principles, and the person of Lord North more bitterly than against the detail of his measure. Whether he had not pronounced him—"the great criminal of the state, whose blood must expiate the calamities he had brought upon his country; the object of future impeachment, whom an indignant nation must in the end compel to make such poor atonement as he might on a scaffold; the leader and head of those weak, wicked, and incapable advisers of the crown, who were the source of all the public misfortunes, and whom he and his friends would *proscribe* to the last hour of their lives."

Another debate on the terms of the treaty took place on the twenty-first. Pitt greatly signalised himself on this night. His speech examined the grounds of the treaty, and defended the policy of the administration, with admirable perspicuity and force of argument, attributing all that was erroneous in the negotiation to the errors of Lord North. He finely said, "Those are the conditions to which this country, engaged with four powerful states, has thought fit to subscribe for the dissolution of that confederacy, and the immediate enjoyment of peace. Let us look to what is left, with a manly and determined courage. Let us strengthen ourselves against inveterate enemies, and reconcile ancient friends. The misfortunes of kingdoms, as well as individuals, which are laid open and examined with true wisdom, are already more than half redressed; and to this great object should be directed all the virtue and all the abilities of this

house. Let us feel our calamities, but let us bear them like men."

He then cast some of those sarcastic stings at Fox, which no man could send more surely to the mark, yet with less of the common vice of the sarcastic, the loss of grace and dignity. "The honourable gentleman (Fox) has virtually declared, that because he was prevented from prosecuting the noble Lord (North) to the satisfaction of public justice, he will *heartily embrace him as his friend*. So readily does he reconcile extremes, and love the man whom he *desired to impeach*. In the same spirit, I suppose, he will cherish the peace, *because he abhors it*." Then speaking more directly of the coalition—"If, however, that baneful alliance is not already formed, if that ill-omened marriage is not already solemnized, I know a just and lawful impediment—in the name of the *public safety*, I forbid the banns." Pausing a moment during the tumult of approbation which followed this strong image, he turned to his personal circumstances.

"My own share in the censure pointed by the present motion against his majesty's ministers, I shall bear with fortitude, because my heart tells me I have not acted wrongly. To this monitor, which never did, and, I trust, never will deceive me, I shall confidently repair, as to an adequate asylum, from all the clamour which interested faction can raise. * * * * I can say with sincerity, that I never had a wish which did not terminate in the dearest interests of the nation. I will, at the same time, imitate the honourable gentleman's candour, and confess, that I too have my ambition. High situations and great influence are desirable objects to most men; objects which I am not ashamed to pursue, which I am even desirous to possess, whenever they can be *acquired with honour and retained with dignity*. But even those objects, I can cheerfully relinquish, the moment my duty to my country, my character, or my friends, renders such a sacrifice indispensable. Then, I hope to retire, not disappointed, but triumphant; triumphant in the conviction, that my talents, humble as they are, have been zealously employed in promoting the truest welfare of my country, and that nothing can be imputed to my official capacity, which bears the most distant connection with an *interested, a corrupt, or a dishonest mind*. * * * * But I shall not mimic the parade of the honourable gentleman, in avowing and inviting others to an indiscriminate opposition to whoever may succeed. I shall march out with no warlike, no hostile, no menacing protestations." The close of the speech has been recorded as an instance of classic grace and pathetic power. Standing at his full height, and casting a lofty look round the house where every eye was now fixed on him, and every ear was straining to catch his accents, he loudly uttered:—"I appeal to this house, to both sides of this house, for the consistency of my public conduct. It is impossible to deprive me of the feelings which must always result from sincerity. You may take from me, sir," he exclaimed, pointing to the chair, "the privileges and honours of place, but you shall not, you cannot, take from me those habitual and warm re-

gards for the prosperity of my country, which constitute the pride of my life, and which, I trust, death alone can extinguish. And with this consolation, the loss of power, and the loss of fortune, though things which I affect not to despise, are things which I hope I shall soon be able to forget.

*Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno que dedit*—

The words which follow in the original, "*Et mea virtute me involvo*," might have seemed self-praise; but Pitt stopped short at the instant, and cast his eyes on the floor. The classical members of the house were anxious to see how he would extricate himself. The others were equally interested by his sudden cessation. The silence was universal. After an interval of a few moments, slowly drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, passed it once or twice across his lips, and then, as if recovering from his temporary embarrassment, he added with emphasis, striking his hand upon the table:

*"Probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quero."*

The effect was incomparable. An eye-witness has described it as "a piece of masterly and beautiful acting, as acting it were, not surpassed by any thing in antiquity." The house was lost in one feeling of admiration. But this night decided the fate of Lord Shelburne. He was left in a minority of seventeen in a house of 397.

The triumph of the coalition now appeared complete. But the history of politics is a history of unexpected difficulties. The peace had been condemned out of the mouths of the very men who had for years been raising an outcry for it at all hazards. "Peace," was Fox in the habit of exclaiming, "peace for a year, for a month, for a day, peace for any time, or on any terms!" But the cabinet still stood. Opposition began to dread that the blow, as in 1779 and in 1780, had not been heavy enough; and that a majority had again lost its power. But their hopes were buoyed up again by Lord Shelburne's sudden resignation. Ill-luck clung to this minister. The name of "*Malagrida*" was fastened on him. His accession to authority was charged with intrigue, his possession of it with faithlessness, and his abandonment of it with fear. Suspicion of artifice, even in a still more painful point of view, began to gather round him. It is notorious that no minister can become rich by the mere salary of office, yet Shelburne was said to have grown suddenly and excessively opulent. Dealing in the funds, connected with the negotiations for peace, were surmised to be the source of this unusual wealth. The populace, never slow to adopt suspicions against a minister, were accustomed to point to Lord Shelburne's house in Berkeley Square, (which had been built by Lord Bute, a minister similarly charged,) and say, that "As it had been built by one peace, it had been paid for by another." Yet of such suspicion it must be said, that as there is nothing easier to originate, so there is nothing more difficult to refute. No proof of its reality was ever brought,

at a time when it might have been most effectively adduced, and at a time when the rage of party would have rejoiced in the possession of an instrument which so effectually prostrates the character of a public man. It should be observed also, that Pitt openly characterised those charges as acts of defamation, and that in the year after, one of the first acts of his ministry was to raise Shelburne to the marquise. Yet it was remarked that thenceforth all ministerial connection was broken off between them, that the marquis never held any cabinet office, and that his political life was thus abruptly closed, while he was in the full vigour of his abilities. The history of this statesman is yet to be written. It belongs to one of the most interesting eras of British politics. Some responsibility also rests on those who can vindicate his personal character, yet leave it to the chances of rumour. His son, the present Marquis of Lansdowne, a man of intelligence and honour, is the natural depository of such a task. None could perform it with more advantages; of none can it more fairly be required.

A still wider scene of distinction now opened upon Pitt. The king, revolting from the name of Fox, who had loaded him with personal insult; and wearied with the fickleness of North, who had shrunk from him in his hour of difficulty; offered the government to Lord Gower. But that noble person acknowledging that he possessed no means of diminishing the hostile majority, the offer was withdrawn. The Duke of Portland and Lord North were then sent for, but the king insisted that Lord Thurlow should retain the Chancellorship. Fox, hating Thurlow equally in his public and private character, and pronouncing him at once intractable as a member of the cabinet, and dangerous as a spy at St. James's, broke off the negotiation. The king now cast his eyes on the only man in the nation whom parliament and the people equally respected. He offered the places of first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer to Pitt, with full power to nominate his colleagues.

The king's embarrassment was well known to Pitt, and his first impulse was to comply with the royal wishes. The advice of his friends was unanimously that he should undertake the formation of a ministry. For four-and-twenty hours, during which Mr. Dundas had obtained an adjournment of the house, (from the 25th to the 28th,) he paused. But the formidable majority was still before him. His singular sagacity also told him, that his throwing down the gauntlet to them, while they were yet flushed with victory, would only cement their connection, while office would as certainly produce jealousies and divisions among men who were connected only by the pursuit of place. The result was a refusal of the king's offer. The splendours of royalty may attract the envy of mankind, but the diadem has troubles of its own. His majesty thus forced to change his purposes, and still strongly averse to any intercourse with Fox, whom he looked on as equally obnoxious by his politics and his private life, sent for Lord North, and proposed the treasury to him. North declared that he was bound

not to negotiate without Fox. Fox was reluctantly admitted into the negotiation, and the Duke of Portland was proposed as premier. But this arrangement broke down, by the demand on the part of the coalition, to have the entire appointment of the household. The king, disgusted with what he conceived an attempt to bind him hand and foot, again turned to Pitt, had several conferences with him, and summed up his objects in a letter from Windsor, (March 24, 1783,) which, after stating his complaints of the conduct of opposition, concludes in these words:—"I trust, therefore, Mr. Pitt will exert himself to-morrow, to plan his mode of filling up the offices that will be vacant, so as to be able, on Wednesday morning, to accept the situation which his character and talents fit him to hold, when I shall be in town before twelve, ready to receive him."

Nothing could be more flattering to young ambition. But Pitt's judgment was already mature. He instantly sat down, and answered by the following letter:—"Mr. Pitt received this morning the honour of your majesty's gracious commands. With infinite pain, he feels himself under the necessity of humbly expressing to your majesty, that with every sentiment of dutiful attachment to your majesty, and zealous desire to contribute to the public service, it is utterly impossible for him, after the fullest consideration of the situation in which things stand, and of what passed yesterday in the house of commons, to think of undertaking, under such circumstances, the situation which your majesty has had the condescension and goodness to propose to him. As what he now presumes to write is the final result of his best reflection, he should think himself criminal, if, by delaying till to-morrow, humbly to lay it before your majesty, he should be the cause of your majesty's not immediately turning your royal mind to such a plan of arrangement, as the exigency of the present circumstances may, in your majesty's wisdom, seem to require."

To form a just idea of the vigour of mind displayed in this decisive transaction, we are to remember that it was the act of a statesman in his twenty-fourth year, of a bold and lofty spirit, surrounded by a crowd of friends and adherents, eagerly urging him to accept of power; of an orator, who never rose in the house without commanding universal admiration, and of the son of the most renowned minister of England, by his birth emulous of public distinction, and by his talents heir to all his father's fame.

The king's situation was now personally trying in the extreme. The weight of government was actually thrown back on him alone. Regarding Fox as a demagogue, and Lord North as his slave, the honest heart of George III. could not brook the abandonment of the state into such perilous hands. It is said that, in a struggle of generous despair, he meditated retirement to Hanover from a crisis in which he could neither resist with hope, nor yield with honour. To Thurlow was attributed the change of this hazardous mark of displeasure. "Your majesty may go to your electoral dominion," said the chancellor, with his habitual roughness; "nothing is easier; but you may not find it so easy to return when your majesty grows

tired of staying there. James II. did the same. Your majesty must not follow his example." Harsh as the style was, the king acknowledged its wisdom. Thurlow, with strong penetration, further assured him, that the coalition could not be in power without committing some act, which would lay them open to extermination. He bade the king, therefore, "wait patiently, and try the work of time." A short period was more than sufficient to vindicate the chancellor's prediction.

His majesty at length yielded to the force of circumstances. Pitt, on the 31st of March, declared to the house, that he had resigned the office of chancellor of the exchequer. For the six weeks which had intervened since the retreat of Lord Shelburne, the whole business of the government and the house had been transacted by him alone, for Townsend, the secretary of state, though nominally *manager* of the house, had been almost wholly silent, and on the 4th of March had gone up to the peers, being created Lord Sydney. During this period, the important subjects of the annual estimates, the mutiny bill, and the issue of exchequer bills, had been carried through, and various debates on the articles of the treaty, and the ministerial negotiations, had been conducted by him; in every instance exhibiting a presence of mind, a solid knowledge, and a dignified and high-toned spirit of debate, which continually increased the public admiration. It was said of him, that, "while Pitt was in the house, there was no want of a ministry." He seemed to fill up all the vacancies of the treasury bench, and when at length he took his stand no longer there, the feeling of regret was national. It was expressed on all sides, that whatever might be his political party, powers of such rare and universal extent ought not to be lost for a moment to the service of the nation. But a new era of his life was about to dawn, exhibiting higher efforts, effecting more substantial services, and extending his fame, his labours, and his triumphs, to the civilised world.

THE RIVER AMAZON.—We learn from the *Hampshire Telegraph* that Lieut. Wm. Smythe, and Mr. Frederick Lowe, mate of the *Samarang*, were left at Callao, when that vessel sailed for England—they having volunteered their services, at the request of the Peruvian government, to proceed to Lima, for the purpose of embarking on one of the branches of the river Amazon, to explore their way until its junction with the main stream, down which they are to voyage to the sea. The object is to ascertain by survey, the practicability of bringing goods up the river Amazon, to within twelve days' journey of Lima,—thus opening a new channel for the commerce of Europe with Peru, without the danger and loss of time consequent on a passage round Cape Horn. The Peruvian government has promised every assistance in their power, and an escort of soldiers, under the command of an intelligent native officer of engineers. Commodore Mason was, therefore, induced to give permission to those officers to remain for that purpose; and from the known skill, energy and perseverance of Mr. Smythe, who was with Captain Beechey in the *Blossom*, on her voyage of discovery along the north-west coast of the South American continent, there is good reason to expect these enterprising officers will succeed in their useful though arduous attempt.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

Forests are supposed to constitute the exclusive domain of romance writers; even as lakes have been appropriated by poets and ballad-mongers. The Schwarzwald and the Odenwald extend their gloomy shades through many a horridification in three volumes, or even five. Sherwood and Needwood, with the connivance of the Minerva press, have bid us "Stand and deliver" till we trembled at the very sight of a furze bush; while twenty romancers have made us as sick of "The New Forest," as a season at Sothampton. Since Sir Walter's "Ivanhoe" presented the world with a view of forest scenery, more picturesque than the sketches of Gilpin, or the realities of Hobbima, we have been favoured with such a tedious infinity of copies, that we verily believe we could travel from Dan to Beer-sheba, (i. e. from Sand-pit Gate to Fern Hill,) in the lordly shades of Windsor, and find "all barren!"

Nevertheless, there *does* exist a forest for which we must admit an especial predilection;—within the limits of civilisation—no entrenchment on the property of Fenimore Cooper—no section of the ground of Himalaya Fraser,—nay! within a morning's drive of a capital city; yet possessing features as wild and characteristic as Rosa might have delighted to paint, or Ariosto to depict, as the rendezvous of some half-chivalrous, half-magic encounter. The forest of Fontainebleau,—still savage in its scenery as when the crusader king, St. Louis, was wont to term it "*Ses déserts chéris*,"—still lonely as when Napoleon, who loved it with a similar predilection, used to prick forward in advance of his officious court, to enjoy his reveries in its *haute futaie*,—is now depopulated even of the superfluity of game, which, during the ascendancy of the elder Bourbon princes, and the hunting days of the booby-hero of the Trocadero, was supposed to threaten it with extinction. Were all the royal forests of France equally devastated, the office of grand verderer would become a sinecure; for, unless when that equivocal compeer of the Montmorencys and St. Simons, the Duc de Stackpoole, contrives to unite with his own pack of stag-hounds the *meutes* of two or three neighbouring nobles, to get up a chevy chase, grievously resembling the Epping hunt, the ancient oaks of Fontainebleau forget the very echo of a reveillée! The tumult of hounds and horns, however, is of rare occurrence; and during the summer season, not a soul is stirring in the forest, unless some botanical student from the *Pays Latin*, with his wallet on his shoulder and his herbal in his hand; or some disciple of Camille Roqueplan or Isabey, standing rapt and inspired among the rocks of Franchard, or the precipices of La Salle, to dash into his book of studies the light outline of some weeping birch, or hint the solemn grandeur of that kingly stem,—unique even among oaks,—*le bouquet du Roi*.

Yet even these metropolitan loungers, and the cockney hunting-train of a Birmingham duke, are incapable of deteriorating the venerable grace

of Fontainebleau. Its masses of granite resembling colossal heads of druids, peeping forth from the shade, speak of times long anterior to the voluptuous triumphs of Diana of Poitiers, whence date the meretricious splendours of the palace; and the *Galerie des Cerfs*, which witnessed the wanton murder of Christina of Sweden's Monaldeschi, or the *Galerie de Henri IV.*, where Sully pleaded in vain a remission of Biron's sentence of execution, are things but of yesterday, compared with the Gordes d'Apremont, or the crags of the Mont-Aigu.

The palace of Fontainebleau, indeed, in spite of every emendation perpetrated by every prince succeeding the brother-in-law of our own bluff Harry, retains a most antique and quaint appearance; yet antiquated as it is, its peaked roofs and overhanging bartizans are a world too modern for the mossy frame of sylvan verdure with which the picture is encircled. Pious anchorites have sanctified themselves in the recesses of the forest, as the hermitages of the Weeping Rock, and of La Madelaine, remain to attest; and hermits might fast and pray there still without much molestation from the children of this world. Charles X., had he been inclined to emulate the example of the Corsican, and execute his abdication in the palace of the Fountain of Fine Water, or *Fontaine Belle Eau*, might have retired thereafter to one of its sylvan lodges, and ended his days as holily as Charles V., in his peevish cell of St. Just. The royal forest might have formed an appropriate retreat for the repentance of a sovereign:—lordly, lofty, gloomy, worthy to overshadow the spirit of the blood-stained *Roi de la Mitraille*!

It was during the brilliant ascendancy of Napoleon, however, that Fontainebleau attained its highest pitch of dignity,—at the period when a vicar of God was brought captive to its gates, and kings and princes yielded tribute to the foot-stool of its warrior-sovereign,—or as Béranger describes it,—

"L'époque où, fécondant l'histoire,
Sa grande épée, effroi des nations,
Resplendissante au soleil de la gloire,
En fit sur la France rejaillir les rayons!"

It was to afford a fitting asylum to Pius VII., when he visited France to place the imperial crown upon the brows of the hero of Marengo, that the palace of Fontainebleau was raised from the degradation into which it had fallen at the period of the first revolution; and its reparations were completed, in order to adorn, with becoming splendour, the prison of the same spiritual prince, when, eight years afterwards, he was installed there in durance, with the view of intimidating the vicegerent of christendom into the cession of his temporal sovereignty. There, too, Charles V. abode in temporal seclusion, after abdicating the government of Spain and the Indies to the imperial conqueror. Fontainebleau appeared to have been transformed into a sort of regal *Salpêtrière*, for the reformation of offending potentates.

But if an especial suite of apartments became consecrated to this important purpose, the main

body of the building (which has been compared by English travellers to a *rendezvous* of palaces, rather than a single and separate edifice) was still occupied as the imperial residence of the most brilliant court of modern Europe. Thither, every autumn, the emperor repaired, as to a favourite hunting seat; and the days seemed come again when Louis XIV., gliding with histrionic dignity through the stately saloons of Versailles, the palace of his own creation, made it his pride to be accosted by his courtiers with intercessions for the honour of "following the court in its ensuing journey to Fontainebleau;" an event which, at one time, constituted one of its chief enlivenments. Brilliant, however, as was that scene of the eighteenth century,—when Molière commemorated the sojourn of his royal patron by the production of the "Tartuffe," and Racine, by bringing forward some *tragic chef d'œuvre*,—the *Cours des Fontaines* exhibited a still gayer pageant, when crowned by the unparalleled *cortège* of courtiers, which enabled the Emperor of France to create an antechamber for the kings that waited at his levee! The two Henrys of France and the first Francis may have added to the regal edifice the splendid galleries still bearing their names; but it remained for the son of a Corsican notary to form the *Antechambre des Rois*! Beautiful women—and the most beautiful among them were the nearest kindred of Napoleon,—men of renown—and the most famous were those who had confronted danger nearest to his person,—adorned the antique saloons of Fontainebleau; the golden bees embroidered upon whose capotes of velvet seemed distinctive of a new era in the history of the government of the country. The whole scene presented a gorgeous masque of mimic majesty,—chivalrous as the court of Francis I., magnificent as that of Louis le Grand, and a thousand-fold more animated than either.

It was, perhaps, that the personages of the drama, less perfect in their parts, were more attentive to the getting up of the piece—it was, perhaps, that their physical and moral impulses, unsubdued by the influence of the indolence divine of royal nature, betrayed a stronger and more vivid temperament; but certain it is, that never were fetes so brilliant—never courts so stirring, as those presided over by Josephine, and graced by the charms of the Reine Hortense, and the Princesses Pauline, Elisa, and Caroline, the sisters of Napoleon. The Bourbons might, and may, exhibit their household splendours as ceremoniously as they will; but those levees of upstart kings—those quadrilles of plebeian queens—those *carrousals* of *parvenu* knights, whose spurs were in reality the meed of valour,—exceeded all preceding pomps, as well as any that may have subsequently supplied their place. They rode, they danced, they dressed, they curtsied, they *congeed*, as if they could not too strenuously exercise the privileges of the greatness so singularly thrust upon them; and, spurred on by reminiscences of the sordid penury with which their youth had been environed—or, perhaps, by a prescience of the utter ruin ultimately to be called down on their heads by the ambition

of the insatiable invader of thrones and dominions,—sporting on painted pinions in the sunshine of Napoleon's glory, so long as it was permitted to irradiate their remarkable destiny.

Nor were their capacities of enjoyment ever more liberally taxed than at Fontainebleau. There, the emperor, luxuriating in momentary relaxation from the toils of sovereignty, and giving access only to those ministers with whom it was indispensable to be in immediate communication, indulged less eagerly in the recreation of the chase, than in the pleasures of unrestrained intercourse with such persons as really shared his confidence and affection; and the calumniated Napoleon was a man of warm and strong affections. Those who approached nearest his person, and who have not yet betrayed him by manufacturing a book at his expense, admit that he was the honestest man and *le plus bon homme* of all the imperial court; or, to borrow the expression of his brother Jerome, "*mieux que tout ce qui l'entourait*." Though notoriously the victim of Josephine's coquetry during their early days of marriage, how fervent and honourable is the affection poured forth by the husband, in the correspondence between them published by her daughter Hortense!—what truth—what simplicity, in every expression!—what nobleness of purpose in every counsel imparted! While the finical and *minaudière* ex-marchioness addressed herself to the task of conciliating the French nation by the graces of her smile and the richness of her laces and cachemires, he was bidding her be "generous but economical!"—economical of her money, which was the people's—of her tenderness, which ought to have been *his*; and of her time, which she was too apt to bestow upon every obsequious courtier and gossiping dowager. How patient, too, did he show himself under the thwartings occasioned by the intriguing spirit of his brothers!—how blinded by his affection for his sisters!—and when enlightened by the officious jealousy of Josephine, how susceptible to their shame—how gentle in their condemnation! Above all, how doatingly—how thoroughly—a father!

Meanwhile, amid all his policy,—all his tact,—all his dexterous appeals to the national vanity of the French, in the pomp and splendour of his court,—it was, in truth, with a view of gratifying the predilections of the empress and her female train,—the Mesdames Junot, Maret, Marmont, Duchâtelet, Regnault, St. Jean d'Angley, Visconti, and others,—that the halls of Fontainebleau were occasionally illuminated for the display of masks and festivals; and its forest causeways leveled and made smooth, to admit their participation in the pleasures of the chase.

At the close of one of these festivals,—a ball given preparatory to the departure of the emperor for a new campaign, a *fête*, (no offence to the Montmorencys, the Noailles, or the Grammonts,) as graceful and brilliant as the more legitimate courts of Fontainebleau ever witnessed,—the gay circle was dissolved, the lights extinguished, and the ushers and chamberlains, having paraded the state apartments to ascertain if all was safe, had retired in their turn to rest. Nothing remained

in evidence of watchfulness but the captain of the guards yawning at his post, the numerous sentries *en faction* in the various quadrangles of the palace, with here and there a light streaming from the windows of some vestibule or staircase, such as in the abode of even the most frugal and self-secure of sovereigns,—of a citizen king, for instance,—gives evidence that there must be *no night* within the purlieus of a palace—that perpetual vigil is indispensable to secure the safety of an anointed head!

All was quiet, save the tinkling of the Fountain of Ulysses in the great court, and the harsh croaking of the frogs in the adjoining lake; when, on a sudden, a slight tumult became perceptible in the *Cour de la Fontaine*; and a few stragglers, in complete dishabille, were seen hurriedly traversing the corridors leading to the *Aile des Princes*. Sentries were challenged, and gates unclosed! The stir and bustle increased. Corvisart, the emperor's favourite physician, had been hastily summoned from his bed;—what, *what* could be the matter? Was Josephine, whom often already a remote hint of the premeditated repudiation had thrown into hysterics, again attacked with *migraine*? Had Madame Mère fasted too long over her beads? Or was the Princess Borghese suffering from some of her imaginary heart-aches or head-aches? Vain toil to guess! Some hundred or so of young and fanciful beauties just then lodged under the peaked roofs of Fontainebleau, were enough to afford practice and perplexity to Galen and all his sons!

But it was not for the sake of any thing in the shape of woman,—no! not even of Madame de Waleska herself,—that Constant would have presumed to steal down the little circular staircase leading from the emperor's apartment to the *Cabinet Topographique*; where, on the eve of his departure for the grand army, he was engaged in investigating a map, pricked out subsequently to the Military Council of the morning, by the hands of Baron Fain, and Baron Bacler d'Albe.

Leaning over a table overhung by a shaded lamp, and covered with maps and plans, Napoleon's attention was engrossed in dictating notes to his aide-de-camp, when a slight knock at the door announced some privileged person; and, with a face foretelling the nature of a tragic volume, the *premier valet de chambre* made his appearance.

"What is the matter, Constant?" cried the emperor, hastily, apprehending he knew not what from this unprecedented interruption.

"Sire, with your majesty's gracious permission, I have ventured to intrude, in order"—

"Bah! Speak out, to the point!—What has happened?"

"Cardinal Caprara, sire, is expiring!"

"*Après?*" enquired Napoleon, calmly insinuating his forefinger into his waistcoat pocket, and regaling himself with a pinch of snuff, as irreverently as if the "*après*" of the act of dissolution of a member of the Sacred College could possibly fall within the pre cognition of a valet-de-chambre!

"Sire! your majesty's goodness will, I trust, pardon my officiousness; but I consider it my duty to acquaint your majesty, previous to the fatal catastrophe, that—"

"Bah!" again interrupted the emperor,—never so completely "*le petit caporal*," as with a military map before him, and a perspective of triumph opening from its indications.

"That his eminence has fallen a victim to *poison*," continued Constant, satisfied that it was his business to persevere in his relation.

"*To poison?*" ejaculated Napoleon, turning round short on the valet-de-chambre.

"*To poison?*" reiterated Fain. "Poisoned in the Royal Palace of Fontainebleau!—a prince of the Holy Roman Church—the nuncio of the pope—poisoned!—*Quelle horreur!*"

"This becomes serious," said the emperor, coolly. "Who is with him?—Who has been sent for?"

"The bishop of Meaux, sire, is with his eminence."

"A bishop!—why not a physician?—Where is Corvisart,—where is Ivan?"—

"And the almoner of her imperial majesty," continued Constant, "is about to administer"—

"Extreme unction, no doubt! when an emetic might prove the cardinal's salvation!"

"Meanwhile, if your majesty will permit me to observe," said the aide-de-camp, abruptly, "this unfortunate event may lead to most calamitous conclusions. Cardinal Caprara possesses the personal regard and confidence of his holiness; and his mission in France, bearing references, might possibly arise."

"You are right!" cried the emperor, "I should be on the spot! and the more so that the cardinal appears to be surrounded by a tribe of fools, more idiotic, if possible, and old-womanish than himself. Constant,—my hat. Be in waiting in the library until my return."

And having hurriedly traversed the corridor leading from the royal library to a small door opening under the grand staircase of the *Fer à Cheval*, the emperor hastened across the courts of the two intervening quadrangles with such rapidity, that the sentry at the first post had scarcely carried his hand to his musket to present arms, when his majesty reached the second. All was in confusion round the entrance, and on the staircase leading to the cardinal's apartments. The doors of the ante-chamber stood wide open, and two *garçons de bain* were squabbling in the saloon; every person in authority having pushed forward to the bedside of the dying churchman.

"Did Caprara sup with me to-night?" enquired the emperor, as he crossed the vestibule, to Fain, who was closely following.

"Your majesty forgets, perhaps,—the *fête*,—the ball—"

"True, true!—He was served, then, in his own apartments?" continued Napoleon, addressing a domestic in the livery of the household, who was about to scud away on recognising the emperor.

"Where did his eminence sup to-night?—who was present?—who furnished the repast?"

"His eminence supped in his own chamber, sire, attended by his own almoner, on dishes especially prepared by his own domestics," interposed the aide-de-camp, who had overheard the question, and was aware of Napoleon's fondness for succinct intelligence.

"So much the better!" muttered the emperor, taking breath. "It is probable, then, that there may be no poison in the case. He may be dying of a surfeit."

But when, in another minute, Napoleon penetrated into the bed-chamber, there was no mistaking the symptoms of the nuncio for those of an indigestion!—churchman or layman—*gourmand* or anchorite—short necked or long—it was no ordinary seizure which had rendered his face so livid, his lips so black, his nostrils so distended, nay, his eyes so fixed and sightless, that even the entrance of the emperor produced no change of countenance in the moribund!

"Alas! alas! dying without the consolation of the church!" sighed the bishop of Meaux, as he let fall upon the coverlid the hand he had been holding in his own, in the hope of discerning some token of amendment.

"Dying before half the objects of his mission were accomplished!" murmured his eminence's secretary, who had expected to find his own services in the affair requited with a full benefice.

"Dying in a foreign country, so far from our *bella Italia*!" faltered a poor Neapolitan *marmitta* of his suite, who had crept towards the room, and was blubbering unheeded on the threshold.

"What was served to the cardinal at supper?" enquired Napoleon of the latter, tapping him smartly on the shoulder, ere his own entrance was noticed by those administering to the dying man, or at least fixing their whole attention on his countenance.

"*Ahi, ahi*!" sobbed the lad, suddenly looking up, and trembling with consternation on perceiving by whom he was so cavalierly accosted. "*Madre di Dio!—Sua Maesta!*"

"I asked you what was served to his eminence at supper?" persisted the emperor. "Answer quickly and briefly, for his sake and your own!"

"Mushrooms, sire!" interposed Fain, who had already obtained from the cardinal's *maitre d'hôtel*, the desired intelligence. "*Des oranges sautées à l'huile, à l'Italienne*, by his own cook."

"*Cogliani*!" ejaculated Bonaparte, all the Corsican kindling in him at the word. "Not a genuine orange is to be found on this side the Alps! They have poisoned him with some noxious fungus!—*Des oranges sautées à l'huile!*—Let Paulet be instantly sent for. It may not yet be too late to try a counter-poison."

And satisfied that a supper of stewed mushrooms would afford a very natural cause to misgiving Europe for the sudden demise even of a cardinal, the emperor returned to his surveys as speedily as he had quitted them.

"So, then, *Monsieur le Drole*!" cried he, seizing Constant by the ear as he traversed the *bibliothèque*, where the valet-de-chambre was in waiting, to enter the topographical study,—"You think proper, it seems, to break in upon my privacy, because a pampered priest chooses to overeat himself?"

And Constant, discovering in an instant from the familiar mode of his imperial majesty's address, that he considered Caprara in no real danger, and was no little pleased to find the case less urgent than he had been led to expect, ventured

to reply, that "another time, under such circumstances, he would show more discretion."

"Another time, under such circumstances, (if ever another cook should be found in the palace, of sufficient ignorance to serve up toadstools as an *entremet*,) do as I have done now—send for Doctor Paulet, who has passed his life *à s'en-champignoniser*, in studying the nature and properties of mushrooms, and do not interrupt me, till the *ipecacuanha* has done its worst."

"See Doctor Paulet to-night, before he quits the cardinal, that you may be prepared with particulars when you wake me in the morning," was Napoleon's final adjuration, when, having officiated at his master's toilet, Constant was about to retire for the night, to receive the same services from his own valet-de-chambre, leaving the door of the imperial chamber to the guardianship of the faithful Rostan.

Unhappily, further intelligence on the subject awaited the *reveal* of the emperor! Two words from Constant would have sufficed to acquaint the world that Paulet had administered an antidote, and that the cardinal was out of danger; but while a page of the household was offering formal condolences and formal compliments to the prince of the church, on the part of their imperial majesties, the Duc d'Otrante had arrived from Paris, and was about to be admitted to an audience of the emperor!—the Duc d'Otrante,—the Joseph Fouché,—the minister of police,—whose name has been damned to everlasting fame in France, as the able originator of a system of espionage, unique in the odium of its efficiency; and who was at that period forestalling the desires and projects of Napoleon, by preparing the way for his divorce, and the formation of a more auspicious matrimonial alliance.

"This is a sad affair, sire, of the Cardinal Caprara," observed the *chef de police*, having completed the transactions which had motivated his journey from the capital.

"*Sad*?" reiterated the emperor. "I understood from Constant that Paulet answered for his life?"

"I met Dr. Paulet, sire, as I entered the *Cour d'Honneur*."

"Well?"

"He assured me that there were no grounds for alarm,—that in a day or two his eminence would be as well as ever!"

"And capable of supping a second time on a ragout of *fausses oranges*!—Jackass!"

"But is it *proved*, sire, that the mushrooms were pernicious?"

"*Proved!* You should have seen the cardinal's face!—*purple* as his stockings! Many an unfortunate *gamin* has been deposited in the dead room of the Morgue, with twice as much life in his frame! *Pernicious!*—Nothing but Paulet's skill could have saved him."

"Your majesty mistakes me. *Poisoned*, I admit him to have been; but my people here assured me they have procured evidence that the mushrooms picked and selected yesterday, at the cardinal's own suggestion, during a promenade to the Rocher de Montigny, were of the true and genuine orange species. It seems that his eminence's *piqueur*, aware of the ridicule incurred during their

stay at Paris, by Caprara's proverbial parsimony, not choosing to be seen entering the palace gates, charged with a pannier of mushrooms, like the *baudet* of a market-gardener, entrusted them accordingly to the hand of a wood-cutter working near the spot, who engaged to convey them to the cardinal's kitchen. By this individual they were assuredly changed on the road."

"Bah!" cried the emperor. "Would you and your *mouchards* have me believe Caprara is a sufficiently great man, to have enemies among the wood-cutters of Fontainebleau?—Poison a cardinal?—They could no more for me!—Besides, the people of these cantons still smack of Bourbon patronage, and are as pious as the piudes of the Faubourg St. Germain. I would warrant every knave of them to kiss the hem of the petticoat-tail of the smallest member of the sacred conclave. Poison a cardinal! They would as soon think of denying St. Peter!"

"Nevertheless," pursued Fouché, "my agents assert that Cardinal Caprara is detested by the people, as the supposed bearer of his holiness's promise of assent to the project of your majesty's divorce;" (involuntarily Napoleon turned his eyes towards the door affording access to his apartments, from those of the susceptible Josephine;) "nor need I remind you, sire, that the extreme popularity of the empress?"

"I know, I know!" interrupted Napoleon, who was indeed aware that the rumour of his repudiation of Josephine had created a most unfavourable impression throughout the kingdom. "But do you pretend to insinuate that the French nation has entered into a conspiracy to poison Caprara, for having been the mere state-courier of Pius VII!—*Que diable!*—Josephine's party must, in that case, be stronger and more redoubtable than I have ever had cause to think it!"

"The young man pointed out to suspicion as the bearer of the mushrooms from Montigny to the palace," resumed the Duc d'Otrante, repressing the sneer of his imperial master, by proceeding at once to *facts*, is one to whom the attention of my people at Fontainebleau has been previously directed, as dangerous and involved in mysterious connections.

"Under surveillance, then?"

"Under surveillance."

"And yet employed in the public works? Why, under such circumstances, allow him to be retained by the inspector of the royal forests?"

Fouché replied only by a smile, manifestly implying, "To keep him under the cognisance of the police."

"True!" replied the emperor, replying to this tacit reply. "But it might be desirable that your people kept their *hands* as well as their eyes upon the fellow, instead of leaving him at liberty to spoil the supper and night rest of a prince of the church. *Cospetto!* These mushrooms may yet chance to figure in a papal bull!"

The breakfast hour was now approaching, the one of all the four-and-twenty when Napoleon was most accessible to familiar intercourse; and Fouché seemed to profit by his increasing good-humour, in order to push still further the subject under discussion.

"In the apprehension that an unfavourable view of the affair might reach the court of Rome," said he, "I have already caused this young man, this Guillot, to be arrested. It is a token of respect due to the rank of Cardinal Caprara."

"Respect due to a broomstick!" muttered the *Petit Caporal*.

"Which motive might perhaps be held insufficient," pursued Fouché; "but that in spreading a net over a minnow, I hope to secure as fine a cock-salmon as ever wagged a fin within the meshes of the police!"

"Aha!" cried Napoleon, who had been traversing the room, and now stopped short opposite the official operative, who might well be called (as Victor Hugo terms our English hangman) "*the royal right arm!*"

"Within the last six weeks," continued Fouché, "a mansion situated near the ferry of Valvin, which your majesty once entertained thoughts of hiring, (but that the situation was scarcely secluded enough for the purpose,) as a residence for Madame de——"

"I know, I know!" hastily interrupted Bonaparte, vexed to find the organisation of his secret police so admirable, that not even a casual expression of his own could escape its scrutiny. "Who lives there now?"

"The English *detenu*, sire!—Monsieur le General R——"

"An English family at Fontainebleau? An English *detenu*—an English general officer? You must have planned this, sir, for my especial annoyance! *Sacre nom de Dieu!*—Have I not expressly desired that these people might be kept out of my way? Last year, as we drove near the bridge at Verdun, on our way to Mayence, had not the English prisoners the audacity to greet me with hisses, and opprobrious epithets?"

"Which offence against your imperial majesty's person, half-a-dozen of them are still expiating in the dungeons of Bitche," replied Fouché, coolly. "But General R—— is scarcely to be classed among a tribe of fool-hardy midshipmen, such as the lads in question. For several years he has resided in all honour and tranquillity at Verdun; and it was but a few months ago that I received an application for a *permis de voyage* for his family, to pass two months at Fontainebleau, in order to try the effects of the *cure de raisin* for his only daughter, stated to be in the last stage of a decline. There was no plea for withholding from him a favour frequently conceded to English prisoners on parole; especially as your majesty had then announced your intention of dividing the autumn between Rambouillet and St. Cloud. A passport was accordingly granted, and General R—— established himself at the Pavillon de Valvin!"

"At least, while residing so near the palace, you have placed his correspondence under scrutiny?"

"More particularly, sire, since the general's lady, who is daughter to a member of the English cabinet, keeps up constant intercourse with her family."

"And has any thing—*transpired?*" said the

emperor, fixing a scrutinising eye upon Fouché's countenance.

"Nothing, sire," he replied, preparing to touch a point on which Napoleon was just then peculiarly sensitive to the sneers of the English press.

"Nothing,—unless a few idle comments in the letters of Lady Emily R—, upon the age and personal coquetry of the empress, as well as her unaccountable influence and popularity with the nation."

"Mere flippant woman's gossip!" said Napoleon, having recourse to his snuff-box.

"But exactly of the kind to obtain ready currency in London; where any absurd slander relating to your majesty's domestic circle is voraciously swallowed. I have, therefore, suppressed the letters."

"Good!—but better still, had you kept these people away from Fontainebleau altogether. Send them back to Verdun without loss of time."

"I understand your majesty's departure to be fixed for to-morrow? The young lady is seriously indisposed; and, as a week remains unexpired of the general's *permis de séjour*—"

"At least, do not let it be renewed," cried Napoleon, and let me hear of no more English prisoners at Fontainebleau. "If they fall sick, let them find some *orviétan*, less obnoxious to me than a course of Chasselas grapes. *En attendant*, what has this general to do with Caprara's mushrooms?"

"The young man named Guillot having been arrested this morning before day-break, and his papers secured—"

"Papers?—The *papers* of a wood-cutter?"

"We find reason to believe him a man of birth and education," continued the minister of police;—bearer of a false passport; nay! *pour trancher le mot*,—the son of the emigrant Duc de la Roche Allier,—and here on a rendezvous with his friend General R—, for the purpose of effecting negotiations—"

"With the English government?" cried Napoleon.

"No, sire;—with the people at Hartwell!"

"An emissary of the Bourbons—a secret emissary—a spy;—yet bearing the name of a family which dates its chivalry from the first crusade!"

"The young count has learned his lesson, sire, in England; where, under your favour, spies are treated with the reverence due to the hazards of their arduous vocation. Andre, whom the Americans hanged, has a monument in the Royal Abbey of Westminster."

"My poor Fouché! which of your hangers-on has regaled your wounded vanity by that piece of information?" enquired the emperor, laughing heartily at the fact so naively boasted by his *chef de mouchards*. "But no matter! What have you done with this individual?"

"Sent him forward to Bicetre."

"Have you reason to suppose he has connections in the Faubourg St. Germain?"

"The most important!—nay, suspicious point; at the very household of the empress. Those two old jackanapes, the chamberlains, Count —, and —, cannot get rid of their Bourbon hankerings."

"And General R—?" demanded Napoleon, amused to perceive the pertinacity of Fouché's antipathy to every thing and every body connected with Josephine.

"Has rejected the proposals with which he was insulted. A paper in his handwriting, sire, was found in the cottage of the *soi-disant* Guillot,—a letter desiring him to set foot in his house no more. English officers possess a nice sense of honour; and this R— appears to be *un homme de bien*!"—

"*Comme un autre*, I suppose! But if young Allier's mission was thus infructuous, what has kept him at Fontainebleau?"

"The young man's *arrière-pensées* are not easily to be developed," said the Duc d'Otrante. "It is probable he had an ulterior object in wishing to obtain access to the palace, which he hoped to secure by offering his services to the cardinal's people,—having previously been frustrated by the intervention of mine. I need scarcely, however, point out to your majesty, that an emissary of the Bourbons may be inferred to cherish no great predilection for his eminence, as being the avowed friend to a measure likely to give an heir to the empire, and secure the downfall of their dynasty."

"Away with you!" cried the emperor; "Asses as they are, the Bourbons and their agents are scarcely likely to fancy, that by poisoning a single cardinal, they could circumvent all amicable intercourse between the Tuilleries and the Vatican. Your people have outshot their mark. We have to thank Caprara's gluttony, as the accidental means of unraveling an execrable plot; but if the mushrooms were of a pernicious kind, trust me his eminence has no one to thank for the mistake, but the pur-blind, half-witted rascals of his own scurvy suite."

"As your majesty pleases," replied the minister, taking his portfolio under his arm, preparatory to the ceremony of taking leave. "In that case, all further interference in the business is superfluous."

The emperor, meanwhile, had taken his resolution. The day not being one of those set apart for the chase, he was comparatively master of his time; and having signified to the empress at her toilet, an intention to ride towards Melun, accompanied only by the Grand Marshal, Duroc, and the aide-de-camp on duty, he quitted the palace in the afternoon, without cortege or attendants. Having reached, at full speed, the Croix d'Augas, and thence diverged into one of the lateral alleys leading to the foot of the rocks crowned by the *Calvaire*, Napoleon suddenly drew up; acquainted the Duc de Frioul that he had a visit to make privately in the neighbourhood; and, having demanded the least frequented route to the village of Valvin, dismounted, and gave his horse to the aide-de-camp. Duroc, suspecting some intrigue of gallantry, involuntarily smiled as he offered his services as guide; and, having fastened his horse to a tree, and recommended, *en passant*, to the young Count Flahault, (whose looks betrayed no small curiosity concerning his imperial majesty's proceedings,) not to grow too impatient during their absence, he set off in the direction of the river, through one of those beautiful green

alleys, entangled with juniper and broom, and overgrown by the greatest variety of wild flowers ever collected together in one of nature's uncultivated *parterres*,—which constitute a peculiar charm of the forests of Fontainebleau. Duroc, although admitted to the most familiar intimacy with the emperor, was, of course, too good a courtier to hazard an enquiry touching the *object* of their route; while Napoleon, by his comments on the scenes they were traversing, and a learned discussion, into which he diverged, touching the new system of silvan-culture introduced by Violaines, for the regeneration of the royal forests, was evidently anxious to evade all allusion to the subject.

"Yonder, sire, is Valvin," said the grand marshal, as a few scattered cottages at length appeared at the end of an avenue of young plane-trees, beyond which glittered the blue waters of the Seine.

"Return, then, and await me in the forest," replied Napoleon hastily. "And, should any one belonging to the court come across you, be especially careful to give no indication of my destination."

And immediately, with a second smile, which he tried to render as little significant as possible, Duroc, (who, on more than one previous occasion, had been the confidant of an imperial or consular *amourette*,) returned towards the place of *rendezvous*, leaving Napoleon to pursue his unmolested way, "*sous forme*." The grand marshal's interest in the mystery might have been, perhaps, more strongly excited, had he seen the emperor with his hat pulled over his face, to avoid recognition, trudge onward, till he reached the wicket gate of a large garden, surrounding the mansion known by the name of the Pavillon de Valvin, and notoriously inhabited by an English *detenu*.

"Is the general visible?" enquired he abruptly of the servants, who answered his hasty summons at the door bell;—and, without waiting for a reply to his query, he entered the hall.

"Whom shall I announce?" demanded the amazed domestic.

"No matter,—a stranger!"—replied Napoleon, persuaded that his person was unknown to his conductor. And following him closely, they entered together a small saloon overlooking the garden; and, as Napoleon concluded, the presence of General R—.

But he was mistaken. There was no general—no man in the room—to warrant the loud step and haughty countenance of the intruder; but close beside the open window, and in an attitude of despair, sat Lady Emily; supporting on her shoulder the feeble head of the fairest creature on whom the hero of Marengo had ever looked. Her cheeks were colourless, indeed,—colourless as those of the dead; and her air so languid, that even her light brown ringlets seemed to hang in utter lifelessness round her face. But it was as it were the face of an angel! and so potent was the influence of her unearthly delicacy and loveliness, that even as the law-giver of Israel put his shoes from off his feet, when he found that the place whereon he was standing was holy

ground—so, overcome by the purity of her aspect, did Napoleon lay aside the sternness of his demeanour. The eyes of both mother and daughter were swollen with weeping; and Lady Emily, though evidently recognising the person of her visitor, made no effort to rise which could disturb the gentle sufferer, whose head rested on her bosom. Her whole heart, her whole soul was with her afflicted child! How different a scene from the tumultuous disorder prevailing round the death-bed of the cardinal!

"I have a thousand excuses, madam, to offer," said the emperor, in a subdued voice, advancing towards the window where they sat. "I had expected to find General R—."

"My husband has only just quitted the room," said Lady Emily, hesitating what title to assign to her unceremonious guest.

"In that case, allow me to seek him elsewhere. The presence of a stranger may be painful to the young lady, your daughter, whom I grieve to find so much more seriously indisposed than I had been led to anticipate."

"No!" faltered Miss R—, in a tremulous voice, overcoming at once her natural timidity and her horror of the name of Bonaparte, in the consciousness that the man before her was sole arbiter of the destinies of her family. "My father will be here immediately. Do not leave us."

Unaccountably touched by the feeble accents of the gentle voice which thus addressed him, Napoleon instantly accepted the seat, pointed out by Lady Emily with as dignified a gesture as if he were a prisoner in the land, and *she* its sovereign.

"My daughter is suffering from the results of severe agitation," said his high-bred hostess, in a hurried voice, as if eager to conciliate her visitor, previous to the general's arrival. "A recent event,—the arrest of an intimate friend"—

But the words were suspended on her lips; for at that moment, undisturbed in countenance, unexcited in demeanour, the cold-blooded General R— entered the apartment. Bonaparte rose, and advanced to meet him; and the salutations exchanged between them, were simply those of gentlemen and equals. Even when the emperor re-seated himself, uninvited, the British general did the same; thus tacitly expressing his intention to see, in the anointed of the pope, a sovereign still unrecognised by the government of his own country.

"The object of my visit here, sir," said Napoleon, his *hauteur* returning, as he foresaw this determination on the part of his host, "was to express my satisfaction that an officer—a brother soldier—should have escaped the snares laid for his honour by the deposed family of Bourbon; a circumstance which transpired this morning, in the seizure of certain papers belonging to a young traitor, who should bear a less noble name, or pursue a less ignoble line of conduct!"

"You allude, of course, to Count Julius de la Roche Allier," replied the general, with a coolness amounting to irony. "But I am at a loss to understand in what manner *my* connections with him can have become interesting to the existing government of France."

"I allude," interrupted Napoleon, "to your refusal to become a party to a conspiracy planned by the traitors at Hartwell, and confided to the intermediation of Count Jules de la Roche Allier; who has been arrested on other charges, by the vigilance of my minister of police."

"Count Jules de la Roche Allier an agent of the Bourbons—a spy in the land? Your majesty has been cruelly and grossly deceived!" interrupted Emily, indifferent even to her father's displeasure at such a crisis.

"You are, indeed, in error, General Bonaparte," said R—, pertinaciously marking his dissent from the mode of address adopted by his daughter. "Whatever may be my ground of enmity against the young man, I believe him to be innocent of the madness imputed to him. Suffer me, meanwhile, to thank you"—a bitter sneer passed over his countenance as he spoke—"for believing a British soldier, at large on parole, to be incapable of plotting against the government which has become the depository of his honour."

"And what, then, was he doing at Fontainebleau?" cried Napoleon, rising angrily from his seat, without even hearing the taunt of his ill-judging host. "It is true this young man was arrested on mere suspicion. But a false passport, his papers, your own letter?"

"A letter?"

"Desiring him to set foot in your house no more, and referring to his negotiations—"

"For the hand of my daughter. Know, sir—"

"A few words may suffice to explain this vexatious business," interrupted Lady Emily, trembling at the thought of the indiscretions into which her husband might be betrayed by his two-fold aversion to the Emperor of France, and the adherents of its fallen kings. "The family of La Roche Allier having resided, during its period of emigration, in Edinburgh, was welcomed in the higher circles of that city with the deference due to the unfortunate. In the common course of hospitality, Count Jules was introduced to our house, formed an attachment to my daughter, and eventually made overtures for her hand—"

"Overtures peremptorily declined by her father," interrupted the general; "by her father, who could not justify it to himself to bestow the inheritance of one of the most ancient families in Scotland upon an alien, a foreigner, a man who neither spoke its language, nor—"

"Professed its creed! I understand your scruples, sir," said Bonaparte, whose looks, ever and anon reverted, during the explanation, to the pure pale face of the young English girl,—so mild, so full of resignation, so different from the meretricious beauties of his own dissolute court.

"Pardon me,—we are all alike of the church of Rome," said the less petulant Lady Emily, willing to insinuate a word in extenuation of her daughter's preference.

"I must conclude, then, madam, that General R— had personal reasons for declining the alliance of the house of Roche Allier?"

"It is enough that he saw fit to exercise the authority of a parent over his child," said the

general, harshly. "Unwilling, however, to tax my daughter's submission by leaving her exposed to this presuming young man's assiduities, I prepared my family for a continental tour; and it was then that, while, under sanction of our international treaty, we traversed France, the arrest and detention of every British subject who had been rash enough to confide in the good faith of the republic, consigned us prisoners to Verdun! *There*, separated from her home, her country, her friends, my daughter's health, already impaired by pulmonary attacks, has gradually declined; and though," he continued, struggling to assume a more cheerful tone, lest the admission of his forebodings should prove injurious to the invalid, "though I am assured by Miss R—'s medical attendants that the system we are trying at Fontainebleau will, in a short time, complete her restoration—"

"No, father, no!" faltered Emily, involuntarily interrupting him. "You do not so deceive yourself,—you, cannot so deceive me; I am dying; yes, I know it. I am dying! Roche Allier's arrival here, (disguised, and at the risk of life and honour,) convinced me that my mother's letters had already conveyed to our friends in England the knowledge of my rapid decline; and that poor Jules was periling all, in hopes that the presence of one so dear might avail to suspend the fatal blow. But he came;—and my father interdicted our meeting—my father was still inexorable! And now, Jules is a prisoner—and I on the brink of the grave!"

There was a momentary silence; for the hollowness of Emily's voice conveyed a fearful confirmation of her assertions.

"But I have not been disobedient,—have I father?" she resumed, perceiving some indication of emotion in her father's countenance. "I shall not bequeath you the memory of a rebellious child? From the day of receiving your commands, I have held no communication with him; and now all risk is over of thwarting your wishes. I shall see his face no more. I am dying!"

And again she bowed her head on the bosom of her afflicted mother; who was no longer able to repress the tears with which she had been struggling.

"If you could suggest any thing in my power to alleviate your suffering," said the emperor, deeply touched, but too much habituated to the control of his feelings to evince any symptom of emotion; "if, consistently with my duty to the nation—" He hesitated. He felt that it was not for *him* to propose the liberation of an emigrant royalist.

"You could do much," said Emily, striving to speak more firmly. "You could release my father and mother from captivity. When I am gone, it would be a grievous thing for them to be fixed in France, in incessant contemplation of the grave of their only child. *Promise* me that you will release them, that you will send them home to Scotland—to their friends—"

"And Count Jules de la Roche Allier?" exclaimed Napoleon, sympathising in her filial devotion.

"For *him* I have nothing to ask," said poor

Emily. "He is innocent, and therefore you dare not injure him."

"Are you aware, madam, that his family is especially excluded from the act of grace conceded to the emigrants?—that he has brought a proscribed head within reach of the retributive justice of the French government?" added the emperor, willing to probe to the utmost the heroism of the courageous young girl.

"Release my father and mother," she faintly reiterated, clasping her hands as she spoke. "I leave the rest to God."

"I am at liberty, then, to do my worst," said Napoleon; "since even his friends refuse to plead in his behalf."

"I would pledge my life and honour on the innocence of young Roche Allier!" interrupted the general. "Of fraud or treachery he is incapable. His attachment to my daughter has alone brought him into his present predicament."

"Give her to him, then, and end it!" said Napoleon abruptly; having already seated himself at a writing-table, to accomplish the petition of his interesting prisoner. "Return to England, Monsieur le General, with your family, and relieve me from the presence of this rash young man, by carrying him with you as your son."

And while General R—— hesitated whether to accept or reject the benefits thus cavalierly conferred, the emperor rose and presented two folded papers to the hands of Emily.

"Both of these are yours," said he, with one of those radiant smiles which sometimes brightened his fallow visage. "One of them regards your father, and one—your husband. So dutiful a daughter will make the best of wives."

"It is too late! Alas, alas! it is too late! Yet a few hours, and my heavenly Father will receive me to his mercy!" faltered Emily, now almost exhausted by the agitation of continual emotion. "Accept, however, the thanks of one about to be released from all earthly bondage, that you have imparted peace and consolation to her dying hours!"

And big tears rolled down the pale cheeks of the sufferer, as she extended her slender hand, as a parting token, towards the emperor. Profoundly touched, he raised it to his lips; and ere General R—— recovered his self-possession sufficiently to explain or remonstrate, Napoleon, after a respectful obeisance to Lady Emily, had quitted the room.

"She will not die," muttered the despotic Napoleon to himself, as he pushed his way back through the gathering twilight, towards the spot, in the forest of Fontainebleau, where Duroc was in waiting. "She *must* not die! I will send Corvisart to her!" And with an impetuosity equal to that of Uncle Toby, when he swore that Le Fevre should live, the emperor, as he strode along, crunched down, with his iron heel, the branches of the juniper and heather bushes that impeded his way. "All girls are apt to fancy they are dying when they are crossed in love. Besides the cold-blooded old fool will think better of it. Sacrifice such a girl as that to a whim—a prejudice? Why, even I could scarcely hold

out against that noble countenance, and that persuasive voice."

"Send the Duc d'Otrante hither," said his majesty, when he entered his *cabinet de travail*, at the close of a state dinner, a few hours after his return to the palace. "So,—you are here, sir! Come to offer your apologies, I trust, for the blundering officiousness of your people in causing the arrest of Jules de la Roche Allier, on such insufficient testimony? Another time I advise you to select fellows possessing eyes, ears, and some small portion of understanding!"

"Your majesty having, I find, already despatched a courier to Bicetre with orders for the count's release, I may rather tender my apologies to himself on his arrival at Fontainebleau, to accompany his father-in-law to England, in pursuance of the engagements, sire, into which your majesty has deigned to enter, this afternoon, with the family at the Pavilion de Valvin."

"*Comment donc coquin?*" cried the emperor, relaxing into a hearty laugh. "Are you already so well informed? The lubberly lacquey, then, over whom I stumbled in the ante-chamber of the Pavilion, was—"

"Precisely one of those fellows without eyes or ears, whom your majesty has commissioned me to discharge."

"*A la bonne heure, mon cher duc!* Since the fellow was an eavesdropper, I am glad he was a rascal of your own. Let him be as discreet as he has shown himself expert, and he may claim promotion. Understand, however, that this Valvin transaction is not to transpire: I do not wish to have it said in the Faubourg St. Germaine that I have been courting conciliation with the English cabinet, by an act of magnanimity towards the daughter of one of its members. But what *fete* is there to-morrow—what *veille* to-night?"

"None, sire; neither *fete* nor *veille*."

"Do you mean to tell me that I do not hear the bells of the *Sainte-Trinite*? What should they be ringing at this hour of the evening?"

"The passing bell, sire, of the English general's daughter. The curé of the *Sainte-Trinite* was her director; and Corvisart has just returned with him from Valvin, with intelligence of the young lady's dissolution."

"Already!" ejaculated Napoleon, throwing himself into a chair. "Poor girl! Poor unhappy mother!"

"On the other hand, I have the satisfaction to acquaint your majesty that Dr. Paulet announces the Cardinal Caprara to be out of danger."

"*Au diable le cardinal,*" ejaculated Napoleon, with one of his fiercest looks. "I would have given twenty cardinals for power to save the life of the daughter of the English *detenu*!"

ANTEDILUVIAN PLASTER.—We are almost ashamed to be the first to publish the fact, but it is publicly and confidently stated, that the "splendid Saurian" remains, lately purchased by the trustees of the British Museum for five hundred pounds, or guineas, is nothing else than—*plaster*.

Athenæum.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

Poems by William Stanley Roscoe. London.
William Pickering, 1834.

This pretty little unpretending volume, in its gray garb, without any ornament to attract gaw-gaw loving eyes, almost like a quakeress in her every day attire among a bevy of females of some other very different persuasion bedizened for a ball, does not look as if it desired the general gaze; yet from the placid smile it wears, it seems like some uncloistered and home-loving social nun in her meek humanities, unconscious neither of its own modest virtues, nor mayhap even of its own beauties; nor yet unwilling to receive—not the homage of admiration—for it leaves that to be paid to higher claims—but the incense of love breathed from humble and happy hearts, like the scent of violets from lowly places in nature's retired nooks, haunted only by the pious children of nature.

In plainer but not simpler words, there is much beautiful poetry in this volume; but it is of a kind that may not be greatly relished by the million. The million hunger and thirst after the stronger and darker passions: nothing will go down with them but pure Byron. They are intolerant—or careless—or even ashamed of those emotions and affections that compose the blessing of our daily life, and give its lustre to the fire on the hearth of every Christian household. Yet, for all that, they are inexperienced in those same stronger and darker passions of which they prate, and know nothing of the import of those pictures of them painted, with background of gloom and foreground of fire, in the works of the truly great masters. The disturbed spirit of such delineations is far beyond the reaches of their souls; and they mistake their own senseless stupor for solemn awe—or their own mere physical excitement for the enthusiasm of imagination soaring through the storm on the wings of intellect. There are such things in "Satan's Invisible World Displayed" in poetry, as strong and dark passions; and they who are acquainted with their origin and end call them *bad* passions; but the good passions are not dark, but bright; and they are strong too, stronger than death or the grave.

All human beings who know how to reap

"The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on its own heart,"

feel, by the touch, the flowers of affection in every handful of beauty they gather up from those fortunate fields on which shines for ever through all seasons the sun of life. How soft the leaves! and as they meet the eye how fair! Framed, so might it seem, of green dew consolidated into fragrance! Nor do they fade when gently taken from their stalk on its native bed. They flourish for ever if you bruise them not—sensitive indeed—and if you are so forgetful as to treat them rashly—like those of the plant that bears that name—they shrink and seem to shrivel for a time, growing pale as if upbraiding your harshness; but cherished, they are seen to be all of

"Immortal ananarth, the tree that grows
Fast by the throne of God;"

for the seeds have fallen from heaven to earth, and for eighteen hundred years have been spreading themselves over all soils fit for their reception—and what soil is not fit? Even fit are stony places, and places full of thorns. For they will live and grow there in spite of such obstruction—and among rank and matted weeds will often be seen peering out like primroses gladdening the desert!

Is this the nature of the poetry in this volume? Unless we do very greatly deceive ourselves—it is; but we shall let you judge for yourselves by a few specimens. We confess that we opened the volume with a disposition to be delighted; but had we not been so, the sadder would have been our disappointment. For we love the author—personally but little known to us—because he is his father's son. Twenty years and five have flown since we walked among the "alleys green" of Allerton with William Roscoe the elder—and who ever conversed with him for a few hours in and about his own home—where the stream of life flowed on so full and clear—without carrying away impressions that never seemed to become remembrances? So vivid have they remained amidst the obscurations and obliterations of time, that sweeps with his wings all that lies on the surface of the soul, but has no power to disturb, much less destroy, the records printed on the heart's core—imperishable even here—and hereafter to be brightened, we believe, into a splendour far exceeding what could have belonged to them in this fluctuating life!

The family of the Roscoes have not been degenerate from the virtues of their parents. The name is now honoured for their own sakes; in them talents and genius are seen to be hereditary; and he will have much to contend against and overcome, who, belonging to that line, shall ever act so as to make men bring to mind with angry sorrow the character of his illustrious ancestor. All the Roscoes now alive are known in our literature; Thomas, who, if we mistake not, is one of the younger brothers, has already achieved much reputation; and William Stanley, the eldest, long admired in a wide circle of friends as a man of the finest faculties, and far beyond it as gifted with true poetical sensibility and fancy, will now be regarded by all who love poetry rather than praise it, as a contributor to its stores of not a few strains of the true inspiration. He seeks not to soar into "the highest heaven of invention;" for he knows his own powers, and wisely uses them in their own sphere—the sphere nature has chosen to allot them—and in that quiet domain "Beauty pitches her tents before him"—removing, as her happiness bids, from vale to vale—and often resting, with her calm encampment, by the side of some sylvan stream, where the scenery seems to sleep in perpetual sabbath.

Here are a few—a very few lines—written nearly thirty years ago—

"In life's morning march when his spirit was young;"
and yet they are felt by us to be inspired by that presageful spirit which, in early genius, often brings over the dreams of rising youth the sombre shadows, that might seem in nature to belong

but to those of declining age. "Most musical, most melancholy"—a simple air indeed—but as it listens, the heart feels it comes from the heart.

LINES WRITTEN IN PASSING THROUGH VALE CRUCIS, IN OCTOBER, 1806.

"Vale of the cross, the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell!
For there are sainted shadows seen
That frequent haunt thy dewy green;
In wandering winds the dirge is sung,
The convent bell by spirits rung,
And matin hymns and vesper prayer
Break softly on the tranquil air!"

"Vale of the cross the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell!
For peace hath there her spotless throne,
And pleasures to the world unknown;
The murmur of the distant rills,
The Sabbath silence of the hills,
And all the quiet God hath given
Without the golden gates of heaven!"

The lines "To a Lily flowering by Moonlight" were, we believe, written in Mr. Roscoe's seventeenth year—or even earlier; and though they are universally known, that is no reason why we should not transfer them to our pages. Proud thought, and far better than proud, for a man to know that his name may be embalmed in the memory of one strain—which he knew not, as he breathed it, whether the next hour might not consign to oblivion! The moon was bright and the lily was fair, and the boy gave vent to his heart in verse. Into that verse flowed all that was purest in the multitude of thoughts within him—and many long years afterwards, the man is happy to recognise what he once was in the feelings hovering over the immortal image of the dead flower, and to know that they have added loveliness even to the lily. If you think that exaggeration—why then brush scornfully away all the beautiful little poems and fragments of poems, in which they who made them wished but to utter the gratitude of their joy, or the resignation of their sorrow.

"O why, thou Lily pale,
Lov'st thou to blossom in the wan moonlight,
And shed thy rich perfume upon the night,
When all thy sisterhood,
In silken cowl and hood,
Screen their soft faces from the sickly gale?
Fair horned Cynthia woos thy modest flower,
And with her beaming lips
Thy kisses cold she sips,
For thou art aye her only paramour,
What time she nightly quits her starry bower,
Trick'd in celestial light,
And silver crescent bright.
O ask thy vestal queen,
If she will thee advise
Where in the blessed skies
That maiden may be seen,
Who, like thee, hung her pale head through the day,
Lovesick and pining for the evening ray;
And lived a virgin chaste amid the folly
Of this bad world, and died of melancholy?
O tell me where she dwells;
So on thy mournful bells,
Shall Dian nightly fling

Her tender sighs to give thee fresh perfume,
Her pale night lustre to enhance thy bloom,
And find thee tears to feed thy sorrowing."

Perhaps none among us ever wrote verses of any worth, who had not been, more or less, readers of our old ballads. All our poets have been so—and even Wordsworth would not have been the veritable and only Wordsworth, had he not in boyhood pored—oh, the miser!—over Percy's Reliques. From the highest to the humblest, they have all drunk from those silver springs. Shepherds and herdsmen and woodsmen have been the masters of the mighty—their strains have, like the voice of a solitary lute, inspired a power of sadness into the hearts of great poets that gave their genius to be prevalent over all tears, or with a power of sublimity that gave it dominion over all terror, like the sound of a trumpet. The Babes in the Wood! Chevy Chase! Men become women while they weep—

"Or start up heroes from the glorious strain."

We have seldom read a modern composition so "tender and so true" to the spirit of those old ballads, which one might think were written by Pity's self, as this dirge.

DIRGE.

"O dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Where I and my true love may sleep!
We'll dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Where thou and thy true love shall sleep!"

"And let it be five fathom low,
Where winter winds may never blow!—
And it shall be five fathom low,
Where winter winds shall never blow!"

"And let it be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil!—
And it shall be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil!"

"And plant it round with holy briers,
To fright away the fairy fires!—
We'll plant it round with holy briers,
To fright away the fairy fires!"

"And set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine!
We'll set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine!"

"And let the ruddock build his nest
Just above my true love's breast!—
The ruddock he shall build his nest
Just above thy true love's breast!"

"And warble his sweet wintry song
O'er our dwelling all day long!—
And he shall warble his sweet song
O'er your dwelling all day long."

"Now, tender friends, my garments take,
And lay me out for Jesus' sake!—
And we will now thy garments take,
And lay thee out for Jesus' sake!"

"And lay me by my true love's side,
That I may be a faithful bride!—
We'll lay thee by thy true love's side,
That thou mayst be a faithful bride!"

"When I am dead and buried be,
Pray to God in heaven for me!—

Now thou art dead, we'll bury thee,
And pray to God in heaven for thee!
—Benedicite!"

We know not how it is—or rather we should say, we do know how it is—but cannot tell how—it is impossible for any poet to please us—let him write ever so well—in writing about—the lakes. We mean, of course, the English lakes—the lakes of Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Cumberland—for although the lakes of Scotland in themselves are all that lakes can be, they are not so to us—heaven bless them! nor, although we are all that we can be, are we so to them—heaven bless us! else why so seldom do they visit us in our sleep? But every other night we are at Orresthead! Windermere murmurs "come! lie upon my breast!" William Roscoe, therefore, must pardon us for thinking but poorly of his "Lines to the river Brathay, in Langdale." True they were written in 1797, before we were wedded (think not, though for a season separated, that we are divorced—divorce were death!) in Bowness church, to Windermere, to the queen of the lakes. Look at these lovely young isles now tossing their tresses in the breeze, now braiding them in the sunshine, they are the children of that marriage. Believe that but for the love of the Naiad for North, they had never been born; not one of them, all would ever have hung floating in its cradle of water-lilies among those charmed clouds! Nay! William Stanley Roscoe! Thou hast no business with the river Brathay but to walk by her side along the meadows. We have lipped her in secret among the clouds, we have cleaved to her on her rock-bed in the woods, we have blended with her bosom in sunless chamber cliff-roofed of the same stone that frowns from the blind face of Pavay-Ark; and with whom, pray, hadst thou dined the day thou sawest the Brathay lost in Grassmere? Ask the two giants, and they will nod their wooded heads, as much as to say, "Our Brathay, under heaven, belongs to Windermere."

For the same reasons, and a thousand others, we have merely looked at the "Lines written in the Woods of Rydal-Hall," and think we saw mention made of the Druids. They are dated 1804; and why did Mr. Roscoe take no notice of Lady Diana Fleming's white pea-fowl, sitting on the limbs of that huge old tree like creatures newly alighted from the isles of paradise! All undisturbed by the waterfalls, which, as you kept gazing on the long depending plumage illumining the forest gloom, seemed indeed to lose their sound, and to partake the peace of that resplendent snow so beautiful; each splendour a wondrous bird! For, lo! they stretch themselves all up, with their graceful crests, o'er-canopied by the umbrage draperied as from a throne! And never surely were seen in this daylight world such a show of un terrestrial creatures; though come from afar, all happy as at home in the Fairies' Oak!

Having thus vented our spleen, we are as amiable as ever; and, though our haunts, when we wore the gown, were among the groves of Isis, (and sweetly, too, flows the Cherwell round the fields of St. Mary Magdalene, in sum-

mer as steady and as silent as the dream-land of sleep,) yet with such an accomplished scholar as William Stanley Roscoe, we fly back through a long, glimmering vista of years, and sit with him among the whispering reeds on the low banks of the Cam. But the towers, how high! and how high the spirit that inhabits them, let poets, and divines, and orators, and statesmen speak, in many an inspired page that never will the muses let die till they themselves be dead! "To spring on the banks of the Cam." 'Tis a classic strain, such as young Collins might have sung by the sister stream,—the boy Milton murmured by the same sedgy brink, when "the dim woods were still."

We should have expected a man of such fine taste as Mr. W. S. Roscoe, and such true feeling, to write good sonnets; and he has done so, making allowance for a want of variety in the pauses, but they are too few in number. We have transcribed three of them into the album of one most dear, in which no worthless matter can ever find its way, and here they are, that you and others may do likewise.

TO MY FATHER.

"Stay thine o'ershadowing wings, relentless Time,
Nor shed those auburn locks with falling gray,
That o'er my father's frownless forehead play
Graceful and fair, as in youth's golden prime.
Stay thy rude hand, and he thro' many a clime
Shall teach thee to retrace thy distant way
To the bright regions of historic day!
Or he shall charm thee with prophetic rhyme,
Swept from the strings of Freedom's holy lyre,
Or call the muses from th' Ausonian land,
And with the strains their breathing lips inspire,
Win thy cold ear, and cheek thy ebbing sand!
Vain is my prayer—already o'er my sire
Thou, ruthless power, hast stretch'd thine iron hand!"

TO A BIRD SINGING ON A STORMY DAY.

"Sweet bird, that in the pauses of the blast
Lovest thy simple melody to pour,
Regardless of the winter's icy hour;
And ever as the sky is overcast
Shroudest thyself; and when the storm is past
Warblest afresh, forth from thy blanched bower,
Trusting that Spring shall wake the slumbering flower,
Nor adverse seasons so for ever last;
So I amid the beating storms of life
Turn to the climes where Memory's daughters dwell,
And yield each calm day of a vain world's strife,
To the sweet labours of the vocal shell;
With fond hope worshipping those better Nine,
And the twin god who rules with bolt divine."

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

"Again thou reignest in thy golden hall,
Rejoicing in thy sway, fair queen of night!
The ruddy reapers hail thee with delight,
Theirs is the harvest, theirs the joyous call
For tasks well ended ere the season's fall.
Sweet orb, thou smilest from thy starry height,
But whilst on them thy beams are shedding bright,
To me thou com'st o'ershadowed with a pall!
To me alone the year hath fruitless flown,
Earth hath fulfill'd her trust thro' all her lands,
The good man gathereth now where he had sown,
And the great master in his vineyard stands;
But I, as if my task were all unknown,
Come to his gates, alas, with empty hands."

Y

A few minutes ago, we were endeavouring to work ourselves up into a rage with Mr. Roscoe, for daring to write during Wordsworth's life *and ours!* (oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen!) about our lakes. For Windermere, as all the world knows, is our wife; and as for Wordsworth, why he has been for years—(we were the first to apply to himself his own grand line, regarding Dunmil, who sleeps in the Raise,)—

"Sole king of rocky Cumberland."

But we could not do it, and dismissed him with a poetical reproof. The simple truth is, that poetry is but experience spiritualised; and our friend—if he will let us call him so—never was much among our mountains. But let him meditate on well-known and dear loved places and the muse fills his heart with tenderest emotions, that take to themselves expression that must tell on every heart—for every heart has its own well-known and dear-loved places—to which it transfers whatever of beauty or of pathos it meets with in strains sincere; and thus are there holy abiding spots for all our being's best affections, in which they live for ever apart from all noise, and preserve all their pristine fervour. Such is the character of the exquisitely mournful stanzas, "To a Deserted Country Seat."

"Hail to thy silent woods,
Thy solemn climate, and thy deep repose,
Where the west wind as he goes
Moans to the falling floods,
That through the forest glide,
And journey with a melancholy tide!

"Hail to thy happy ground,
Where all is steep'd in stillest solitude;
And no unhallowed sound
Wakes nature from her holy mood;
Here let me waste away
The little leisure of life's busy day!

"Thy lone and ancient towers
Shall be my only haunt from youth to age;
The wild grown garden bowers
Shall shelter me in life's long pilgrimage;
And I will think me blest,
For ever in thy peaceful bounds to rest.

"On thee the sunbeam falls
In silence all the solitary year;
And mouldering are thy walls
That echoed once with hospitable cheer;
And all is past away
That stood around thee in thy prosperous day.

"But I may seek thy shades,
And wander in thy long forgotten bowers,
And haunt thy sunny glades,
Where the mild summer leads the rosy hours,
And mingled flowers perfume
The noontide air,—a wilderness of bloom.

"For nature here again
With silent steps repairs her woodland throne,
Usurps the fair domain,
And claims the lovely desert for her own,
And o'er yon threshold throws
With lavish hand the woodbine and the rose.

"Deep silence reigns around,
Save when the blackbird strains his tuneful throat,
Then the old woods resound,

And the sweet thrush begins his merry note;
And from some scathed bough
The murmuring ring-dove pours her plaintive vow.

"Here at the break of morn,
No hunter wakes the halloo of the chase,
Nor hounds and echoing horn
Fright from their quiet haunts the silvan race.
Rest, happy foresters, for ye shall be
In these green walks for ever safe and free!

"Wave, laurel, wave thy boughs,
And soothe with friendly shade my wearied head;
Come, sleep, and o'er my brows
With gentle hand thy dewy poppies shed.
Here shall be well forgot
The many sorrows of this earthly lot.

"Haunts of my early years,
Amid your sighing woods O give me rest;
Unnotic'd be the tears,
Unknown the grief that fill this aching breast,
While shelter'd in your bowers.
With patient heart I wait the suffering hours.

"How soon the morn of life,
The beam, the beauty of our days is o'er,
Amid a world of strife
The heart's young joys, shall bud, shall bloom no more!
Yet tranquil be the day
That lights the wanderer on his homeward way.

"Lo! where the lord of light
In setting splendour pours his crimson beams,
And at the approach of night
Bathes his bright orb amid the ocean streams,
And sinks into the west,—
So still, so peaceful be my hour of rest

We cannot doubt for a moment that the specimens we have now given have justified all we have said of this writer's taste, sensibility, and fancy; nor do we hesitate to say, that they show he is a man of genius. Much has been said and sung of late years, about the nature of genius; and about its distinction from talent. All people feel, though few people perhaps know, what it is; and we are, we confess, among the self-satisfied ignorant with respect to the mystery of its genesis, growth, and kind. But we have gained by our criticism some credit with the world for understanding something of its works, and a work of genius we pronounce the following *Monody*, which to our ears has a truly Miltonic flow of music; and now that we have read it aloud to ourselves for the second time in the silence of our sanctum, we exclaim, as we replace the volume in its narrow chasm in the compact shelf, "That strain I heard was of a higher mood."

"Umbrageous woods, that lift your aged arms,
And brave the ruthless tempests of the sky;
Storms that despoil the valley's fading charms,
And chase the summer's dying melody;
Ye old retreats of solitude,
Where nought but grief might e'er intrude,
Ere the dark winter spreads his latest gloom,
To your wild reign I come,
To pour the sad and unavailing tear
O'er Henry's early bier,
With deep entranced spirit, dark, yet holy,
And haunt your silent shades in strictest melancholy.
Oh! where, sooth shepherd, are those joyous strains
That charmed so oft our plains?
While every silvan dell, and sculptured cave,
With wood o'erhung, or wash'd by ocean wave,

Rang to the echo of thy summer reed,
 For Pan to thee decreed
 An oat to win the ear of morn,
 Sweeter than harp or horn;
 Old Mersey listening hush'd the hollow roar
 Of his high waves, and bade them on the shore
 Fall with a shallow tide,
 And soft and slowly glide;
 The ladies of the flood,
 Emerging from their coral haunt,
 Upon the golden briny waters stood,
 In mute astonish'd mood,
 To hear thy verses blither than the chant
 Of blue-eyed syrens in their oozy courts,
 Where aged Nereus oft resorts
 To chide the ocean maids that keep
 The fountain waters of the deep;
 And oft with mermaid voice would lure thee to their
 cells,
 Waking the hidden voice that dwells
 In pearly chambers of their wreathed shells.

" Oft at the shut of even,
 When through the path of heaven
 Hesper went forth in starry mantle bright,
 And silence slumber'd in the arms of night,
 Thy melody would call
 Echo from her vaulted hall!
 Even the gray hermit in his amice weeds,
 With hoary staff and beads,
 Brushing the forest dews with sandal'd feet,
 Thy pastoral hymn would greet,
 And bend his ear to mortal strains so sweet.
 Alas! might nought avail thy gentle rhyme,
 To soothe the rigour of our ruder clime;
 Cold blew the frost winds on thy tender flocks,
 That on the tempest beaten rocks,
 Or in the wintry vale below,
 Perish'd in drifts of frozen snow,
 While through thy sorrowing heart disease had spread
 The parting throb, and hollow sigh of death,
 And thou, lone shepherd, hung thy sickly head,
 And all untimely pour'd thy tuneful breath.

" Ah me! that thou hadst sought the sunny groves
 Of fair Ausonia, and the pasture land
 Of Tuscany, where every shepherd roves,
 And sings propitious loves;
 Or the green marge of Arno's flowery strand,
 Or mountain caves of Sicily,
 Where, on some olive-shrouded steep,
 Thy blue eyes flung across the deep,
 Thou hadst awoke the Doric melody,
 Or listen'd to the syren's song,
 That chant their crisp'd waves among,
 Or breathed the fragrant wind that blows
 Amid the laurel's rustling boughs,
 Then hadst thou never died unsung,
 And many a votive wreath had o'er thine urn been hung.

" O vain presumptive thoughts, thy rigorous doom
 Is dealt by fate, and I am come
 On travel'd feet, to strew thy hearse
 With wild untutor'd verse,
 For I had wander'd to the willowy shore
 Of hoary Camus, fraught with ancient lore;
 Where with due feet I wont to tread
 His antique walks, and orchard bowers,
 Girt with sunny walls and towers,
 Conversing with the dead,
 Oft till the accustom'd vesper bell
 Told'd the swift flight of meditative hours,
 And warn'd my slow feet to the studious cell;
 And oft I join'd the ardent crowd,
 That at the shrine of science bow'd,

But oftener wander'd to explore
 Those woods and deep banks, where of yore
 The dark orb'd priest of poesy
 First smote his holy minstrelsy,
 Yet had I ripen'd hopes with thee to dwell,
 Sooth shepherd, in thy ever-shaded cell,
 With thee as erst upon the eastern lawn,
 To wake the blue lids of the cloudy dawn,
 On some green hill where the deep fountain runs,
 To watch the crimson light of setting suns:
 With thee as erst to tread
 The forest's leaf-strown bed,
 And trace the violet, tempest-born and pale,
 Scenting with its thin breast the wintry gale;
 With thee to visit in the haunted dell,
 Storied tower, or fabled well;
 With thee, on the far mountain's solitude,
 To court the golden cinctured sister brood,
 Jove's high honour'd progeny,
 Daughters of Mnemosyne,
 And breathe with trembling lips my verses rude.
 And am I only come,
 To shroud thee, shepherd, in thy timeless tomb,
 To see thy bier with cypress garlands drest,
 And the cold turf laid on thy hallow'd breast?
 Whilst the rude tempests o'er me rave,
 I tear, amid the forest's shelter'd walk,
 The last late flowers of summer from their stalk,
 With sorrowing hand to scatter on thy grave.
 O winds that rage along the autumnal sky,
 The south may woo you to her rustling bower;
 O woods that strew your leaves to fade and die,
 Your boughs may flourish in the vernal hour;
 O tender families of herb and flower,
 That sink and slumber in the cradled earth,
 You may again burst forth in purple birth;
 O thou lone bird, that mourn'st the dying year,
 Shivering and cold amid the stormy night,
 For thee revolving planets may appear,
 And summer stars may shed their rising light;
 O weeping season, dark and wintry now,
 The spring may bind her roses on thy brow,
 But who shall wake the eyes that sleep in death,
 Or bid the pale lip bloom with purple breath?
 O shepherd, dost thou slumber in the vale,
 Freshen'd by the immortal gale?
 Or midst unnumber'd worlds, that roll
 And glitter underneath thy feet,
 Seest thou the dark earth's dim discover'd pole,
 And many an orb her sister planets meet
 Beneath the curtain'd canopy of night;
 And the fair seasons take their flight
 To the azure realms of day;
 And the blithe hours foot their silent way,
 Down to the low earth's bourne,
 To trace their fateful round, and up to heaven return?
 Or wondering at thy heavenly birth,
 Broodest thou o'er the distant dream of earth,
 And wanderest on the solitary shore,
 Fast by the eternal ocean's roar,
 Whose golden tide interminably rolls
 Upon the shadowy land of souls,
 Asking his falling waves to waft to thee
 Tidings of mortality!
 Shepherd, I bid thee now a long farewell,
 Yet while these eyes behold the orb of day,
 At noon and eve on thee my thoughts shall dwell,
 Till death enshroud me in his robe of clay.
 " Whether he call me to the fated tomb,
 Like thee in youth's prime bloom,
 With locks of auburn, or with tresses hoar,
 Thee will I mourn, sweet shepherd, thee deplore.
 —Sorrowing, he sung, and then declined his head;
 And now the queen of heaven had westward led

Her starry ocean, and the streams of night;
And now had risen the still morn's liquid light.
The sunbeams playing on his dewy locks,
The shepherd woke at the gray dawn of day,
Drove through the hoary mist his breathing flocks,
And o'er the uplands took his solitary way."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

CHARLES LAMB.

HIS LAST WORDS ON COLERIDGE.

Charles Lamb's first appearance in literature was by the side of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He came into his first battle, as he tells us, (literature is a sort of warfare,) under cover of that greater Ajax. The small duodecimo volume in which their poems first appeared, and which is now exceedingly scarce, lies before us. It was printed and published in Bristol, in the year 1807, by "N. Biggs for T. Cottle." In the preface, Coleridge speaks with affectionate warmth of his "friend and old schoolfellow, Charles Lamb." "He has now communicated to me a complete collection of all his poems,—*quæ qui non prorsus amet, illum omnes et virtutes et veneres odere.*" On the title-page there are words of more touching interest—"Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitia et similitum juncturarumque Camænarum; *quod utinam neque mors soleat, neque temporis longinquitas!*" The wish has been strikingly fulfilled. Their friendship in life survived all the accidents of place and time; and in death it has been but a few short months divided.

We should like to see this remarkable friendship (remarkable in all respects and in all its circumstances) between two of the finest and most original geniuses in an age of no common genius, worthily and lastingly recorded. It would out-value, in the mind of posterity, whole centuries of literary quarrels.

Lamb never fairly recovered the death of Coleridge. He thought of little else (his sister was but another portion of himself) until his own great spirit joined his friend. He had a habit of venting his melancholy in a sort of mirth. He would, with nothing graver than a pun, "cleanse his bosom of the perilous stuff that weighed" upon it. In a jest, or a few slight phrases, he would lay open the last recesses of his heart. So in respect of the death of Coleridge. Some old friends of his saw him two or three weeks ago, and remarked the constant turning and references of his mind. He interrupted himself and them almost every instant with some play of affected wonder, or astonishment, or humorous melancholy, on the words "*Coleridge is dead.*" Nothing could divert him from that, for the thought of it never left him. About the same time, we had written to him to request a few lines for the literary album of a gentleman who entertained a fitting admiration of his genius. It was the last request we were destined to make, the last kindness we were allowed to receive! He wrote in Mr. Keymer's volume—and wrote of Coleridge. This, we believe, was the last production of his pen. A strange and not unenviable chance, which saw him, at the end of his literary pilgrimage, as he

had been at the beginning,—in that immortal company! We are indebted, with the reader, to the kindness of our friend for permission to print the whole of what was written. It would be impertinence to offer one remark on it. Once read, its noble and affectionate tenderness will be remembered for ever. Let it be placed over the mortal grave of Coleridge.

"When I heard of the death of Coleridge, it was without grief. It seemed to me that he long had been on the confines of the next world,—that he had a hunger for eternity. I grieved then that I could not grieve. But since, I feel how great a part he was of me. His great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books, without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. He was a Grecian (or in the first form) at Christ's Hospital, where I was deputy Grecian; and the same subordination and deference to him I have preserved through a life-long acquaintance. Great in his writings, he was greatest in his conversation. In him was disproved that old maxim, that we should allow every one his share of talk. He would talk from morn to dewy eve, nor cease till far midnight, yet who ever would interrupt him,—who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse fetched from Helicon or Zion? He had the tact of making the unintelligible seem plain. Many who read the abstruser parts of his "Friend" would complain that his works did not answer to his spoken wisdom. They were identical. But he had a tone in oral delivery, which seemed to convey sense to those who were otherwise imperfect recipients. He was my fifty years old friend without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seem to love the house he died at more passionately than when he lived. I love the faithful Gilmans more than while they exercised their virtues towards him living. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel.

CHS. LAMB.

Edmonton, November 21, 1834."

Within five weeks of this date Charles Lamb died. A slight accident brought on an attack of erysipelas, which proved fatal; his system was not strong enough for resistance. It is some consolation to add, that, during his illness, which lasted four days, he suffered no pain, and that his faculties remained with him to the last. A few words spoken by him the day before he died showed with what quiet collectedness he was prepared to meet death.

These are strange words to be writing of our old friend! We can scarcely think yet he has left us; so intimately does he seem to belong to household thoughts, and to the dear things of heart and hearth, which his writings have made yet dearer. We cannot fancy him gone from his folios, his "midnight darlings," his pictures, chit-chat, jokes, and ambiguities;—and yet it is so. Every thing that was mortal of him is gone, except the tears and the love of his friends. His writings remain, to be the delight of thousands to come.

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Charles Lamb was born in the Temple, in February, 1775. We are not going to give any biography of him, but we name the day of his birth, because the birth-day of such a man is pleasant to remember. "'Tis my poor birth-day," says a letter of his we have lying before us, dated the 11th of February. The day will be rich hereafter to the lovers of wit and true genius. The place of his birth had greatly to do with his personal tastes in after life. Every one who has read "John Woodvill" cannot fail to have been struck (as in that loveliest of passages on the "sports of the forest") with its exquisite sense of rural beauty and imagery. But Mr. Lamb's affection nevertheless turned towards. Born under the shadow of St. Dunstan's steeple, he retained his love for it, and for the neighbouring town-streets, to the last; and to the last he loved the very smoke of London, because, as he said, it had been the medium most familiar to his vision. Any thing, in truth, once felt, he never wished to change. When he made any alteration in his lodgings, the thing sadly discomposed him. His household gods, as he would say, planted a terrible fixed foot.

This early habit, however, and this hatred of change, were not the only sources of his attachment to London, and to London streets. We have hinted at the melancholy which was so often the source of Mr. Lamb's humour—which, indeed, almost insensibly dashed his merriest writings—which used to throw out into still more delicate relief the subtleties of his wit and fancy, and which made his very jests to "scald like tears." In London there was some remedy for this, when it threatened to overmaster him. "Often," he said, "when I have felt a weariness or distaste at home, have I rushed out into her crowded Strand, and fed my humour, till tears have wetted my cheek for unutterable sympathies with the multitudinous moving picture, which she never fails to present at all hours, like the scenes of a shifting pantomime." This is a great and wise example for such as may be similarly afflicted.

Mr. Lamb's earliest associates in London were Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Charles Lloyd, and others, who "called Admiral Burney friend." They used to assemble weekly at Burney's house, at the Queen's Gate, to chat and play whist. Or they would meet to discuss supper, and the hopes of the world, at the Old Salutation Tavern. This was the "***** Inn," to which Mr. Lamb makes so affectionate a reference in the dedication of his poems to Coleridge; this was the immortal tavern, and these were the "old suppers in delightful years," where he used to say Coleridge first kindled in him, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindness;—quoting, with true enthusiasm,

"What words have I heard
Spoke at the Mermaid!"

Life was then, indeed, fresh to them all, and topics exhaustless; but yet there was one preferred before all others, because it included all. Mr. Lamb once reminded Southey of it in a letter which was written in answer to a reproach the poet laureate should have spared his old friend.

He speaks of Coleridge,—“the same to me still as in those old evenings, when we used to sit and speculate (do you remember them, sir?) at our old tavern, upon Pantisocracy and golden days to come on earth.”

Mr. Lamb was at this period, indeed from the time he quitted Christ's Hospital to within nine years of his death, a clerk in the India House. It is scarcely pleasant to think of his constant labours there, when we think of the legacy of nobler writing of which they may have robbed the world. What have we to do now with all his

“drops of labour spilt
On those huge and figured pages,
Which will sleep unclasp'd for ages,
Little knowing who did wield
The quill that traversed their white field.”

But we have the better reason, perhaps, to be grateful for what has nevertheless been bequeathed to us. These are:—the poems we have mentioned, collected with several others, and dedicated to Coleridge in 1818; a tale of wonderful pathos and sweetness, "Rosamund Gray," published with "Old Blind Margaret," in (we believe) 1800; "John Woodvil," a tragedy, published with "Fragments of Burton," in 1802; "Mr. H—," a farce, acted at Drury Lane in 1806; "Specimens of the old Dramatic Poets," with those immortal criticisms on them, which appeared in 1808; a series of noble prose papers, including those on Hogarth and the tragedies of Shakspeare, with several essays and poetical criticisms, which were sent to the "Reflector" in the year 1811; the celebrated "Essays of Elia," published between 1820 and 1833, at different periods, in the London, New Monthly, Blackwood's, Englishman, and other Magazines, and two volumes of which have been collected and separately published; with a vast number of his sayings and deep-thoughted articles, scattered about without a name (and yet uncollected) in periodicals celebrated and obscure—in miscellanies remembered and forgotten. We find we have omitted in this list to mention his "Tales from Shakspeare," his "Adventures of Ulysses," and a volume unworthily named "Album Verses,"—inasmuch as it contained some few poems as fine as any that ever flowed or sported from his pen. We hope to see all his productions recovered, and published under the superintendence of some competent person. His occasional theatrical criticisms in the "Examiner" should not be forgotten: they are exquisite, and will be recognised at once by any one acquainted with his style. It will startle some of his friends, perhaps, to be told that he has even done such a thing in years long past, as write a sort of poetical political libel for that distinguished journal.

Of the genius of Mr. Lamb as developed in these various writings, we may speak at greater length hereafter. It takes rank with the most original of the age. As a critic, he stands *facile princeps*, in all the subjects he handled. Search English literature through, from its first begin-

* "Poetical Epistle," by Procter, who repaid Lamb's affection, felt towards him to the last, in a manner worthy of the hearts and genius of both.

nings till now, and you will find none like him. There is not a criticism he ever wrote that does not directly tell you a number of things you had no previous notion of. In criticism he was indeed, in all senses of the word, "a discoverer—like Vasco Nunez or Magellan." In that very domain of literature with which you fancied yourself most variously and closely acquainted, he would show you "fresh fields and pastures new," and these the most fruitful and delightful. For the riches he discovered were richer than they had lain so deep—the more valuable were they, when found, that they had eluded the search of ordinary men.

As an essayist, Charles Lamb will be remembered, in years to come, with Rabelais and Montaigne, with Sir Thomas Browne, with Steele, and with Addison. He unites many of the finest characteristics of these several writers. He has wisdom and wit of the highest order, exquisite humour, a genuine and cordial vein of pleasantry, and the most heart-touching pathos. In the largest acceptance of the word he is a humanist—no one of the great family of authors, past or present, has shown in matters the most important or the most trivial so delicate and extreme a sense of all that is human. It is the prevalence of this characteristic in his writings which has subjected him to occasional charges of want of imagination. This, however, is but half-criticism; for the matter of reproach may in fact be said to be his triumph. It was with a deep relish of Mr. Lamb's faculty that a friend of his once said—a friend, we may add, ever loved and admired by him through life, and worthy of all the love and admiration that are due to genius, to learning, and to virtue—it was with a fine appreciation of the characteristics of his genius in criticism that T. N. T. said, "he makes the majesties of imagination seem familiar." It is precisely thus with his own imagination—it eludes the observation of the ordinary reader in the very modesty of its truth, in its social and familiar air. His fancy as an essayist is distinguished by singular delicacy and tenderness; and even his conceits, when they occur, will generally be found to be, as those of his favourite Fuller (the church historian) often are, steeped in human feeling and passion. The fondness he entertained for Fuller, for the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," and for other writers of that class, was a pure matter of temperament. His thoughts were always his own; even when his words seem cast in the very mould of theirs, the perfect originality of his thinking is felt and acknowledged—we may add, in its superior wisdom, manliness, and unaffected sweetness. Every sentence in those Essays may be proved to be crammed full of thinking; the two volumes which contain them will be multiplied, we have no doubt, in the course of a few years, into as many hundred; for they contain a stock of matter which must be ever suggestive to more active minds, and will surely revisit the world in new shapes—an everlasting succession and variety of ideas. Yes, and help on the world; for is it to be asserted that because Mr. Lamb was chiefly devoted to the past, that he may not therefore advantage the

present, and help on the future? The past to him was not mere dry antiquity; it involved a most extensive and touching association of feelings and thoughts, reminding him of what we have been and may be, and therefore seeming to afford a surer ground for resting on than the things which are here to-day and may be gone to-morrow. We know of no inquisition more curious, no speculation more lofty, than may be found in the Essays of Charles Lamb. We know no place where conventional absurdities are so shattered—where stale evasions are so plainly exposed—where the barriers between names and things are at times so thoroughly flung down. And how could it indeed be otherwise? For it is truth which plays upon his writings like a genial and divine atmosphere. No need is there for them to prove what they would be at by any formal or logical analysis—they "feel the air of truth;" no need for him to tell the world that this institution is wrong and that doctrine right—the world may gather from his writings their surest guide to judgment in these and all other cases—a general and honest appreciation of the humane and true.

As a poet, Mr. Lamb has left several things "the world will not willingly let die." Shall we not name first his prose tale of "Rosamund Gray," which we have read a dozen times, as well as we could for our tears? We will match this tale against the world for unequaled delicacy and pathos. Shall we not treasure up too in our heart of hearts the memory of "John Woodvil," of him who offended and was forgiven—and of the angelic, ever-honoured Margaret, whom miseries could never alienate nor change of fortune shake, whom her lover's injuries "and slights (the worst of injuries)" could not, in his days of shame, when all the world forsook him, make her forsake, or cease to cling with love stronger than death to her dear heart's lord, life's pride, soul honoured John! These are destined to be everlasting creatures—once known, taken to the memory for ever. How exquisite is the tenderness with which, when questioned on John's neglect, she only turns aside for a moment with a tear, and afterwards resumes her conversation cheerfully. How sublime is the reach of pathos with which Sir Walter Woodvil, betrayed to his enemies by his son, breaks his heart without uttering a single word. When the charge of an imitation of the elder poets is brought against Charles Lamb, it is generally brought in ignorance. His style, it is true, smacks to us of the antique; tasting with a genuine Beaumont and Fletcher flavour: but this was because his way of thinking was like theirs; there is no imitation in it, setting aside the occasional indulgence of his love for them, which we all feel to be delightful. We could fancy their loving *him* just in the same way, because he lived in precisely that world of thought which was chiefly theirs, and which changes not with the alterations of age or style, but is everlasting, and changes never. Mr. Hazlitt tells a story of a rural description out of "John Woodvil," quoted anonymously in a modern book, meeting the eye of Mr. Godwin, who was so struck with the beauty of the passage, and

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with a consciousness of having seen it before, that he was uneasy till he could recollect where, and after hunting in vain for it in Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other not unlikely places, sent to Mr. Lamb to know if he could help him to the author! We should have recommended him in his search to look out for a higher sort of Heywood, some one between Heywood and Fletcher. When the day of popularity for these great writers shall come round again, Mr. Lamb's poetry will be popular too. His minor pieces are full of delicacy and wit, and read occasionally like one of his Essays.

But it was not as a critic, it was not as an essayist, it was not as a poet, fervently as we entertained for him in these characters the admiration we have poorly endeavoured to express—it is not in any of these that we felt towards him the strongest feeling of devotion—we loved THE MAN. He was the most entirely delightful person we have ever known. He had no affectation, no assumption, no fuss, no cant, nothing to make him otherwise than delightful. His very foibles, as is remarked in a recent publication*, were for the most part so small, and were engrafted so curiously upon a strong original mind, that we would scarcely have desired them away. They were a sort of fret-work, which let in light, and showed the form and order of his character. They had their origin in weakness of system chiefly; and that which we have heard by the unthinking condemned as wilful, in terms of severe reproach, was in the first instance nothing but a forced resort to aid that might serve to raise his spirits in society to what was no more than the ordinary pitch of all around him without it. Never should the natural temperament against which Mr. Lamb had to struggle be forgotten by those who are left to speak of his habits and character. Of all the great and peculiar sorrows he was fated to experience through life, (and there were many to which even an allusion may not here be made, and for which nearly his whole existence was offered as a willing and devoted sacrifice,) the sorrows with which he was born were the greatest of all. His friends, whom he delighted by his wit and enriched by his more serious talk, never knew the whole price he paid for those hours of social conversation. "Reader," he once said in a paper which, with some dash of fiction, conveyed his saddest personal experience, (a paper which is now, we believe, exceedingly scarce, as he would not consent to reprint it,) "Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you

mistake for such, divert it,—give it some other play. Write an essay,—pen a character or description;—*but not as I do now—with tears trickling down your cheeks.*" We retire with reverence before the trials of such a spirit as this.

No one in conversation said such startling things as Lamb. No one was so witty or so sensible. No man ever had him at a disadvantage, except the man who did not understand him. He had a severe impediment in his speech, but this gave even an additional piquancy to the deep and eloquent things he said. After the stammering and hesitation, a half sentence would burst forth at the close, and set every body laughing or thinking. And they would laugh at it, and think about it the next day, and the day after that. "Lamb probes a truth," said Hazlitt, "in a play upon words." "He was of the genuine line of Yorick," says the delightful writer of the "London Journal." He was indeed;—or still more of the family of that ever-faithful and devoted "fool" in "Lear," with his sayings of wisdom and snatches of old songs—"Young Lubin was a shepherd boy." Who that was admitted to the intimacy of his acquaintance does not remember that and many others, and feel his heart sink with grief at our recent loss, though to rise again with pride in the consciousness of having been once admitted to such a friendship? We needed not to have made the restriction. Every one who knew him, knew him intimately. He had no concealment, for he had nothing to conceal. He had the faculty,—as was remarked of him the other day, in the "Times" newspaper, by an old friend of his,—of turning "even casual acquaintances into friends." When you entered his little book-clad room, he welcomed you with an affectionate greeting, set you down to something, and made you at home at once. His richest feasts, however, were those he served up from his ragged-looking books, his ungainly and dirty folios, his cobbled-up quartos, his squadrons of mean and squalid-looking duodecimos. "So much the rather their celestial light shone inward." How he would stutter forth their praises! What fine things had he to say about the beautiful obliquities of the "Religio Medici," about Burton, and Fuller, and Smollet, and Fielding, and Richardson, and Marvel, and Drayton, and fifty others, ending with the "thrice-noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original brained Margaret Duchess of Newcastle!" What delightful reminiscences he had of the actors, how he used to talk of them, and how he has written them down! * How he would startle his friends by intruding on them lists of persons one would wish to have seen,—such odd alliances as Pontius Pilate and Doctor Faustus, Guy Faux

* See his papers on the "Old Actors." "I was always fond," he says, in the charming little story of "Barbara," which has immortalised an anecdote from the life of an eminent living actress, "of the society of the players; and am not sure that an impediment in my speech, (which certainly kept me out of the pulpit,) even more than certain personal disqualifications, which are often got over in that profession, did not prevent me at one time of life from adopting it."

* See a very delightful paper in the "Athenæum." It has since been followed by the first of a series on the personal and intellectual characteristics of Mr. Lamb, which promises to do justice to the subject, and to confer a distinguished honour on that journal.

and Judas Iscariot!—But the evenings passed with him are not for the hasty mention of such articles as this. The pleasure of recording some of them, and some of the exquisite sayings he seldom failed to send away his friends with, may be claimed by us from the editor of this magazine at some future time.

Mr. Lamb's personal appearance was remarkable. It quite realised the expectations of those who think that an author and a wit should have a distinct air, a separate costume, a particular cloth, something positive and singular about him. Such unquestionably had Mr. Lamb. Once he rejoiced in snuff-colour, but latterly his costume was inveterately black—with gaiters which seemed longing for something more substantial to close in. His legs were remarkably slight—so indeed was his whole body, which was of short stature, but surmounted by a head of amazing fineness. We never saw any other that approached it in its intellectual cast and formation. Such only may be seen occasionally in the finer portraits of Titian. His face was deeply marked and full of noble lines—traces of sensibility, imagination, suffering, and much thought. His wit was in his eye, luminous, quick and restless. The smile that played about his mouth was ever cordial and good-humoured; and the most cordial and delightful of its smiles were those with which he accompanied his affectionate talk with his sister, or his jokes against her. We have purposely refrained from speaking of that noble-minded and noble-hearted woman, because in describing her brother we describe her. Her heart and her intellect have been through life the counterpart of his own. The two have lived as one, in double singleness together. She has been, indeed, the supplement and completion of his existence. His obligations to her had extended beyond the period of his memory, and they accompanied him to his grave. Yet he returned them not unfittingly! The "mighty debt of love he owed" was paid to her in full. When he says otherwise in his charming sonnets to her, he merely expresses the ever unsatisfied longings of true affection. Coleridge and she had the first and strongest holds upon his heart. The little volume to which we referred in the commencement illustrates this in an affecting manner. In the pride of that first entrance into the world under the protection of his greater friend, he had not forgotten his sister. He dedicated all he had written to her. "The few following poems," he says, "creatures of the fancy and the feeling, in life's more vacant hours, produced for the most part by love in idleness, are, with all a brother's fondness, inscribed to Mary Ann Lamb, the author's best friend and sister." When, in after life, he had the power of acquitting his debt to her more nobly, by dedicating his whole existence to hers, he presented the offering of his poetry to Coleridge. Well might he express that strange and most touching wish, after the life they had led—"I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible!" It was indeed, and the survivor is not the most fortunate. Never more shall we see the picture they used to pre-

sent—worth a hundred common-places of common existence—when they paid the occasional visits they both loved to London! never more see the affectionate and earnest watchings on her side—the pleasant evasions, the charming deference, and the little touches of gratitude on his! We recollect being once sent by her to seek "Charles," who had rambled away from her. We found him in the Temple, looking up, near Crown-office-row, at the house where he was born. Such was his ever-touching habit of seeking alliance with the scenes of old times. They were the dearer to him that distance had withdrawn them. He wished to pass his life among things gone by, yet not forgotten. We shall never forget the affectionate "Yes, boy," with which he returned our repeating his own striking lines,—

"Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse!"

This paper, long as it has already proved, must not be finished without the mention of one most honourable characteristic in which Mr. Lamb has stood alone, amidst all the political strife and personal bickerings of modern literature. He put himself in personal opposition to no one. He would recognise no difference of opinion as a plea against social meeting and friendly fellowship. "It is an error," he said, in a spirit of deep philosophy (the passage does not appear in his published writings), "more particularly incident to persons of the correctest principles and habits, to seclude themselves from the rest of mankind, as from another species, and form into knots and clubs. The best people, herding thus exclusively, are in danger of contracting a narrowness. Heat and cold, dryness and moisture, in the natural world, do not fly asunder, to split the globe into sectarian parts and separations; but mingling, as they best may, correct the malignity of any single predominance. The analogy holds, I suppose, in the moral world. If all the good people were to ship themselves off to terra incognita, what, in humanity's name, is to become of the refuse?" Charles Lamb wrote in periodicals of all opinions, and held all differing friends firmly and cordially by the hand, as if indeed of one family of brothers. His friendship with Southey did not shake his intimacy with the editor of the "Examiner," or move him one jot from the side of Hazlitt. Lamb first met that great writer at Mr. Godwin's house, when one of those meaning jests he used to blurt out so often bound at once the far-sighted metaphysician to his side. Holcroft and Coleridge happened to be there, and were as usual engaged in a fierce dispute. The question between them was as to which was best, "man as he was, or man as he is to be," and it was at its highest when Lamb stammered out, "Give me a man as he is *not* to be!" The friendship, however, which this saying commenced, was once interrupted for some time by some wilful fancy on the part of the irritable and world-soured philosopher. At this time Southey happened to pay a compliment to Lamb at the expense of some of his companions, Hazlitt among them. The faithful and unswerving

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heart of the other, forsaking not, although forsaken, refused a compliance at such a price, and sent it back to the giver. The character of William Hazlitt, which he wrote at the same time, may stand for ever as one of the proudest and truest evidences of the writer's heart and intellect. It will be reprinted, we trust, in the edition of his collected works. It brought back, at once, the repentant offender to the arms of his friend, and nothing again separated them till death came. Charles Lamb was, we believe, the only one of his old associates seen at the grave of Hazlitt.

And now the grave has received Charles Lamb. We stood near as it was closed over him—never closed it over a better or wiser spirit. May he who has given so much happiness to others be now more truly happy—possessing the great reward which all his life has deserved that he should win!

From the Asiatic Journal.

HURDWAR AND JUGGURNAUT.

These celebrated places of Hindoo pilgrimage are, at peculiar periods of the year, highly attractive to European visitors, more particularly Hurdwar, which lies almost in the route of those who are traveling to or from the Himalaya, and which possesses, in addition to its other claims to notice, picturesque beauties which can scarcely be surpassed. It is at this hallowed spot that the sacred river, emerging from its mountain birth-place, enters upon the wide plains of Hindostan, a clear, beautiful, but rather shallow stream, and, though somewhat rapid, affording, at the period of the annual fair, no indications of the fury and velocity with which, during the rains, it pursues its headlong course until it meets the sea.

The town of Hurdwar, which is distinguished by a handsome range of buildings, backing an esplanade which runs along the bank of the river, occupies ground only partially cleared from the neighbouring forest. The deep and dense woods of the terrace sweep down to the western suburb, uniting their verdant avenues to the arched gateways and pillared colonnades of the streets. The pass, or gorge, leading to the valley of the Dhoon, presents landscapes of almost incomparable beauty, while the splendid piles of mountains, rising in the background, give a wild sublimity to the scene, which can scarcely fail to inspire with enthusiastic delight every breast not entirely indifferent to nature's wonders. We know not whether the fine bursts of scenery, which greet the eye at every point, have any part in the attachment manifested by the pilgrims to Hurdwar: the natives in general, and more particularly the lower classes, are singularly deficient in their perceptions of inanimate beauty; indeed, it is doubtful whether they are much attracted by loveliness in any form, or whether they do not, either in their wisdom, or their want of relish for the poetry of life, always prefer the *utilis* to the *dulcis*. A tree to them is chiefly, if not entirely, valuable for its shade; a stream is associated solely with the pleasure of quenching the thirst, and cooling the parched brow; and if a wife be docile, and fully equal to her household duties, it matters little what her claims to beauty may be. Yet, though more than ordinarily free from poetical influences, some portion of the rapturous delight with which the Hindoo devotees hail the first sight of the Ganges, as it issues forth from the Alpine solitudes beyond Hurdwar, must be attributed to the enchantment produced upon the eye by the loveliness of the combinations of hill, and wood, and gushing river. Shouts of "*Mahadeo Bol!*" of "*Bol! Bol!*" and "*Ram! Ram!*" rend the skies, as the wor-

shippers of the sacred waters approach the place of their pilgrimage. The road is covered for miles with traveling parties: rich, poor, of both sexes and all ages, crowd to this oriental carnival, and there is scarcely any part of Asia which does not send forth a deputation; the commercial speculations and traffic, incidental to the fair, being quite as attractive to the worldly minded, as purification to the devotee.

In former times, the meeting of so vast a multitude was productive of many hostile collisions. The rage of different sects was excited against each other, and quarrels were followed up by blows and bloodshed. The accounts given by the few European spectators who, before the occupation of the country by the British government, chanced to visit the strange and wondrous scene, were absolutely terrific. At that time, holy mendicants, and men who could command bands of armed retainers, tyrannised over less fortunate persons; while professional robbers openly pursued their calling, plundering with impunity those who were unable to defend themselves. Affairs now wear a much more peaceable aspect, and the order and tranquillity which prevails reflects the greatest credit upon the civil and military authorities, upon whom the task of maintaining harmony amidst such jarring materials devolves.

The town of Hurdwar does not afford accommodation for the tenth part of the numbers who crowd to its ghauts, but Asiatics are independent of lodging-rooms; the rich carry their canvass dwellings along with them, and the poor are contented with the shelter of a tree. The country round about is formed into one vast camp, in which Arabs, Cingalese, Persians, Tartars, mingle with Seiks, people from Cutch, Guzerat, Nepaul, and all other provinces of India; while, a little removed from the din and clamour of the Babel-like assemblage, are to be seen the tents of European visitants, ladies, who venture fearlessly into the hubbub, sitting as much at their ease as the dust, the myriads of flies, and the intolerable clamour, will admit.

The fairs of India differ in many particulars from those of Europe; though jugglers and tumblers are to be found, together with snake-charmers and others who procure their subsistence by the exhibition of slight-of-hand or tricks of cunning, there are, properly speaking, none of the shows which attract so much attention at home. The articles intended for sale are arranged with more regard to convenience than taste, either strewed promiscuously upon the ground, or hidden in the tents; the various wild animals, which form a part of the merchant's speculations, are openly exposed to public view, and, though gazed at with wonder and amazement by strangers from distant lands, are not rendered more profitable by being exhibited for money. The passion for sight-seeing may be equally strong in India as in England, but it is chiefly confined to the pageants displayed at festivals, and as yet curiosity has not been much excited by the wonders of nature. The cattle-department, at the fair of Hurdwar, is the most attractive, both to Europeans and natives, being considered the best in India; horses are brought from Kattiawar, Cutch, Persia, and the shores of the Red Sea, perfect in blood and bone, proud in their bearing, swift as the wind, and suited to warriors and cavaliers: these fine animals are contrasted with a race less showy, but equally useful, the small compact and sturdy breeds of Cashmere and Cabul, and the mountain ghoonts, of which M. Jacquemont has lately made such honourable mention. Elephants also rear their gigantic forms in the encamping grounds of the dealers. Like the horse, they are distinguished by their good points: the tusks should be perfect, and they are greatly esteemed when the tail is of the orthodox dimensions, and furnished with a flat tuft of hair at its extremity. The difference of appearance between an elephant destined for the pad, or as the caparisoned bearer of princes

and nobles, is very great, but will bear no comparison with that which is displayed in the camel. At Hurdwar, every description of this animal may be seen, from the uncomfortable-looking, dejected beast of burthen, to the thorough-bred *hircarrah*, which can maintain its speed during a hundred miles without pause or rest: a winged messenger, which none but the best trained and hardiest of riders can venture to mount. For a very long period, the camel and the dromedary were supposed to be distinct animals, but modern naturalists have decided that there is in reality no difference between them, the single and double-humped being merely a variety, and the fleetness and intelligence of both depending upon early education. Buffalos, cows, and sheep, are likewise exhibited for sale, the list of domestic animals closing with dogs and cats, the beautiful races of Persia, so much sought after in India, make their appearance by the side of some huge elephant. Monkeys, which may be said to occupy a sort of debatable ground between the wild beasts of the field and the quadrupeds which man has enlisted into his service, are brought in great numbers to Hurdwar; bears, leopards, and cheetas are likewise numerous, and deer of every kind, from the stately nyghan, to that diminutive species which can be so rarely preserved in a state of captivity, even in India, are purchaseable; the yak is also sometimes to be found at Hurdwar, though the advance of the season renders their appearance rare, since they are unable to bear the heat of the plains. The most valuable articles of commerce procurable at this fair, are the gems and precious stones of all descriptions which lapidaries bring from every part of Asia; the shawls and cloths from Cashmere and Thibet rank next; the same dealer may also have a stock of English woollens upon hand; and perfumery and *bijouterie* of every kind from London and Paris find their way to this remote market.

In former remarks upon the subject of the extraordinarily low prices at which European goods are sold by native dealers, and the consequent losses sustained by speculations made at a venture, we have mentioned the heterogeneous mixture of articles in the possession of Indian vendors, and their extreme ignorance of the intrinsic value of each. Many of the investments sent out to India are utterly useless to the great bulk of the population; and so little have the climate, habits, and wants of the people been studied by European traders, that cargoes of Irish butter have been despatched to Calcutta, and, as a matter of course, nothing but the casks remained at the end of the voyage, the contents having exuded at every crack. It was at one time thought by the worthies of Glasgow, that the natives of India would gladly exchange their muslin turbans for a covering of felt; and accordingly a ship was freighted with round hats, articles only prized by the *topee wallahs* (hat fellows), the term commonly used to designate an European. We do not know whether the information upon this important subject, communicated in the Madras and Calcutta papers, has traveled to England, but in speaking of the commodities which are to be met with at Hurdwar, it will not be out of place to mention those which would be most likely to find purchasers at fair prices. In the cutlery department, there should be scissors, pen-knives, and razors; next, common padlocks, and cheap locks of every description; red and blue broad-cloth, and serge, with woollen caps, such as sailors wear. In cotton and silk, care should be taken to select articles which would make up readily into turbans and *sarees*; the former should be white, scarlet, or crimson, plain or flowered, twenty yards long by twelve inches; cloths for the deputees six yards long and one and a-half broad, plain, or white, or those with coloured borders, which are much in request; also chintses of gaudy patterns, which, as the fashions in India are unchangeable, would secure a constant sale. Stationary is in considerable demand, but it should consist of very cheap paper, both foolscap and post,

French and Italian, it is said, answering best, in consequence of the low price at which they are manufactured; quills, red wafers, and black-lead pencils, complete the list in this department. The catalogue of English books is rather amusing; in addition to school dictionaries, that of *Mylius*, and that by *Fulton and Knight* being recommended; *Murray's* grammar, spelling-book and English reader: the list contains an abridgment of the *Spectator*, *Arabian Nights*, *Chesterfield's Letters*, the whole or abridged; *English Dialogues*, the *Young Man's Best Companion*, and the *Universal Letter Writer*. These are eagerly sought after, but as yet, as far as regards the generality of Indian students, the remaining portion of English literature has been written in vain, and will not find native purchasers beyond the presidencies. Watches of silver or yellow metal, costing from thirty shillings to five pounds, are greatly in demand; also good spectacles, in cheap mountings of silver or metal, plated ware not finding a ready sale in India; small mirrors in plain frames, and lanterns of a common sort, fitted up with lamps for oil. Patterns of hardware manufactory should be procured from India, for the natives will not eat or drink out of new-fangled utensils, however convenient they may be; plates, dishes, basins, and bowls, of iron, copper, and tin, should be fashioned after a peculiar manner, as also the *lota*, or jug, from which if an unpractised European were to attempt to drink, he would inevitably spill every drop of the liquor. In medicine, there is an incessant demand for the following articles: bark-powder and quinine, jalap and cream of tartar, essence of pepper-mint, brandy disguised as a medicine, eau de Cologne, lavender-water, and strong sweet water, such as eau de mille fleurs. This list will appear very scanty, but the gentleman who furnished it assures us that it will not be expedient to add any thing to it for the purpose of supplying the wants of the interior: he caused it to be examined and corrected by several opulent and respectable natives, who were well acquainted with the actual state of the country, and with what would be most likely to sell amidst the great mass of the people; many of the most respectable classes being poor, and content with the commonest conveniences of life. In our anxiety to promote the interests of commerce, we subjoin the concluding paragraph of this interesting article upon the subject of India trade: "One point, however, must not be forgotten; most invoices are sold at Madras, where the prices maintained are very moderate. They seldom reach the interior, where a better price would be easily found, and when carried up the country by hawkers and petty dealers, the price becomes exorbitant. To obviate these inconveniences, the exporter should provide cases containing small miscellaneous invoices, made up in England, and these should be landed at various parts of the coast, so as to be conveyed straight to the best market; as, for instance, Tanjore, Madras, Trichinopoly, Nagpore, Seringapatam, or Hyderabad. At these places and many more (the names of which will be gradually ascertained by the merchant), a ready-money price will be immediately obtained; the cost of inland carriage will not average more than two per cent. on the prime cost, while the profits will be from one hundred to three hundred per cent."

The English visitors at Hurdwar are made to smile at the base uses to which the refinements of European luxury are degraded; nothing appears to be employed for the purpose for which it was originally intended; table-covers of woollen with printed borders, black and crimson, or yellow and blue, figure upon the shoulders of the poorer classes, who have purchased them for next to nothing, tables being at present unknown in the houses of the natives, while prints are offered for sale upside down, and hung up in the same manner when purchased. A taste for the fine arts is still a desideratum in India, and from our own knowledge of the difficulty of

explaining the most obvious pictorial subject to an uneducated native, we much question the probability of conveying instruction through the medium of paintings.

There is of course nothing like neatness or order in the arrangement of the stalls of the merchants at Hurdwar. Each strives to make the merits of his commodities known by clamorous commendations. It is necessary to be a good judge of every article to avoid being taken in, and to be tolerably expert at driving a bargain: the vendors demanding exorbitant sums, which they lower gradually when convinced that they have no chance of succeeding in obtaining more than a tenth part. The art of selling a horse is well understood in India, and persons ought to be well acquainted with the secrets of the trade to deal with such experienced jockeys. The dexterity with which they show off the animal's accomplishments, and the extraordinary degree of training and doctoring which they undergo, deceive the inexperienced and the presumptuous youths, who fancy that they may credit the evidence of their senses. An incorrigibly vicious beast, which nothing but a native of the Pampas could ride, is dragged with opium until he appears to be of lamb-like gentleness; while stimulants are administered to the weak and sluggish, which give them a temporary show of vigour and activity. Some of the finest Arabs bear very high prices; the principal merchant, during the writer's residence in India, asked £800 for a beautiful milk-white charger, and could not be induced to take a smaller sum: the price of a good camel is £8, but the sums given for elephants vary as much as those at which horses are sold.

The waters of the Ganges are supposed to derive additional sanctity at the expiration of every twelfth year, and the concourse of pilgrims is much greater upon these anniversaries. The astronomers in attendance calculate the precise moment in which ablution is particularly beneficial, and, at the sounding of the Brahminical shell, the anxious crowds precipitate themselves into the water. In consequence of the narrowness of the principal ghaut, this simultaneous rush was formerly attended with great danger, and frequently with loss of life. A dreadful concussion, in which numbers perished, determined the British government to remedy the evil; a more commodious passage to the river was constructed, and the returning pilgrims, when they saw the preparations made to secure their safety, mingled shouts and blessings upon their human benefactors, with their acclamations to Mahadeva. The liveliness with which the Hindoos express their gratitude, and their quick sensibility to kindness and attention to their convenience and comfort, seem incompatible with the apathetic temperament manifested upon many occasions. The prejudices of caste, and the influence of predestinarianism, which render them indifferent to suffering, are the causes of this inconsistency, and, so great is their effect, that it is difficult to imagine that one and the same person could display such contrary feelings,—so much coldness and torpor at one period, and so much emotion and vivacity at another. At Hurdwar, all the enthusiastic elements of the native character are called into action; the pilgrims and merchants are lively and energetic beyond the sober conceptions of the English spectators, who look on half-stupified by the clamour, and all astonishment at the power of the human lungs exhibited in a manner almost exceeding belief. The noises incidental to a crowded Indian assemblage have been too often described in the pages of the *Asiatic Journal*, to need repetition here; but they are so supereminently astounding at Hurdwar, that no account of the ordinary din and dissonance can afford the faintest notion of the uproar which prevails. The ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the loud huzzas of European multitudes, however deafening, are nothing to the wild and continuous discord which assails the ear at this meeting. The bawling and drumming of the

fakirs never appear to cease during a single instant; then, in addition to the most horrid blast the direst trumpet ever blew, we have the Brahminical shell, the nobut, the dhole, and the gong. The animals terrified by the confusion around them, neigh, bellow, grunt, and roar, with more than usual vehemence, and this tumult continues, night and day, without the slightest interval of peace.

The only ceremonial used by the bathers is that of ablution, which consists merely in dipping in the Ganges, and in paying the tribute, collected carefully by the attendant Brahmins. Those who are desirous of securing a large share of the good things of this and of the next world, are proportionably liberal to the religious mendicants, who form the most conspicuous figures in the scene. The more dreadfully degraded from the dignity of men, the more filthy, squalid, and indecent in their appearance, the higher is the veneration with which these fakirs are regarded. Though sufficiently numerous in other places, they repair in troops to Hurdwar, occupying the verandahs, galleries, and roofs of the principal buildings, and stages of bamboo erected for their accommodation in the centre of the stream, superintending the devotions of the bathers, which are however, generally speaking, confined to manifestations of joy at having obtained the end and object of a long and toilsome pilgrimage. The latest accounts from India state that the fair at Hurdwar is upon the decline, and that many of the Brahmins, who were formerly attached to its temples, have taken service under Europeans. By some, this falling off in religious enthusiasm is attributed to the conviction (mainly produced by the subjection of *Bhurpore*), that it is impossible to withstand the power of the Christians, who will sooner or later induce all India to conform to their creed, and this idea has doubtless considerable weight with a superstitious people. But, however, in remarking upon the lukewarmness observable, all over Hindoostan, towards festivals formerly exciting the highest degree of reverential regard, the labours of the missionaries must not be wholly overlooked and forgotten. Since the period in which the English first obtained a footing in India, the efforts of these zealous disciples have been unremitting; they are always to be found in large and promiscuous assemblies, standing at the ghauts, or sitting in the porches of the temples, distributing tracts to the passers-by, and expounding the Scriptures to such as will listen to them. Not discouraged by their apparent want of success, they have continued to exercise the duties of their calling with untiring activity, and we should do great injustice to the intellectual powers of many of the classes of the natives, if we did not suppose that the perusal of such portions of the Holy Writings as have been placed for the purpose in their hands, has not had the effect of disturbing their belief in the monstrous fallacies of the Hindoo religion. Captain Skinner assures us that the sikhs, in particular, evinced the greatest anxiety to possess themselves of the tracts offered to them by a missionary at the fair of Hurdwar. "I stood," observes the above-mentioned authority, "near the spot where he was sitting, without, I believe, being perceived by him, and was astonished at the attention which they all paid to the few words which he was able to address to them. A middle-aged man, with several of his family about him, came up to me with his book, and repeated the words the 'Padre Sahib' had spoken to him on presenting it, and, as if really anxious to have them corroborated, asked with much earnestness if it were true—'Such *bat*?' I assured him it all was,—'Then,' said he, 'I will read the book to my family when I get home.'"

The new ghaut is exceedingly wide and handsome, not less than a hundred feet in breadth, and descending by a fine flight of about sixty steps into the water; it is covered at every hour of the day with multitudes of bathers,

ascending and descending and uttering *Wah! wah!* as they contrast the present facilities with the former difficulties of the approach.

The annual fair at Hurdwar affords abundant opportunity for the exercise of dacoity; it is here that the highest dexterity in the art of thieving is displayed. It is said that, like the vampire-bat, which lulls its victim to sleep by gently fanning him with its wings while it sucks the vital current from his veins, these accomplished marauders employ some soothing art which deepens the repose of the slumberer, while they possess themselves of every article belonging to him, even to the very sheet on which he may be lying; stripped to the skin, and their bodies rubbed with oil, no snake can be more smooth and supple, or more quiet in its movements. They will glide into a tent, in spite of the utmost watchfulness of the sentinel appointed to guard it; and so impossible is it to prevent the entrance of such intruders, that the only method to preserve the property is to keep it all upon the outside, under the charge of the sentry, who must neither slumber upon his post nor stir for a single instant from the spot.

At all periods of the year, the ghauts at Hurdwar are frequented by pilgrims; but they are few in number compared to the tide which rushes down the mountain gorge and along the lower plains, at the anniversary of the fair.

Very different from Hurdwar is the aspect of Juggurnaut. This celebrated temple is erected upon the sea coast of Orissa, in the district of Cuttack, the first Indian land which the passengers of a ship sailing direct from England to Calcutta espy. The dark and frowning pagoda, rising abruptly from a ridge of sand, forms a conspicuous object from the sea, its huge and shapeless mass not unlike some ill-proportioned giant, affording a gloomy type of the hideous superstitions of the land. While gazing on this mighty Moloch, the mind is impressed with a strange awe, the bright and golden sunshine above, and the waving foliage below, only serve to deepen its horrors; it looks like a foul blot upon the fair face of nature, a frightful monument of man's success in marring the designs of his Creator. At Hurdwar, it is not only very possible to sympathise in the feeling of the multitudes, whose adoration is called forth by the bright river, one of the greatest blessings which the Almighty has bestowed upon the burning soil, but to go even farther, and lift up your thoughts, amidst the most beautiful scenes of nature, unto nature's God. At Juggurnaut, there is nothing save unalloyed horror. Frightful idols enclosed in an equally frightful shrine, and seen when viewed from the land to be surrounded by a waste of sand hills, revolt the mind, and give to superstition its most disgusting aspect; and the disagreeable impression, which a distant prospect excites, is increased upon a nearer approach to a scene associated with all that is most fearful and disgusting in religious error. Every known rule of architecture being set at defiance, it would be difficult, without the aid of the pencil, to convey an idea of the half-tower, half-pyramidal style of the great pagoda; it is built of a coarse red granite brought from the southern parts of Cuttack, and covered with a rough coating of Chnum. The tower containing the idols, which is 200 feet high, and serves as a land-mark to the mariner, stands in the centre of a quadrangle, enclosed by a high stone wall, extending 650 feet on each side, and surrounded by minor edifices of nondescript shapes. The magnitude of these buildings forms their sole claim to admiration; they are profusely decorated with sculpture, but so rudely carved as to afford no pleasure to the eye, the only object worthy of praise being a pillar of black stone beautifully proportioned, and finely designed, which has been brought from the black pagoda in the neighbourhood, and placed in front of the principal entrance. The outer-gateway and the great portal of the

temple are ascended by broad flights of steps, and the interior is described as being very curious and well worthy of inspection, a sight which, however, is very rarely enjoyed by Europeans. The Brahmins in attendance take care to exclude all profane footsteps; but it is said, upon the authority of Major Archer, that a young officer of a native corps, a peculiar favourite with the sepoy under his command, was at one time smuggled into the sanctuary by the connivance of the soldiers, who dyed his skin of the proper hue, dressed him in full costume, and painting the peculiar marks of their caste upon his forehead and nose, crowded round him upon all sides, and, thus secured from detection, brought him into the very presence of the idol. A distant view, notwithstanding the zeal of his conductors, was all that he obtained; and either there not being a great deal to attract his attention, or a sense of danger preventing him from feeling sufficiently at his ease to make many observations, the information acquired from his account was very scanty; he told his friends that he saw nothing but large courts and apartments for the priests.

The festival of the *Rath Jatra* takes place every year; but, as at Hurdwar, it increases in sanctity at peculiar periods, every third, sixth, and twelfth anniversary, the latter more particularly, being considered of greater importance than those that intervene. The concourse of pilgrims is still exceedingly large, and numbers, as in former times, never return, leaving their bodies to fester on the neighbouring sands, victims to a horrible superstition, though not, as heretofore, sacrificed under the suicidal wheels of the cruel idol's car. Such immolations are becoming very unfrequent; but fatigue, hardship, want of food, and the various diseases brought on by exposure to the pestilential atmosphere of the rains, make fearful havoc among the miserable wretches who hasten onwards to the holy precincts of the temple, in the hope of obtaining a panacea for all their woes.

A favourite method of approaching to Juggurnaut, by those who have either great offences to expiate, or who are desirous of obtaining a more than ordinary portion of beatitude, is to measure the length the whole way from some extraordinary distance. The pilgrim lies down, marks the spot which the extremity of his hands have touched, and rising rests his feet upon the spot, and, again prostrating himself, repeats the same process. Five years are sometimes consumed in this manner, and, as the penance may be performed by proxy, it is often volunteered for a certain sum of money, the wages being most scrupulously earned by the person who undertakes the duty. In no part of the world is gold so all-powerful as in India; upon the morning of an intended execution, a stranger appeared in the place of the criminal, and declaring that he had for a certain consideration agreed to suffer for the person who had made the bargain, seemed quite astonished to find any hesitation on the part of the authorities to execute the sentence, remonstrating with them upon the folly of their scruples, since he was ready and willing to perform his part. Fortunately for him, he had not to deal with his own countrymen, who, provided that somebody died, would have cared very little whether it was the offender or his substitute.*

The great temple of Juggurnaut was erected in the twelfth century, under the auspices of the chief minister of the rajah of the district. The idols have nothing to distinguish them save their size and their deformity; the principal one, Krishna, is intended as a mystic representation of the supreme power, for the Hindoos are unanimous in declaring that they worship only one God, and that the images which they exhibit, and to which they pay the most reverential homage, are merely attributes of a deity pervading the whole of nature; he is associated with the two other personages of the Hindoo triad, and

* Such substitutions are not uncommon in China.—Ed.

every one of the idols particularly venerated by the numerous tribes and sects of Hindoostan, obtains a shrine within the precincts of this huge temple, so that all castes may unite in celebrating the great festival with one accord. The installation of the great idol upon his car or *rath*, and the procession attendant upon his triumphal march to a country residence about a mile and a half distant, a journey which occupies three days, are performed with many ceremonies, though not all of a very respectful nature. Previous to this grand ovation, the images are taken from their altars to be bathed, and are then exhibited to public view upon an elevated terrace. These gigantic busts, hideously ugly, and scarcely bearing the rudest lineaments of the human form, are seen mounted upon pedestals, the latter being concealed by muffling draperies. The hands, feet, and ears of the great idol are of gold, but these are kept in a box by themselves, and are only fastened into their sockets after Juggurnaut has been safely deposited upon his car. While seated in state upon the terrace, a canopy, gay with cloths of various colours, is raised over the heads of the triad, and crowds of Brahmins are in attendance with punkahs and chowries, to beat off the flies. Occasionally, the sudden flash of a vivid fire-work sheds a momentary ray upon the horrid countenances of these Dagon, and in the next instant all is again involved in the indistinct gloom of an eastern twilight, dimly revealing the huge forms of the idols, and the eager gesticulations of their misguided votaries. The unwieldiness of Juggurnaut and his companions, and the absence of the machinery necessary to effect their removal in a proper and decorous manner, occasions a scene which scandalises European eyes, but which the natives, accustomed to the doctrine of expediency, survey without feeling that they are offering any indignity to the objects of their worship. The only method of transport, which has been yet devised, is by means of ropes fastened round the necks and feet of these cumbersome images, which are thus dragged from their high places down the steps, and through the gateways of the temple, and are afterwards hauled up in the same manner upon the *raths*, without regard to mud or dust.

The car of Juggurnaut is a monstrous vehicle, gigantic in its dimensions, and associated in the mind with images of horror; it is a sort of platform, forty-three feet in height and thirty-five feet square, moving upon sixteen wheels, each six feet and a half in diameter: the ornaments with which it is decorated are by no means splendid, its principal attraction being a covering of striped and spangled broad-cloth. The villagers of the neighbouring pergunnahs have their fields rent-free upon the condition of attendance at the cars of the idols. This duty, at present esteemed a privilege, is not exclusively confined to those who are so well rewarded for its performance, but, before the whole ceremony concludes, the zeal of many of the devotees is so completely exhausted, that the *raths* would scarcely reach their destination were it not for the services which the Brahmins can command. It takes fifteen hundred men to put each of the cars of Juggurnaut in motion, and, when the idols are fairly established in their places, the shouts and cries of the frenzied multitude are such as to lead us to fancy that the whole of Pandemonium had been let loose, an idea which is strengthened by the fiend-like figures of the Jogies, Gossains, and other religious mendicants, whose grim visages, lighted up with a frantic joy, give them a super-human appearance, as they cheer on their insane followers to acts of horror. Though the ponderous wheels of Juggurnaut no longer go crushing over the bodies of prostrate victims, the fury and excitement, with which the assembled crowd rush to the car, are absolutely appalling. In places of very inferior note, there is something frightful in the noisy lumbering progress of the cumbersome *rath*, surmounted by a hideous idol,

dragged about in honour of the festival; but in the very heart and centre of this abominable superstition, the celebration becomes perfectly terrific, and the senses overwrought, faint, and sickened at the view. The scenery of the place, its bare sands, the surging of the ocean in the distance, the drenching rains, damp gales, and sudden tempests of the fitful atmosphere, add to the wild horrors of this awful pageant. Each day the exhibition becomes more ghastly, as the wan victims of famine and disease drop exhausted around, making a golgotha of the unhallowed precincts.

The most sacred portion of the soil round the temple of Juggurnaut extends to a circle of about eight miles, though the land is considered holy to a much greater distance; and the whole, during sickly seasons, may be said to be covered with the dead bodies of the pilgrims, who, unequal to encounter exposure to the inclemency of the weather, sink under accumulated hardships, to form a frightful banquet for carrion birds and beasts of prey. Most authorities agree that the tax, which was levied by the government upon the pilgrims to Juggurnaut, here as well as at Allahabad, tended to diminish the number of persons resorting to the festival, and also the amount of suicides. Still a good deal of scandal was excited by the support of an establishment, by Christian rulers, of a stud of elephants, horses and other equipments for the service of the idol; and the annual waste of life, though not occasioned by actual offerings to the blood-stained wheels of the demoniacal car, is nearly equally shocking, as the result of one of the most frightful delusions that ever spread its curse upon the human race. The country about Juggurnaut consists of low sand-hills covered by a thick, but not tall, forest of trees, the gigantic vegetable products of the soil not being found so near the coast: about a mile from the sea, cultivation abruptly ceases, the intervening space being a waste of deep and loose sand, extending along the desolate shore. The town of Pooree is situated upon the margin of this desert; but the European cantonments, with greater regard to comfort and convenience than picturesque beauty, occupy a high ridge, which is perfectly destitute of verdure, fronting the sea, and having the benefit of all its cooling breezes. Pooree is, in consequence, notwithstanding its desolate appearance and its isolated situation, a desirable quarter; punkahs are scarcely necessary at any period of the year, and, worn out by the oppressive heat of Bengal and Hindoostan, many are delighted to loiter away the time on the health-inspiring, though solitary, shores of Cuttack. The beach is destitute of shells, or of any marine production interesting to the naturalist; the neighbouring sea, however, abounds with fish; and oysters, crabs, and lobsters, which are never attainable at Calcutta in their freshest state, are taken with the greatest ease. They are not generally supposed to be equal in flavour to those found in England, but this idea is in all probability more occasioned by the want of appetite, and consequent relish, of the sojourners of a tropical clime than any real inferiority on the part of the fish. During the monsoon, the surf rises with great vehemence, presenting breakers equally formidable with those of Madras, and effectually preventing any thing save boats of native construction from holding communication with ships in the offing. It sometimes happens that officers, who have nearly outstayed the period permitted for absence in England, prevail upon the captains who bring them out to land them at Pooree, whence they can report their return to head-quarters long before the ship can reach its destined port; and as at all times the European outward-bound appear within sight of the black pagoda, or the temple of Juggurnaut, and not unfrequently hold communication by signal with the harbour master of Pooree, the inhabitants of the station look out with great anxiety for passing vessels, and derive their greatest enjoyment

from the expectation of obtaining news from England before it can arrive at Calcutta.

The sand is ill adapted either for walking or for riding, and in boisterous weather becomes so great a nuisance as more than to counterbalance the advantages of the sea-breeze. The houses are not built with the attention to comfort which characterises those of the interior; they are more in the style of the primitive bungalow, pervious to every wind from heaven, and gritty in every quarter from the drifting sand. The interior parts of the district abound in game; but in the immediate neighbourhood of Pooree, the ardour of the most determined sportsman is soon quenched by the difficulties which surround him, and the worthlessness of the prizes which reward his toil. But while the mightiest hunter is obliged to remain inactive, a wide field is opened to the antiquary, who may spend the whole period of a protracted sojourn in examining and enquiring into the relics of Hindoo antiquities which are to be found in every part of the hallowed soil. There are several pagodas, occupying a considerable tract of ground, scattered amongst the sand-hills which have heaped themselves along the coast. Many of these are protected from the encroachments of the drift, by massy walls; but others, not having the same facilities for keeping the space clear around them, are almost swallowed up in the sand. All are exceedingly picturesque in their appearance, and their gaunt and withered inhabitants, only a little less infernal in their aspect than the deformed objects of their worship, sprawling on the floors, or grinning from a niche, combined with the dreariness of the land scene, and the loud roar of the ever-sounding surf, altogether form a picture of wild sublimity, which leaves an indelible impression upon the mind.

The black pagoda or temple of the sun, one of the most splendid Hindoo remains which India can boast, and which is an object of great attraction to all the intellectual visitants of Pooree, is situated about sixteen miles to the north of the native city, in the midst of a wilderness of sand, with which the jungle has struggled, not always unsuccessfully, for the ascendancy; here and there patches of verdure make their appearance, and the gentle risings of the ground relieve the dull monotony of the adjacent plains. It is of much earlier antiquity than Juggernaut, but has lost its sanctity in the eyes of the multitude, and is now deserted and left to ruin. The roof is pyramidal, rising from a square building of great solidity; but owing to a defect in the architecture, a large portion of this massive edifice is in ruins, and it is somewhat difficult to comprehend its original design. Weeds, the gigantic product of a most prolific soil, prickly pear, and copse-wood, have spread themselves over and amidst the enormous masses of recumbent ruins, above which the surviving portion of the temple rears itself, and from the summit of an elephant mound, bids defiance to the encroaching sand, and lifts its head proudly as a beacon to the wanderers of the wave. Those who have closely examined the numberless sculptures which adorn that once splendid temple, report them to be of exquisite beauty; the choice of subject, however, in many must prevent them from being made better known by the aid of drawings; but this unhappy taste does not pervade the whole edifice, and some of the colossal remains, especially of elephants and griffins, are magnificent. Any attempt at minute description would occupy many pages, while it must utterly fail in conveying an adequate idea of the lonely majesty of this desecrated pile. A few fakirs, looking more like wood demons than men, share the shelter afforded by the numerous cavernous chambers, with the porcupines and bears composing the principal population of the place: tigers occasionally join the assembly, though the latter intruders, arousing the spirit of adventure in the youth of the neighbouring station, are speedily put to the rout.

The intolerance of the Mussulmans, and their determination to overthrow idolatry in the seat of their conquests, obliged the Brahmins of Juggernaut, upon more than one occasion, to resort to stratagems for the preservation of their sacred images. Twice have they been carried away and hidden amongst fastnesses beyond the Chilka lake, (a neck of the sea about seventeen miles to the south of Pooree,) and there enshrined until better times enabled them to return: but even the servants of the prophet, tired of the attempt to force their religion upon the still more bigoted followers of Brahma, came at length to a compromise, and turned the object of their antipathy into a source of profit, by instituting a tax, which was continued by the British government. Formerly, the concourse of pilgrims was so great as to yield a revenue of nine lacs of rupees; but the receipts have dwindled yearly, during a considerable period, and the progress of civilisation and of knowledge is now extending so rapidly, that at no very great distance of time we may hope that the fearful orgies celebrated at Juggernaut may be looked upon as bygone things, and that a purer creed will be established upon the ruins of that monstrous fabric of superstition, which has so long tyrannised over the mental faculties of the Indian world.

From the London Metropolitan.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,

On the banks of that lonely river,
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,—
We met, and we parted for ever.

The night-bird sang, and the stars above

Told many a touching story,
Of friends long past to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence,—our cheeks were wet

With the tears that were past controlling;
We vow'd we would never—no never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling:
But the lips that echoed the vow of mine,
Are cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, the beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires for ever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,

And my heart grows full to weeping;
Each star is to me as a sealed book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.

We parted in silence, we parted in tears,

On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odour and bloom of those bygone years
Shall hang round its water for ever.

COMBATIVENESS.

One of the most efficacious modes employed by Dr. Gall to determine the functions of the different parts of the brain, was to observe, at every opportunity, the heads of persons distinguished by any peculiarity of disposition or talent, and to note in what particular region a large development appeared in them all. Having, in the course of his researches, collected in his house a number of persons belonging to the lower ranks, such as porters and hackney-coachmen, his attention was drawn to the fact, that while some individuals were spoken of by their comrades as remarkable for provoking disputes and contentions, there were others, of a pacific disposition, whom they regarded with contempt, and called poltroons. "As the most quarrelsome," says Gall, "found great pleasure in giving me very circumstantial narratives of their ex-

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MY HONOURABLE FRIEND BOB.

plots, I was anxious to see whether any thing was to be found in the heads of these heroes which distinguished them from those of the poltroons. I ranged the quarrellers on one side, and the peaceable on the other, and examined carefully the heads of both. I found that, in all the quarrellers, the head, immediately behind and on a level with the top of the ears, was much broader than in the poltroons. On other occasions, I assembled, separately, those who were most distinguished for their bravery, and those who were most distinguished for their cowardice. I repeated my researches, and found my first observations confirmed. I therefore began to conjecture that an inclination to contention (*penchant aux rixes*) might really be the result of a particular organ. I endeavoured to find out, on the one hand, men of acknowledged superior bravery, and on the other, men known to be great cowards. At the combats of wild beasts at that time still exhibited in Vienna, there appeared a first-rate fighter of extreme intrepidity, who often presented himself in the arena to sustain, alone, a fight with a wild boar or a bull, or any ferocious animal whatever. I found him in the region of the head, just pointed out, very broad and rounded (*bombée*). I took a cast of this head, and likewise of those of some other braves, that I might run no risk of forgetting their particular conformations. I examined also the heads of some of my comrades who had been expelled from several universities for continual duel-fighting. Among these was one who knew no greater pleasure than that of establishing himself in an ale-house, and mocking the workmen who came thither to drink,—and when he saw them disposed to come to blows, putting out the lights, and giving them battle in the dark, chair in hand. He was, in appearance, a little weakly man. He reminded me of another of my comrades, a Swiss, who used to amuse himself at Strasburg by provoking quarrels with men much stronger and larger than himself. I visited several schools, and had pointed out to me the scholars who were the most quarrelsome, and those who were the most cowardly. I prosecuted the same observations in the families of my acquaintance. In the course of my researches my attention was arrested by a very handsome young woman, who, from her childhood, had been fond of dressing herself in male attire, and going secretly out of doors to fight with the blackguards in the streets. After her marriage, she constantly sought occasion to fight with men. When she had guests at dinner, she challenged the strongest of them, after the repast, to wrestle with her. I likewise knew a lady who, although of small stature and delicate constitution, was often judicially summoned, because of her custom of striking her domestics of both sexes. When she was on a journey, two drunken wagoners, having lost their way in the inn during the night, entered the chamber where she was sleeping alone: she received them with such vigour with the candlesticks, which she hurled at their heads, and the chairs with which she struck them, that they were forced to betake themselves to flight. In all these persons I found the region in question formed in the manner above described, although the heads were shaped in other respects quite differently. These observations emboldened me, and I began thenceforth to speak, in my lectures, of an *organ of courage*, as I then called it.—*Phrenological Journal*.

JUDGMENT OF BOOKS.—I have no other rule by which to judge of what I read, than that of consulting the disposition in which I rise up from my book; nor can I well conceive what sort of merit any piece has to boast, the reading of which leaves no benevolent impression behind it, nor stimulates the reader to any thing that is virtuous or good.—*Rousseau*.

It was at a public school that I first became acquainted with my friend Bob Burnaby; he was then a little round-faced, curly-pated boy about ten years of age; and I, being two years his senior, and there existing some intimacy between our parents, he was put under my especial protection. Bobby had been a spoiled child, (the only one possessed by Mr. and Mrs. Burnaby,) and until his tenth year the world had been to him a world of pies and tarts, of comforts and comforts; his *will* had been the regulator of the paternal mansion, and his *pleasure* the main object promoted by his mother.

All this ended (that is as far as the young gentleman's residence at Burnaby Hall was concerned) in those roots of all evil, idleness and ignorance: and some rash and glaring acts of insubordination having brought upon Bob's head the wrath of his father, (whose head, by the by, was more in error than his son's,) the young reprobate had sudden notice to quit, and in spite of the threats, entreaties, and hysterics of Mrs. Burnaby, he was immediately borne off to the academic shades superintended by the Rev. Dr. Rearpepper.

I soon became very fond of Bob; we naturally feel attached to those who cling to us for support, and every thing was so new to him, poor fellow, that without me he was miserable. By day and by night he was my appendage; he sat on the same form, at the same desk, casting up his little sums, or writing his little exercises; and at night his little bed was close to mine, and he used to talk to me about his papa and mama, and the big dog Pompey, till he talked himself to sleep. At that very early age Bob had acquired a taste for extravagance; his money always burned a hole in his little breeches pocket, and when it was gone many a shilling did he borrow of me, and more did he owe to Mrs. Puffy, the fat vender of pastry, whose residence was "down the street."

These premature extravagances, pretty as they certainly were, of course led to little difficulties; and perhaps the worst result likely to arise from early embarrassments is, the habit of fibbing, and making a mystery and a concealment of troubles, which nothing but candour could really remedy. And thus it was with Bob: had I not loved him and been a real friend, he would have forfeited my friendship a hundred times; so often did he borrow, and so often did he promise repayment, and so often did he forget to fulfil the promises he voluntarily made. But no, I wrong him, he did not forget; I always saw that he felt infinitely more annoyed than I did, when he stood before me a defaulter, and his flushed cheek and moistened eyes proved that he endured humiliation, and that at heart he was even then my *honourable* friend.

At sixteen I left Dr. Rearpepper's establishment, and many were the tears that poor Bob shed at my departure: he said nothing about the nine shillings and fourpence that he owed me, but when I said, "Bob, be sure you write to me," I suspect that he almost expected me to add, "and don't forget to enclose the money."

During my residence at Oxford we never met; at first our interchange of letters was frequent, and the style of our communications most affectionate, but gradually a change came over the spirit of our dream, and for a whole year I heard nothing of him. At length, by the coach came a splendidly bound copy of a work which he knew to be my favourite, and in the title-page was written my name, and underneath the words, "from his affectionate and grateful friend, Bob."

"Yes," thought I, as I read the inscription, "and thou art still my honourable friend." Bob, after so long a period had elapsed, was naturally ashamed to send me the few shillings which he owed me; but he could not be happy till he had spent many pounds on a gift which was intended to repay me. With the parcel I received a letter announcing his having entered the army, and adding, that he was about to join his regiment, which was then on a foreign station. He entreated me not to suppose from his long silence that he had forgotten me; and in short, there was so much warmth of heart in the whole letter, that Bob was reinstated in my good graces, and I wrote him a most affectionate reply, assuring him that whenever we met he would find me unaltered.

After quitting Oxford, I traveled on the continent for many months, and on my return to England I found my friend Bob at an hotel in Bond street; and in every sense of the word "a gay man about town."

Ours was more like the re-union of boys after a summer's vacation, than the meeting of men who had seen something of the world; we could talk only of the past, of frolic, and of fun; and while arm in arm we ranged the streets of the west end, we laughed almost as much, and were really nearly as thoughtless, as in the days when together we ranged the playground of old Rear-pepper.

Whatever I may have been, Bob was indeed unchanged, and not alone in spirits and temper, for I soon found that his old habits had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. He still retained his "sweet tooth," and daily did he lead me in to Gunter's or Grange's, (nay often into both in turn,) and there I saw him indulge, as he used of old in the habitation of Mrs. Puffy; the only difference was that his dainties were somewhat more refined, and more expensive; for, alas! I soon saw that the old injunction, "Put it down to my bill," had by no means fallen into disuse. I also saw, with regret, that all other tradespeople were most impartially dealt with by Bob in the same way; and I saw him take possession of trinkets, coats, hats, and boots, without considering it requisite to take his purse out of his pocket.

Now I knew that Bob would eventually, in all probability, be exceedingly well off, but I greatly doubted his having it then in his power to pay for one fourth of the valuable articles which I saw him so unceremoniously take possession of. I one day ventured to speak to him on the subject, and from his embarrassed manner, and the deepened colour in his cheek, I saw he felt the truth of what I said; but I soon found that with the old error, he still retained the old bad habit of fibbing to

endeavour to conceal it; and the consequence was that we spent our evening together with much more reserve than usual. The next morning I forgot all that had passed, for Bob ran to my bedside to inform me that he was ordered to India, and must leave London in a day or two: he showed me his letters, and it was evident that he must prepare for his immediate departure. We breakfasted together, and during the repast the waiter was continually presenting him with wafered notes, and it appeared that several persons had called very earnestly, wishing to see him. I had my suspicions about these visitations, but said nothing.

Immediately after breakfast Bob took my arm, and requested me to walk with him; and after passing through several streets and squares in unusual silence, and with an appearance of agitation in his manner, he suddenly addressed me.

"There is no alternative," said he, "I must go."

"You must, indeed, Bob," I replied, "unless you are detained."

"Detained?" said Bob, blushing, "how do you mean?"

"Pardon me," I answered, "but really few young men could go on as you have lately done, and be prepared for a departure so sudden; now, my dear Bob, you know what my finances are; you know I have literally *nothing* to spare, but if knowing this, you think I can be of temporary use to you, command me."

Bob grasped my arm, and his eyes watered, but he was ashamed to own the extent of his incumbrances: he therefore hastily answered—

"This is like yourself, my dear friend, and at the moment you may indeed serve me by putting your name to a bill."

"Not of large amount, Bob, I trust?"

"No—yes—larger, I fear, than—"

"If it be a large sum, Bob, you know that if your draft is not honoured when it is due I shall go to prison instead of you."

"Never," said Bob, with a fervour and an evidence of deep feeling which I could not distrust.

"Well, then, what is the sum?" said I.

"First let me tell you some circumstances which press heavily on my heart," said Bob; "not here—come with me this way."

And in solemn silence he led me to Park-lane.

"What can all this mean?" said I, at last.

"Hush!" said Bob, "you see that house?"

And he pointed to a very handsome and well-appointed mansion. Two footmen in splendid liveries were standing at the door, receiving cards from the window of a coroneted carriage.

"See the house?" I replied; "to be sure I do; and what then?"

"That house is owned by one of the richest commoners in England."

"I should think so," I answered.

"He has an only daughter," said Bob.

"Has he?" said I.

"His sole heirress," added Bob.

And again I answered, "What then?"

"I am ashamed of having concealed all this so long from so dear a friend," murmured Bob.

"All what?"

"But the secret was not my own."

"What secret?"

"That lovely girl!"

"Upon my word, Bob," I cried, "you put me out of all patience."

"I have won that girl's affections."

"The heiress?" said I.

"She loves me," whispered Bob.

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "this is news indeed. You have no occasion for assistance from a poor fellow like me."

"Oh!" said Bob, "you have not heard all; she loves me—to madness loves me—poor dear girl! But rich as her father is, were he to suppose that I am involved, he would forbid the match."

"A very sensible old man."

"That may be; but there is another obstacle—my rank. Clara will not consent to marry any thing below a captain."

I could not repress a laugh.

"It is a foible perhaps," said Bob, rather piqued; "but it is her only one, and I must humour it; but my promotion depends on my going to India, and—"

"Well, well," said I, "I understand all this; but tell me at once what you wish me to do for you?"

"To put your name to a draft for one hundred and ninety pounds," faltered Bob.

"Mercy on me! what a sum!" said I; "however, it must be done, and when the draft becomes due—"

"I will honourably pay it."

"If not, to prison I go; and now let us return to our hotel."

"One moment," said Bob; "I love to look at the house."

"At the casket which contains the gem?" said I.

"Yes, and for your sake too I love to look at it. You see those three windows shaded with sky-blue silk curtains? Oh! such a little room that is! and that room I always mean to be your own *exclusively*, when I am master of the mansion. Such a room! the furniture so exquisite! and such a view of the park! But come, we'll talk all that over while we are at dinner."

Before that meal was half finished, Bob seemed quite to have recovered his spirits; and I could not help suspecting, that as the prospect of an immediate separation did not seem to depress him, he loved the *lady* less than he loved her *gold*.

"I can't imagine, Bob," said I, "when you contrived to win your divinity; you and I have been for months almost inseparable, and—"

"Ask no questions," said Bob; "the secret is not my own."

"Not entirely, certainly," I replied; "so I will not interrogate you farther. Is she to inherit that house in Park-lane from her father?"

"To be sure she is; and such a house as it is! and that room which I mean for you! you are fond of a hot bath?"

"Very."

"There is a sky-blue silk sofa in that room, and when you touch a spring, it flies up (I don't

exactly know how), and turns into the most delightful white marble bath?"

"How very nice!" said I.

"Yes, and so very complete! three cocks!"

"Three!" said I; "two you mean."

"No, no, three," replied Bob; "one for hot water—"

"Yes," said I.

"And one for cold—"

"Well, that makes two," said I.

"And one," said Bob, for "eau-de-Cologne."

In the evening I put my name to Bob's draft, and the next morning we parted with mutual expressions of regret.

I missed him sadly, and it so happened that after he went, many untoward circumstances occurred, which having first materially lowered my resources, next effectually lowered my spirits, and I used to saunter through our old haunts looking like the ghost of his companion.

When he was gone I became acquainted with many circumstances connected with his expenditure which perfectly astounded me, and at the end of four months (exactly two months before it was to become due,) I had every reason to doubt whether the draft for one hundred and ninety pounds would ever be paid. I was conscious of my own utter inability to pay it; and I therefore existed for a week or two in a state of mental excitement not to be described. One day after breakfast I sallied forth more dolorous than usual, and after wandering about for some time, I found myself in Park-lane, opposite the identical mansion inhabited by Bob's intended.

"Ah!" thought I, "were Bob now in possession of that house, all would go well with us; his heart is in the right place, poor fellow, but, alas! before he puts me in possession of that sky-blue apartment, with the hot water, and the cold, and the eau-de-Cologne, I may be in prison, and my name disgraced."

As I looked towards the balcony of the drawing-room, I saw a female watering some geraniums; and suddenly turning her head towards me, she seemed to recognise my person, and gave me a familiar nod.

I soon discovered it was my old friend and near connection, Mrs. Simmons, and beckoning me to the window, she exclaimed, "Oh! I'm delighted to see you—we only came to town yesterday—we are on a visit to Mr. Molesworth—pray come in, and I'll introduce you."

I knocked at the hall door in a state of mind not to be described; the hall door of a house in which I (*by anticipation*) already possessed a room of my own, with sky-blue curtains, and a bath overflowing with eau-de-Cologne! I walked up stairs, and my friend Mrs. Simmons received me at the drawing-room door, and introduced me to Mr. Molesworth (an old gentleman in a pair of gouty shoes) and his only daughter (a lovely fair-haired girl of about eighteen).

In this family I spent many happy days; and being, though unknown to her, so well acquainted with the secret of the young lady's heart, I became more intimate with her than I could have been with any one else without incurring the imputation of "serious intentions." In this instance,

however, my knowledge of the fair heiress's engagements to another person made me feel perfectly at my ease; and we became the talk of all our acquaintances, without my being the least aware that we were engaged even in a little flirtation.

To my utter astonishment, Mrs. Simmons came to me one day (it was the day before that on which Bob's draft was to become due), and with a knowing look asked me why I was so out of spirits; I gave an evasive reply, for I did not choose to own the paltry pecuniary difficulty which was threatening to overpower me.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Simmons, "go boldly and make your offer; your connections are unexceptionable, and whatever your present income may be, your prospects are excellent; besides she has enough for both."

"And pray," I replied, "what do you mean by *she*?"

"Miss Molesworth, to be sure," said my friend, "I am sure she is attached to you, and——"

"You know nothing about it," said I, "for I can tell you that——"

I hesitated, for I had no right to betray Bob's secret.

"Well," said Mrs. Simmons, "here she comes, and I will leave you together."

With these words *exit* Mrs. Simmons at one door, and at the same moment *enters* Miss Molesworth at the other.

"What is the matter?" said the young lady, earnestly, "you seem agitated! what has happened?"

"Are we alone?" said I, after a pause. "It is better that I should be explicit."

Miss Molesworth started, coloured, and cast down her eyes. Had I been a favoured lover on the point of making my avowal of attachment, she could not have been more embarrassed.

"Do not be alarmed," said I, "I am Bob's best friend; and I know your secret."

"My secret!" cried Miss Molesworth.

"Yes, dear lady," I answered, "I am, as I told you before, the intimate friend of Bob."

"Of Bob!" said she.

"Yes," I answered, taking her hand, "I'm Bob's old school-fellow."

"And pray, sir," said she, withdrawing her hand, "who is Bob?"

"Do not distress yourself," I whispered, "do not think it necessary to conceal any thing from me; before he left England, Bob told me all."

"All what?" cried Miss Molesworth.

"Your mutual attachment—your engagement," I replied.

Miss Molesworth started up, colouring crimson; at first she could not articulate, but at last she said—"I know not, sir, to what I am to attribute this conduct. I have been attached to no one—engaged to no one—I know not of whom it is you speak. I had considered you, sir, in the light of a friend; but now, sir, now——"

She could say no more, but sank on a chair beside me in a flood of tears. A mist at the moment fell from my eyes; at once I saw the full extent of Bob's unpardonable falsehood, and the

distressing certainty flashed on my mind, that his draft would be dishonoured.

Mrs. Simmons entered at the moment, and found us both apparently plunged into the depths of despair. Miss Molesworth was in an instant weeping on her shoulder, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, without my knowing exactly how it happened, I found myself breathing forth vows of love to the young lady, and exulting in my discovery that her engagement to my friend Bob was a fable.

Miss Molesworth referred me to her father, but I read in her large blue eyes that she did *not* dislike me; I therefore retired to my bed that night full of love and hope, and dreamed of driving my wife in a chariot drawn by six dragons, over the mangled body of Bob Burnaby.

The next morning my first thoughts was of my approaching interview with Mr. Molesworth; but, alas! it was soon followed by my recollection of Bob's draft, and the too great probability that, before night, I should be in durance vile for the amount. My own resources were at the moment inadequate to meet the demand, and could I ask a rich man to let me marry his daughter, and expect that his first act would be to pay one hundred and ninety pounds to extricate me from a prison!

At length I made up my mind to walk to Bob's banker's, and at once ascertain the worst; I did so, and on my arrival I was astonished at being informed by a clerk, that "Mr. Burnaby had provided funds for the payment of his draft."

So far I had wronged my honourable friend; and I was therefore able to appear in Park-lane in excellent spirits. "The course" of my "true love" did, for a wonder, "run smooth," and all our preliminaries having been finally arranged, the Molesworths left town for the family seat in Wiltshire, and I remained to arrange some legal and other matters which would in all probability detain me for a couple of months. I was sitting in my own room rather out of spirits the morning after my true love's departure, when the door opened and in came Bob. He was so evidently delighted to see me again, that I could not help receiving him kindly. He spoke of the obligation I had conferred on him previous to his departure; and after frankly acknowledging the gratification I had felt at his punctuality, I said—"And now, Bob, that you have the rank of captain, nothing can interpose to prevent your marriage."

"My marriage!" said Bob, blushing all over.

"Yes," I replied, laughing in *my sleeve*, "your marriage with the heiress of Park-lane!"

"Oh!" cried Bob, starting from his chair and pressing my hand, "never—never, I entreat you, mention that subject again."

"Why so?" said I.

"It is all off," sighed Bob.

"Off!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said Bob, "the traitress! but I cannot speak on the subject—never name it again."

I, of course, promised to obey him, and for some days we enjoyed ourselves very much in the old way. One morning he came to me in real distress, and told me that his tailor had threatened to arrest him for the amount of his bill; I offered

to go and speak to the man, and endeavour to persuade him to give Bob time.

"If he will only give me a month," said Bob.

"Well," I replied, "I can but try him;" and away I went.

The tailor was inexorable; but he told me that if I would become responsible for the payment of the debt in a month, he would consent to wait; if not, he was determined to arrest Bob that day. I hesitated for a moment, and then recollecting his prompt payment of the hundred and ninety pounds, I made myself responsible for the amount of the bill, and then returned to congratulate my friend. When I had told him what I had done, he started up and exclaimed—"You do not mean it; you cannot have made yourself responsible for the amount of that fellow's bill?"

"I have, I assure you," said I.

"Then," said Bob, "you will have to pay it; I shall not have the money myself—I never asked you to incur the responsibility—I never expected it, and all I can say is, that you will have to pay."

"My dear Bob," said I, "it will not be in my power—I am peculiarly situated; at the end of a month I shall be most particularly engaged, and paying this will be out of the question."

Still Bob protested that he had never asked me to become responsible, and it ended in his leaving me in a very ill humour. My engagements with legal persons employed me for days together in the city, and I saw very little of Bob. When we did meet, my manner was cold and constrained, and it was not till within a day or two of the expiration of the month that I had time to think of the very inopportune and annoying responsibility which I had incurred. That very day I met Bob, and spoke to him very earnestly and seriously about the payment; but he sighed most deeply—told me how much he lamented my having engaged to make the payment, and pathetically bemoaned the emptiness of his own pockets. The next morning I called on the tailor, earnestly requesting him to renew the draft for a month, and was then told that my honourable friend had called that very day, and had placed in his hands the sum for which I was responsible.

I went instantly to call upon him, and he received me with laughter, in which I could not resist joining; but I must confess I laughed the more from the recollection that my hour of revenge was at hand.

About a fortnight afterwards (the family of my intended having arrived in town for the wedding, which was to take place the next morning at St. George's church, Hanover-square,) Bob enquired "what it was that seemed to occupy me from morning till night, and why it was that we so seldom met?"

"My dear Bob," said I, "it has been a secret, but I will now hide no secrets from you; I am going to be married to-morrow."

"Married to-morrow!" cried Bob, "tell me all about it; who is she? Where does she live? Is she pretty? Is she rich?"

"There is no time," said I, "to answer your questions at present, I dine with the family at six, and mean to take you with me; go and dress,

and in half an hour I will call for you in a carriage."

"Where does your intended live?" said Bob, as we drove along Oxford street.

"Time will show," I replied.

"Where are we going now?" said Bob, as the carriage made a sudden turn.

"We are in Park-lane," I replied.

"And the lady lives—"?" faltered Bob.

"In Park-lane," said I.

Bob sat in a state of evident confusion; and when the carriage stopped at Mr. Molesworth's house, he said, "I deserve this—I am quite ashamed of myself—come, come, turn back, and drive home."

"By no means," I replied, as the servant gave a thundering knock at the door, and then let down the steps of the carriage.

"Why, you won't go in!" cried Bob, as he breathlessly ran up the steps after me, and vigorously pulled at the tail of my coat.

"Go in," said I, "to be sure, and you will meet old friends, and show me the room with the bath, and the—"

"You are going too far," whispered Bob. "I see my error—I uttered what was false—forgive me. But these servants, and the inmates of the house, will think us mad."

"Not at all," I replied; "speak the truth in future as I have done to you."

I pressed his hand, and led him up the stairs; I saw that he was depressed and humiliated, and when we got to the drawing-room door, he murmured, "And do they know it? I cannot face them."

"They know nothing," I replied, "and shall never know from me any thing discreditable to my honourable friend Bob."

"I will never utter a falsehood again," said Bob; and I firmly believe that he adhered to his resolution.

T. H. B.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

ON THE REMOVAL OF SOME OLD FAMILY PORTRAITS.—AUGUST, 1834.

Silent friends! fare ye well—
Shadows! adieu.

Living friends long I've lost,
Now I lose you.

Bitter tears many I've shed,
You've seen them flow;
Dreary hours many I've spent,
Full well ye know.

Yet in my loneliness,
Kindly, methought,
Still ye looked down on me,
Mocking me not,

With light speech and hollow words,
Grating so sore
The sad heart, with many ills
Sick to the core.

Then, if my clouded skies
Brighten'd awhile,
Seem'd your soft serious eyes
Almost to smile.

Silent friends! fare ye well—
 Shadows! adieu.
 Living friends long I've lost,
 Now I lose you.
 Taken from hearth and board,
 When all were gone;
 I looked up at you, and felt
 Not quite alone.
 Not quite companionless,
 While in each face
 Met me familiar
 The stamp of my race.
 Thine, gentle ancestress!
 Dove-eyed and fair,
 Melting in sympathy
 Oft for my care.
 Grim knight and stern visaged!
 Yet see, I could
 (Smoothing that furrow'd face)
 Good-will to me.
 Bland looks were beaming
 Upon me I knew,
 Fair sir!—bonnie lady!—
 From you, and from you.
 Little think happy ones,
 Heart-circled round,
 How fast to senseless things
 Hearts may be bound;
 How, when the living prop's
 Moulder'd and gone,
 Heart-strings, low trailing left,
 Clasp the cold stone.
 Silent friends! fare ye well—
 Shadows! adieu.
 Living friends long I've lost,
 Now I lose you.
 Often, when spirit-vexed,
 Weary and worn,
 To your quiet faces, mute
 Friends, would I turn.
 Soft as I gazed on them,
 Soothing as balm,
 Lulling the passion-storm,
 Stole your deep calm—
 Till, as I longer look'd,
 Surely, methought,
 Ye read and replied to
 My questioning thought.
 "Daughter," ye softly said—
 "Peace to thine heart:
 We too—yes, daughter! have
 Been as thou art,
 "Toss'd on the troubled waves,
 Life's stormy sea;
 Chance and change manifold
 Proving like thee.
 "Hope lifted—doubt depressed—
 Seeing in part—
 "Tired—troubled—tempted—
 Sustained as thou art—
 Our God is *thy* God—what He
 Willet is best—
 Trust him as we trusted: then
 Rest, as we rest."
 Silent friends! fare ye well—
 Shadows! adieu—
 One friend abideth still
 All changes through.

C.

From the London Metropolitan.

THE BATHS OF PFEFFERS.

BY JAMES JOHNSON, M. D., PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY TO THE KING, &c. &c. &c.

Among the strange places into which man has penetrated in search of treasure or health, there is probably not one on this earth, or under it, more wonderful than the Baths of Pfeffers, situated in the country of the Grisons, a few miles distant from the Splügen road, as it leads from Wallenstadt to Coire. They are little known to, and still less frequented by, the English; for we could not learn that any of our countrymen had visited them during the summer of 1834.

Having procured five small and steady horses accustomed to the locality, a party of three ladies and two gentlemen,* started from the little town of Ragatz on a beautiful morning in August, and commenced a steep and zig-zag ascent up the mountain, through a forest of majestic pines and other trees. In a quarter of an hour, we heard the roar of a torrent, but could see nothing of itself, or even its bed. The path, however, soon approached the verge of a dark and tremendous ravine, the sides of which were composed of perpendicular rocks several hundred feet high, and at the bottom of which the Tamina, a rapid mountain torrent, foamed along in its course to the valley of Sargans, there to fall into the upper Rhine. The stream itself, however, was far beyond our view, and was only known by its hollow and distant murmurs. The ascent, for the first three miles, is extremely fatiguing, so that the horses were obliged to take breath every ten minutes. The narrow path (for it is only a kind of mule-track) often winded along the very brink of the precipice, on our left, yet the eye could not penetrate to the bottom of the abyss. After more than an hour of toilsome climbing, we emerged from the wood, and found ourselves in one of the most picturesque and romantic spots that can well be imagined. The road now meanders horizontally through a high, but cultivated region, towards the village of Valenz, through fields, gardens, vineyards, and meadows, studded with chaumières and chalets, perched fantastically on projecting ledges of rock, or sheltered from the winds by tall and verdant pines. The prospect from Valenz, or rather from above the village, is one of the most beautiful and splendid I have any where seen in Switzerland. We are there at a sufficient distance from the horrid ravine, to contemplate it without terror, and listen to the roaring torrent, thundering unseen, along its rugged and precipitous bed. Beyond the ravine we see the monastery and village of Pfeffers, perched on a high and apparently inaccessible promontory, over which rise alpine mountains, their sides covered with woods, their summits with snow, and their gorges glittering with glaciers. But it is towards the east that the prospect is most magnificent and varied. The eye ranges, with equal pleasure and astonishment, over the valley of Sargans, through which rolls the infant Rhine, and beyond which the majestic

* Mr. and Miss Hayward, Mrs. and Miss Johnson, and myself.

ranges of the Rhetian Alps, ten thousand feet high, rise one over the other, till their summits mingle with the clouds. Among these ranges the Scesa-plana, the Angstenberg, the Flesch, (like a gigantic pyramid,) and in the distance the Alps that tower round Feldkirch, are the most prominent features. During our journey to the baths, the morning sun played on the snowy summits of the distant mountains, and marked their forms on the blue expanse behind them, in the most distinct outlines. But, on our return, in the afternoon, when the fleecy clouds had assembled, in fantastic groups, along the lofty barrier, the reflections and refractions of the solar beams threw a splendid crown of glory round the icy heads of the Rhetian Alps—changing that “cold sublimity,” with which the morning atmosphere had invested them, into a glow of illumination which no pen or pencil could portray. To enjoy the widest possible range of this matchless prospect, the tourist must climb the peaks that overhang the village, when his eye may wander over the whole of the Grison Alps and valleys, even to the lake of Constance.

From Valenz we turned abruptly down towards the ravine, at the very bottom of which are the Baths of Pfeffers. The descent is by a series of acute and precipitous tourniquets, requiring great caution, as the horses themselves could hardly keep on their legs, even when eased of their riders. At length we found ourselves in the area of a vast edifice, resembling an overgrown factory, with a thousand windows, and six or seven stories high.

It is built on a ledge of rock that lies on the left bank of the Tamina torrent, which chafes along its foundation. The precipice on the opposite side of the Tamina, and distant about fifty paces from the mansion, or rather hospital, rises five or six hundred feet, as perpendicular as a wall, keeping the edifice in a perpetual shade, except for a few hours in the middle of the day. The left bank of the ravine, on which the hospital stands, is less precipitous, as it admits of a zig-zag path to and from the baths. The locale, altogether, of such an establishment, at the very bottom of a frightful ravine, and for ever chafed by a roaring torrent, is the most singularly wild and picturesque I had ever beheld; but the wonders of Pfeffers are not yet even glanced at.

From the western extremity of this vast asylum of invalids, a narrow wooden bridge spans the Tamina, and by it we gain footing on a small platform of rock on the opposite side. Here a remarkable phenomenon presents itself. The deep ravine, which had hitherto preserved a width of some one hundred and fifty feet, contracts, all at once, into a narrow cleft or crevasse, of less than twenty feet, whose marble sides shoot up from the bed of the torrent, to a height of four or five hundred feet, not merely perpendicular, but actually inclining towards each other, so that, at their summits, they almost touch, thus leaving a narrow fissure through which a faint glimmering of light descends, and just serves to render objects visible within this gloomy cavern. Out of this recess the Tamina darts in a sheet of foam, and with a deafening noise reverberated from the rocks within and without the crevasse. On ap-

proaching the entrance, the eye penetrates along a majestic vista of marble walls in close approximation, and terminating in obscurity, with a narrow waving line of sky above, and a roaring torrent below! Along the southern wall of this sombre gorge, a fragile scaffold, of only two planks in breadth, is seen to run, suspended—as it were—in air, fifty feet above the torrent, and three or four hundred feet beneath the crevice that admits air and light from heaven into the profound abyss. This frail and frightful footpath is continued (will it be believed?) nearly *half a mile* into the marble womb of the mountain! Its construction must have been a work of great difficulty and peril; for its transit cannot be made even by the most curious and adventurous travellers, without fear and trembling, amounting often to a sense of shuddering and horror. Along these two planks we crept or crawled, with faltering steps and palpitating hearts. It has been my fortune to visit most of the wonderful localities of this globe, but an equal to this I never beheld.

“Imagination,” says an intelligent traveller, “the most vivid, could not portray the portals of Tartarus under forms more hideous than those which nature has displayed in this place. We enter this gorge on a bridge of planks (*pont de planches*) sustained by wedges driven into the rocks. It takes a quarter of an hour or more to traverse this bridge, and it requires the utmost precaution. It is suspended over the Tamina, which is heard rolling furiously at a great depth beneath. The walls of this cavern, twisted, torn, and split (*les parois laterales contournée, fendues, et déchirées*) in various ways, rise perpendicular, and even incline towards each other, in the form of a dome; whilst the faint light that enters from the portal at the end, and the crevice above, diminishes as we proceed; the cold and humidity augmenting the horror produced by the scene. The fragments of rock sometimes overhang this gangway in such a manner, that the passenger cannot walk upright: at others, the marble wall recedes so much, that he is unable to lean against it for support. The scaffold is narrow, often slippery; and sometimes there is but a single plank separating us from the black abyss of the Tamina.* He who has cool courage, a steady eye, a firm step, ought to attempt this formidable excursion (*épouvantable excursion*) in clear and dry weather, lest he should find the planks wet and slippery. He should start in the middle of the day, with a slow and measured step, and without a stick. The safest plan is to have two guides supporting a pole, on the inside of which the stranger is to walk.”

We neglected this precaution, and four out of the five pushed on, even without a guide at all. At forty or fifty paces from the entrance the gloom increases, while the roar of the torrent beneath, reverberated from the sides of the cavern, augments the sense of danger and the horror of the scene. The meridian sun penetrated sufficiently through the narrow line of fissure at the

* “Le pont est étroit, souvent glissant, et quelquefois on n’est séparé que par une seule planche du noir abîme de la Tamina.”

summit of the dome, to throw a variety of lights and of shadows over the vast masses of variegated marble composing the walls of this stupendous cavern, compared with which, those of Salsette, Elephanta, and even Staffa, shrink into insignificance. A wooden pipe, which conveys the hot waters from their source to the baths, runs along in the angle between the scaffold and the rocks, and proves very serviceable, both as a support for one hand while pacing the plank, and as a seat, when the passenger wishes to rest, and contemplate the wonders of the cavern. At about one third of the distance inward, I would advise the tourist to halt, and survey the singular locality in which he is placed. The inequality of breadth in the long chink that divides the dome above, admits the light in very different proportions, and presents objects in a variety of aspects. The first impression which occupies the mind is caused by the cavern itself, with reflection on the portentous convulsion of nature which split the marble rock in twain, and opened a gigantic aqueduct for the mountain torrent.* After a few minutes' rumination on the action of subterranean fire, our attention is attracted to the slow but powerful operation of water on the solid parietes of this infernal grotto. We plainly perceive that the boisterous torrent has, in the course of time, and especially when swelled by rains, caused wonderful changes both in its beds and its banks. I would direct the attention of the traveller to a remarkable excavation formed by the waters on the opposite side of the chasm, and in a part more sombre than usual, in consequence of a bridge that spans the crevice above, and leads to the convent of Pfeffers. This natural grotto is hollowed out of the marble rock to the depth of thirty feet, being nearly forty feet in width, by twenty-six feet in height. It is difficult not to attribute it to art; and, as the whole cavern constantly reminds us of the Tartarean regions, this beautifully vaulted grotto seems to be fitted for the throne of Pluto and Proserpine, or, perhaps, for the tribunal of Rhadamanthus and his brothers of the Bench, while passing sentence on the ghosts that glide down this Acheron or Cocytus—for had the Tamina been known to the ancient poets, it would assuredly have been ranked as one of the rivers of hell.

One of the most startling phenomena, however, results from a perspective view into the cavern, when about midway, or rather less, from its portal. The rocky vista ends in obscurity; but gleams and columns of light burst down, in many places, from the meridian sun, through this "palpable obscure," so as to produce a won-

derful variety of light and shade, as well as of bas-relief, along the fractured walls. While sitting on the rude wooden conduit before alluded to, and meditating on the infernal region upon which I had entered, I was surprised to behold, at a great distance, the figures of human beings, or thin shadows, (for I could not tell which,) advancing slowly towards me—suspended between heaven and earth—or, at least, between the vault of the cavern and the torrent of the Tamina, without any apparent pathway to sustain their steps, but seemingly treading in air, like disembodied spirits! While my attention was riveted on these figures, they suddenly disappeared; and the first impression on my mind was, that they had fallen and perished in the horrible abyss beneath. The painful sensation was soon relieved by the reappearance of the personages in more distinct shapes, and evidently composed of flesh and blood. Again they vanished from my sight; and, to my no small astonishment, I beheld their ghosts or their shadows advancing along the opposite side of the cavern! These, and many other optical illusions, were caused, of course, by the peculiar nature of the locality, and the unequal manner in which the light penetrated from above into this sombre chasm.

Surprise was frequently turned into a sense of danger, when the parties, advancing and retreating, met on this narrow scaffold. The "laws of the road" being different on the continent from those in Old England, my plan was to screw myself up into the smallest compass close to the rock, and thus allow passengers to steal by without opposition. We found that comparatively few penetrated to the extremity of the cavern, and the source of the Thermæ—the majority being frightened, or finding themselves incapable of bearing the sight of the rapid torrent under their feet without any solid security against precipitation into the infernal gulf. To the honour of the English ladies, I must say, that they explored the source of the waters with the most undaunted courage, and without entertaining a thought of returning from a half-finished tour to the regions below.*

Advancing still farther into the cavern, another phenomenon presented itself, for which we were unable to account at first. Every now and then we observed a gush of vapour or smoke (we could not tell which) issue from the further extremity of the rock on the left, spreading itself over the walls of the cavern, and ascending towards the crevice in the dome. It looked like an explosion of steam; but the roar of the torrent would have prevented us from hearing any noise, if such had occurred. We soon found, however, that it was occasioned by the rush of vapour from the cavern in which the Thermal source is situated, every time the door was opened for the ingress or egress of visitors to and from this natural vapour-bath. At such moments the whole scene

* It is surprising that the author of the "Voyage Pittoresque en Suisse," and even Dr. Ebell, should have been led into the monstrous error of imagining that the torrent of the Tamina had, in the course of ages, hollowed out of the marble rock this profound bed for itself. We might just as well suppose, that the bed of the Mediterranean had been scooped out by the waters of the Hellespont, in their way from the Black Sea to the Atlantic. The mountain was rent by some convulsion of nature, and apparently from below upwards, as the breadth, at the bed of the Tamina, is far broader than the external crevice above.

* This has not always been the case. The talented authoress of "Reminiscences of the Rhine," &c. appears to have lacked courage for this enterprise, though her beautiful daughters advanced to the further extremity of the gorge.

is so truly Tartarean, that had Virgil and Dante been acquainted with it, they need not have strained their imaginations in portraying the ideal abodes of fallen angels, infernal gods, and departed spirits, but painted a Hades from nature, with all the advantage of truth and reality in its favour.

Our ingress occupied nearly half an hour, when we found ourselves at the extremity of the parapet, on a jutting ledge of rock, and where the cavern assumed an unusually sombre complexion, in consequence of the cliffs actually uniting, or nearly so, at the summit of the dome. Here, too, the Tamina struggled, roared, and foamed through the narrow, dark, and rugged gorge with tremendous impetuosity and deafening noise, the sounds being echoed and reverberated a thousand times by the fractured angles and projections of the cavern. We were now at the source of the Thermæ. Ascending some steps cut out of the rock, we came to a door, which opened, and instantly enveloped us in tepid steam. We entered a grotto in the solid marble, but of what dimensions we could form no estimate, since it was dark as midnight, and full of dense and fervid vapour. We were quickly in an universal perspiration. The guides hurried us forward into another grotto, still deeper in the rock, where the steam was suffocating, and where we exuded at every pore. It was dark as pitch. An owl would not have been able to see an eagle within a foot of its saucer eyes. We were told to stoop and stretch out our hands. We did so, and immersed them in the boiling—or, at least, the gurgling, source of the Pfeffers. We then quaffed at this fountain of Hygeia.

Often had we slept in damp linen, while traveling through Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. We had now, by way of variety, a waking set of teguments saturated with moisture *ab interno*, as well as *ab externo*, to such an extent, that I believe each of us would have weighed at least half a stone more at our exit than on our entrance into this stew-pan of the Grison Alps.

On emerging into the damp, gelid, and gloomy atmosphere of the cavern, every thing appeared of a dazzling brightness after our short immersion in the Cimmerian darkness of the grotto. The transition of temperature was equally as abrupt as that of light. The vicissitude could have been little less than fifty or sixty degrees of Fahrenheit in one instant with all the disadvantage of dripping garments! It was like shifting the scene, with more than theatrical celerity, from the Black Hole of Calcutta to Fury Beach, or the snows of Nova Zembla. Some of the party less experienced in the effects of traveling than myself, considered themselves destined to illustrate the well-known allegory of the discontented—and that they would inevitably carry away with them a large cargo of that which thousands come here annually to get rid of—RHEUMATISM. I confess that I was not without some misgivings myself on this point, seeing that we had neither the means of changing our clothes nor of drying them—except by the heat of our bodies in the mountain breeze. The goddess of health, however, who is nearly related to the genius of tra-

veling, preserved us from all the bad consequences, thermometrical and hygometrical, of these abrupt vicissitudes.*

We retrograded along the narrow plank that suspended us over the profound abyss with caution, fear, and astonishment. The Tamina seemed to roar more loud and savage beneath us, as if incensed at our safe retreat. The sun had passed the meridian, and the gorge had assumed a far more lugubrious aspect than it wore on our entrance. The shivered rocks and splintered pinnacles that rose on each side of the torrent, in gothic arches of altitude sublime, seemed to frown on our retreating footsteps—while the human figures that moved at a distance along the crazy plank, before and behind us, frequently lost their just proportions, and assumed the most grotesque and extraordinary shapes and dimensions, according to the degree of light admitted by the narrow fissure above, and the scarcely discernible aperture at the extremity of this wonderful gorge. The Tamina, meanwhile, did not fail to play its part in the gorgeous scene—astonishing the eye by the rapidity of its movements, and astounding the ear by the vibrations of its echoes. It seemed to growl more furiously as we receded from the depths of the crevasse.

At length we gained the portal, and as the sun was still darting his bright rays into the deepest recesses of the ravine, glancing from the marble rocks, and glittering on the boiling torrent, the sudden transition from Cimmerian gloom to dazzling daylight, appeared like enchantment. While crossing the trembling bridge, I looked back on a scene which can never be eradicated from my memory. It is the most singular and impressive I have ever beheld on this globe, and compared with which, the Brunneus are “bubbles” indeed.†

* This circumstance illustrates, in a very remarkable manner, the effects of passing from a hot, or vapour-bath, into cold air or water. The immunity is nearly certain. The hotter the medium from which we start into the cold, the less danger there is of suffering any inconvenience. This principle in Hygiene is more understood than practised.

† Lest I should be suspected of exaggeration, in this account of the baths of Pfeffers, I shall here introduce a short extract from “Reminiscences of the Rhine,” &c. by Mrs. Boddington—a work eulogised to the skies in the Edinburgh Review, and its author represented (and, I understand, deservedly) as a lady of very superior talents and of strict veracity. After some slight notice of the bath-house, Mrs. B. proceeds thus:—

“Behind rolls the stormy Tamina, hemmed in at one side by the dark bath-house and the impending cliffs, while, on the other, a giant wall of perpendicular rock, starting up daringly, and shutting out the world—almost the light of Heaven—closes up the scene. Our guide proposed that we should visit the mineral springs that boil up from the depth of an awful cavern, several hundred paces from the bath-house. A bridge, thrown from rock to rock, crosses the flood, and a narrow ledge of planks, fixed, I know not how, against the side of the rock, and suspended over the fierce torrent, leads through a long, dark chasm to the source. I ventured but a little way; for, when I found myself on the terrifying shelf, without the slightest balustrade, and felt it slippery, from the continual spray, and saw nothing between us and the

While examining the waters, the baths, and the internal economy of the vast VALETUDINARIUM that stands in this savage locality, the bell announced the approach of the second, or superior dinner, which happened that day rather later than usual. The salon, overlooking the torrent of the Tamina, was soon replenished with guests of the better order; the canaille, or swarm of inferior invalids, having dined two hours or more previously, in the common *salle à manger*. It needed but little professional discrimination to class and specify them. The majority proclaimed the causes of their visits to the Pfeffers. Rheumatism, scrofula, and cutaneous diseases, formed the prominent features in this motley assemblage. Invalids, with chronic complaints, real or imaginary, such as abound at all watering-places, foreign and domestic, were mingled in the group; while a small portion, including our own party, evinced any thing but corporeal ailments—unless a “CANINE APPETITE,” at a genuine German *table d’hôte*, may be ranked among the evils to which English flesh is heir. Some monks, from the neighbouring monastery, (to which the baths belong,) took rank, and indeed precedence, in this small division. The mountain breeze and fervid sun of the convent of Pfeffers had bronzed them with much of that nut-brown complexion, which traveling exercise in the open air had conferred on their British visitors; while their sleek cheeks and portly corporations proved, almost to a demonstration, that the holy fathers descended into the profound ravine of the Tamina to give their benediction to the waters, rather than to drink them—and to add a sacred zest to the viands of the refectory, by the alacrity with which they swallowed them. Their appearance illustrated the truth of the adage, “What will not poison will fatten.”

Among the “miseries of human life” might be ranked that of dining, or rather starving, at a German *table d’hôte*—and that, too, in the midst of plenty! It is in such a place that the paradox is explained—*inopem me copia fecit*. Sir F. Head has remarked, that “the dish that is not acid is sure to be oily.” If this were all, we should have small reason to complain. The misfortune is, that not only oils and acids are liberally distributed among his messes, by that infernal agent, the *Maitre de Cuisine*, but every loathsome ingredient that the three kingdoms of nature can furnish, is crammed into every pot and saucepan in his subterranean dominion. Some philosophers have endeavoured to distinguish man from other animals, and elevate him on the scale of created beings, on account of his cooking propensities. I think they entitle him to an additional seven years in purgatory, if there be such a place, as our catholic brethren affirm there is! One thing is clear, however, that he is punished here below for the crimes which he commits against nature, by “torturing dishes from their native taste,” and mingling all un-

yawning gulf, to which darkness, thickening at every step, gave increased horror, I made a few rapid reflections on foolhardiness, and retreated.”

terable things in that box of Pandora—his accursed culinary cauldron.

The succession is not less abhorrent to the English palate than the composition of continental dishes. It is generally believed that animal and vegetable food is designed to be eaten together; otherwise nature would have furnished one side of the mouth with incisors and the other with grinders. In the “continental system” they take a very different view of things. When the vegetables (rather less than half-boiled, and swimming in oil) are on the table, there is no animal food—none, at least, that has not undergone more transubstantiations than Vishnou, and more metamorphoses than are recorded by Ovid. When meat smokes on the board, the vegetables have disappeared. The animal that was browsing or bleating on the mountains the preceding day, and slaughtered in the night, is burnt to a cinder, or boiled till little more than bones and sinews are left; in either case, it is some degrees harder and tougher than well-tanned sole-leather. As for poor chanticleer, his ablation from the roost—decapitation in the court-yard—*auto da fe* in the kitchen—dissection in the *salle à manger*—and sepulture in some dark recess of a German stomach, occupy about three quarters of an hour—the five acts of the tragedy being often enacted after the soup has gone its round of the *table d’hôte*. If the uninitiated Briton sometimes screws his courage up to make an attack on one of those petty fortresses of filth, called “MADE DISHES”—or if he endeavours to stifle the cravings of nature on sour bread, sour krout, or sour wine, he stands a fair chance to be visited with colic, if not cholera, before the day is over. Placed thus between Scylla and Charybdis—between the tortures of hunger and the terrors of poison, an oasis in the desert does sometimes greet his eye—a good substantial dish of capon, veal, or mutton. By an instinctive impulse, he brandishes his couteau, or solicits to be helped by a brother guest. But the fate of Tantalus is his doom. Just as the prize appears to be within his grasp, it vanishes with as much celerity as the dishes of poor Sancho did by the conjuror’s wand, in the island of Pandataria. The malicious waiter, aware of John Bull’s propensities, never takes his eye from the savoury viand till he snatches it off the table, for dissection at the sideboard. It is two to one that John Bull never tastes the desired fare. It is handed round to every one, before the *dissecta membra* reach him—if they ever do reach him, which is very problematical. Many a time have I seized the dish at the same moment with the waiter, and captured the prize by an unequivocal threat to chop off two or three of his fingers with my knife, if he persisted in his unhallowed “abduction.”

Long experience has taught me, that the best plan for an Englishman, whose stomach does not measure three feet in circumference, and who does not possess some secret antidote against all kinds of poisons, is to secure his place at the *table d’hôte*, and, when the soup comes in, to take a walk of full an hour round the town, and then come back to his place, when he may probably find a dish of some kind of animal food,

From Fraser's Magazine.

"QUARRELS OF" ZOOLOGISTS.

biped or quadruped, with sour bread, on which he may dine. The "vin ordinaire" is, of course, ordinary destruction to all stomachs which have not capacity for a pint of oil to qualify a quart of acid.

The foregoing sketch is not drawn from the ordinary of the Pfeffers—where, indeed, we had better fare than in many places of higher pretensions—but will apply very generally to the continent. I am well aware that great numbers of my countrymen have become *acclimaté* (if I may use the expression) to foreign cookery—or, more properly speaking, *denaturalised*, as to every thing which they put into their stomachs. By such folks I have been often asked, "How is it that the people of the continent live and thrive on the provender which you condemn?" My answer has been very short—and I have never received a satisfactory rejoinder. They do *not* live and thrive on the cookery which they use. On the contrary, they wither and die on it. The bills of mortality, in the most favoured parts of the continent, as compared with the same gloomy registers in England, prove, beyond contradiction, the shorter range of existence enjoyed by the inhabitants of the former, notwithstanding their advantages in respect of climate: while the unhealthy aspects, the stunted growth, and the large proportion of deformities, that meet the eye and attract the notice of English travellers in every part of Europe, attest the deleterious agency of some general cause on the human frame. As that agency can hardly be sought either wholly, or even principally, in the climate, the soil, the air, or the water, (excepting, of course, certain malarious and goitrous localities in Italy and the Alps,) we have fair reason to attribute much of the curtailment of life and deterioration of health to the denaturalisation of their food by complicated cookery, to their inordinate addiction to tobacco, to *malpropre* habits, and to the quality of their drink. If oily, acid, or rancid dishes, elaborated "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," half-boiled vegetables, meat just killed and then ciderised, with sour wine, be wholesome and nutritious, then the people of the continent ought to live to the age of the antediluvians.

Another fallacious argument has been adduced in favour of continental cookery and continental habits: namely, that the English enjoy good health while traveling, or even sojourning there. This may be true to the full extent, without invalidating the arguments adduced above. The English owe this improvement of health to climate, to change of air and scene, to the exercise of traveling, to earlier hours than they kept at home—and perhaps, in some degree, to the excitement resulting from novelty, and intercourse with strangers. I maintain that their health is neither improved nor sustained by the adoption of continental habits in eating, drinking, smoking, and some others which I shall not describe.

We have been selected as the organ of communication between the public and our old friend Charley Waterton, "the wanderer of South America," who, it would appear, has a crow to pluck with the illustrious ornithologist and "museum keeper," Jemmy Jameson, professor, &c., of Edinburgh. The following letter from that distinguished "traveller" to that equally eminent "naturalist" will be perused by the learned with increasing veneration for the acquirements of modern "professorship;" and the public at large will hence derive vast edification with no small share of amusement. The letter of our South American "wanderer" is written, we need not say, in the genuine *Tierra del Fuego* style, and is likely to make the professor's chair too hot to hold him. The marvellous topics discussed, and the wonderful natural phenomena, introduced in the course of this epistle to James, will remind the reading public very forcibly of the startling stories recounted by Mr. Waterton himself, in his celebrated quarto volume of adventures in another hemisphere; for now that he is domesticated among us, he is determined that we shall not lose the recollection of Charley "over the water." To have bestridden the scaly back of a crocodile, and thus crossed the Oronoko, would be a feather in any man's cap; and to say the truth of Charley, in the words of Junius, "it becomes him, and he wears it well." Long ago, Horace had told us, that the east wind was possessed by a singular propensity for taking a ride on the waves of Sicily—

"Per Siculas equitavit undas;

but commentators had been left in the dark as to the sort of steed used in this feat of equestrianism, a point, we conceive, on which, since the exploit of the "wanderer," there can be no longer any difficulty.

To draw a long bow, or, referring again to Horace,

"Equitare in arundine longa,"

is an Indian accomplishment of which Mr. Waterton has made himself perfect master during his rambles in Paraguay. In the present instance, poor Jameson is the target of his archery. We cannot but admire the hardihood, nay, the temerity, displayed in the selection of a butt to ordinary aggressors made sacred and inviolate by all the congregated titles of all the academies of Europe; for it is a fact, that not even the profound, modest, and sagacious Dinny Lardner can exhibit such a constellation of letters as form the attendant train of the Edinburgh professor: from Dresden to New York, from "Senkenberg" to Montreal, from Newcastle to Naples, every learned distinction (including an honorary membership of the ROYAL CORK INSTITUTION!) has been culled and interwoven into a garland for his brow; notwithstanding which, his wig is assailed with all the ferocity of a Caribbee. Heaven defend us from the tomahawk of Charley Waterton! who informs us, *en passant*, that "many quadrupeds, many reptiles, and above five thousand birds,

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have grassed under his dissecting knife." He no doubt keeps a catalogue of all his victims; but it would be a curious enquiry to ascertain (now that he has fairly dissected the professor) in which class of "quadruped," "reptile," or "bird,"—owl, snake, or jackass, he has registered the anatomy of the unfortunate Jemmy Jameson.

We ought to apologise to the lovers of fun for thus detaining them from the enjoyment of "inextinguishable laughter;" the scientific reader will be in time to draw quietly his own conclusions; but as for the critic, we think it right to give him warning of the peril attendant on the exercise of his functions in the case of "the wanderer." Let all such beware how they give utterance (in print) to any strictures or comments calculated to rouse the dormant anger of so tremendous an antagonist: let them dip cautiously into Charley's flood of eloquence, and eschew the jaws of the crocodile.

"Canes currentes bibere in flumine Nilo
A crocodilis ne rapiantur traditum est.

So sayeth Phædrus, a great naturalist in his day, and whose inventive faculty, like that of Waterton and Jameson, disported itself among birds and beasts.

"A LETTER TO JAMES JAMESON, ESQUIRE.

Regius Professor of Natural History, Lecturer on Mineralogy, and Keeper of the Museum in the University of Edinburgh; Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh; of the Antiquarian, Wernerian, and Horticultural Societies of Edinburgh; Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy, and of the Royal Dublin Society; Fellow of the Linnean and Geological Societies of London; Honorary Member of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta; of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, and of the Cambridge Philosophical Society; of the York, Bristol, Cambrian, Northern, and Cork Institutions; of the Natural History Society of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle; of the Royal Society of Sciences of Denmark; of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin; of the Royal Academy of Naples; of the Imperial Natural History Society of Moscow; of the Imperial Pharmaceutical Society of Petersburg; of the Natural History Society of Wetzlar; of the Mineralogical Society of Jena; of the Royal Mineralogical Society of Dresden; of the Natural History Society of Paris; of the Philomathic Society of Paris; of the Natural History Society of Calvados; of the Senkenberg Society of Natural History; of the Society of Natural Sciences and Medicine of Heidelberg; Honorary Member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York; of the New York Historical Society; of the American Antiquarian Society; of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York; of the Natural History Society of Montreal, &c.

"BY CHARLES WATERTON, ESQUIRE, OF WALTON HALL.

"O candour! whither art thou fled?—certainly not to Walton Hall."—*Jameson's Journal for January, 1835.*

"SIR,—If it be any satisfaction to you, I beg to inform you, that I feel the full force of your apostrophe. You have aimed a severe blow at me, which I did not expect from you; nor do I think that I have deserved it, as I am not aware that, in all my life, I have ever written or spoken one unfriendly word against you. Too often it happens, that many a poor bumble bee is trodden under foot which never stung the passing traveller.

"Through Audubon, you have aimed a blow at me;—through Audubon, I will level a shaft at you in my turn, with aim so just and true, that it will be utterly out of your power to ward it off.

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me, whether you praise or condemn Mr. Audubon: that is entirely your own affair. Had you not condescended to have

noticed me, in your recent review of his second book on the biography of birds, you might have given your lucubrations to the world without animadversion from me; and continued them, on any future day, without ever meeting my censure or applause. If, however, my opinion were asked, I should say, that I do not consider you qualified to review a work of ornithology. Somehow or other, I happen to have acquired just a sufficient stock of ornithological knowledge to enable me to perceive errors and misrepresentations innumerable in Audubon's pages; and I have seen a work, recently from America, which convinces me, more than ever, that his statements are not to be relied upon.

"Judge Hall, in the *Western Monthly Magazine* for July, 1834, p. 347, says of Audubon's biography of birds, 'The exaggerations contained in these sketches are such as to weaken our confidence in the entire work.' Judge Hall then pronounces 'the death of Mason' (Audubon has not even spelled the name right) to be 'altogether fabulous.' He remarks and proves, further on, that the whole account of the 'booming flood' of the Mississippi is 'overdrawn, and calculated to mislead.' In the affair of the hurricane, the judge shows by facts, that Audubon 'forfeits all claim to the reader's credence.' He goes on to state, that Kentucky was not discovered by Boon; and that Boon's stature did not approach the gigantic; nor 'did his muscular powers display themselves in the manner pretended.' In a word, the judge remarks, that 'this propensity for exaggeration is apparent throughout Mr. Audubon's book; and that, however accurate his sketches may have been originally, he has coloured them so highly as to deprive them of all resemblance of truth; and no western man can read his descriptions without a smile of incredulity.' But to the point.

"I rubbed my eyes, and began to suspect their powers of vision, when I read the following precious morsel of absurd fabrication in the *New Edinburgh Philosophical Journal of Science*, for April and June, 1827, conducted by James Jameson, Regius Professor of Natural History in the College of Edinburgh.

"To give you an idea of the long time this poison retains its property, I shall relate a curious but well authenticated series of facts, which took place in a central district of the state of Pennsylvania, some twelve or fifteen years ago. A farmer was so slightly bit through the boot by a rattlesnake, as he was walking to view his ripening corn-fields, that the pain felt was thought by him to have been from the scratch of a thorn, not having seen or heard the reptile: upon his return home, he felt, on a sudden, violently sick at stomach, vomited with great pain, and died in a few hours. Twelve months after this, the eldest son, who had taken his father's boots, put them on, and went to church at some distance. On his going to bed that night, whilst drawing off his boots, he felt slightly scratched on the leg; but merely mentioned it to his wife, and rubbed the place with his hand. In a few hours, however, he was awakened by violent pains, complained of general giddiness, fainted frequently, and expired before any succour could be applied with success; the cause of his illness also being quite a mystery. In course of time his effects were sold, and a second brother, through filial affection, purchased the boots; and, if I remember rightly, put them on about two years

"Audubon tells us, in page 503 of his *Biography*, that 'the stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the western forests approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent, his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb,' &c., &c."

"I know the thickness of an American farmer's boot; and I also know, that the largest rattlesnake of America cannot strike his fang through it so that the aperture, through which the poison issues, can be seen inside the boot."

after. As he drew them off he felt a scratch, and complained of it; when the widowed sister, being present, recollected that the same pain had been felt by her husband, on the like occasion: the youth went to bed, suffered, and died in the same way that his father and brother had before him. These repeated and singular deaths being rumoured in the country, a medical gentleman called upon the friends of the deceased to enquire into the particulars, and at once pronounced their deaths to have been occasioned by venom. The boots that had been the cause of complaint were brought to him, when he cut one of them open with care, and discovered the extreme point of the fang of a rattlesnake issuing from the leather, and assured the people that this had done all the mischief. To prove this satisfactorily, he scratched with it the nose of a dog; and the dog died in a few hours from the poisonous effect it was still able to convey.

"Pray, sir, where were your brains (whether had they fled?—certainly not to Walton Hall), when you unluckily received and approved of a narrative at once so preposterous, and so palpably fictitious! I have too high an opinion of your well known integrity even to suspect, for one moment, that you inserted it in your journal with the most distant intention of misleading your readers. I attribute the rash deed solely and wholly to your ignorance;—ignorance quite unparalleled, and unpardonable in a REGIUS PROFESSOR OF NATURAL HISTORY.

"If I am rightly informed, sir, you are proprietor of a MUSEUM; wherefore you must have had much more frequent and much better opportunities of improving yourself in zoology, than generally fall to the lot of other scientific gentlemen.

"Has, then, the dignity of the Regius-professorship lulled you into such a fatal security, that you have never once thought it necessary to examine the formation of a serpent's fang? which had you done, you never would have admitted Audubon's account of the rattlesnake into your journal; and thus you would have avoided that which, when this letter appears, must fill your friends with pity, and your admirers with regret.

"Audubon expressly states, that it was the *extreme point* of the fang which had done all the mischief; and in order to prove the correctness of his 'curious, but well authenticated [mind that, sir!] series of facts,' he introduces, to his everlasting confusion, a medical gentleman, who most opportunely discovered the *extreme point* of a rattlesnake's fang sticking in the boot which he had cut open; and then this said medical gentleman (who was he?) gravely told the bystanders, that this 'extreme point' had done all the mischief. By way of putting beyond all doubt his important discovery, 'he scratched with it the nose of a dog, and the dog died in a few hours.'

"Now, sir, as we are upon snakes, let me ask you in the name of the old serpent (as Jonathan calls him), when you had read this blundering narrative did you not recollect, that the *extreme point* of *all* serpents' fangs is a solid bone? and that the aperture through which the poison flows, when the snake is alive, is on the *convex* side of the curved fang, at a *distance* from the point? This being an absolute fact, it is utterly impossible that a dog could have been poisoned by a scratch. Suppose, for an instant, there was poison in the aperture, that poison was in a dried state; and before it could have been moistened, the booby of a doctor would have had to have thrust the broken fang into the nose, till the orifice was covered: and there it must have remained for some time before its contents could be in a state to enter the circulation. Again, sir, did it not occur to you, that the wound which the farmer received, and which was so slight, 'that the pain felt was thought by him to have been from the scratch of a thorn,' could not, by any chance, have been from the bite of a serpent? as you must have known, or, at least, you ought to have known, that a sting from

a snake's fang always causes instantaneous and most excruciating pain. So does the sting of our wasps and bees, which are mere pigmies to the smallest of the poisonous snakes. The *tooth* of a snake is fixed in the socket; the *fang* of a snake is moveable, and invariably on the upper jaw. Now I am decidedly of opinion, that no rattlesnake could strike the point of his fang through an American farmer's boot. But granting that Audubon's snake did it in this case, then the point of the fang must have been rankling in old Jonathan Clodpole's flesh all the time he was walking home; for the boot would fit just as closely to his leg *after* he had received his wound, as it had done *before* he received it.

"What I have said of the dog will equally apply to the two younger Doodles, who got their deaths by jumping into their father's boots.

"But, sir, when you came to that part of the narrative where you are told that the eldest son, twelve months after, put on his father's old tormentors, and walked to church in them, did you not marvel how he could walk and sit in them all day, and only just get a *slight scratch* on the leg when pulling them off at night to go to bed? And when the other brother put them on about two years after, and got his death also by a *scratch*, did you not wonder from whence the poison came?"

"However, sir, to cut the matter short, and in order that I may not run the risk of annoying you by too many questions, I beg to assure you, that the story of this depopulating Munchausen boot, which you have swallowed without straining, was current when I was a boy. With the exception of a few interpolations by Audubon, this very same story (which he had the effrontery to tell you all in Edinburgh was well authenticated, and 'took place in a central district of the state of Pennsylvania, some twelve or fifteen years ago') was considered a good joke, some fifty or sixty years back. The late Professor Barton, of the university of Pennsylvania, investigated it at the period of his publishing his pamphlets on the rattlesnake; and it turned out to be AN ARRANT YANKEE-DOODLE HOAX!

"I have done, sir, for the present, though I have a scourge of fearful asperity ready for other parts of 'Mr. Audubon's notes on the rattlesnake,' which he saw swallow a large American squirrel *tail-foremost*; to say nothing of the passenger pigeon, &c. &c.

"Some time or other, but not now, I may have occasion to comment on other papers which have appeared in your Journal with the signature of Audubon attached to them; and I may yet consider it necessary to show to the public, that you are no better qualified to review a work on birds than you are to lecture on the poisonous fangs of snakes.

"Cervantes formerly exclaimed:—'Para mio solo nacio Don Quixote, y yo para el. El supo obrar, y yo escribir. Solos los dos somos para en unio.' As far as a knowledge of the true habits of rattlesnakes is concerned, this quotation may be aptly applied to James Jameson, Esq., Regius Professor of Natural History in the College of Edinburgh, and to Mr. John James Audubon, Fellow of the Royal Society of London.

"If the contents of this letter should sting you, pray reflect, sir, that you deserve to smart a little for your

"Here we have two men and a dog poisoned by scratches. I challenge the *whole world* to produce one solitary instance of any animal being poisoned by the scratch of a rattlesnake's fang, or any other poisonous snake's fang. The formation of the fang itself shows beyond all doubt whatever that this cannot possibly be the case. The wound is *always* a puncture, as though it had been done by the point of a pin."

"Don Quixote was born for me, and I for him. He knew how to manufacture, and I to write. We were just the boys for each other."

wanton imprudence in holding up to public animadversion the conduct of a gentleman, who has never used you unkindly, either by word or deed. You are a Regius Professor, with above forty honorary titles after your name; I am a private individual scarcely known, whose care it is through life never to be the aggressor; but who will always resist to the utmost any attack made upon him, come from what quarter it may.

"I gratefully attribute whatever knowledge I may possess to the learned and inestimable fathers of the Society of Jesus at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire. I have traveled in far distant countries to study animated nature; and many quadrupeds, many reptiles, and above five thousand birds, have passed under my dissecting knife; so that I ought to know something of zoology; and were I not fearful of being thought vain, I would add that I consider myself your superior in that department of natural history.

"Should you honour me with a reply, I promise you that I will take an immediate and dispassionate notice of it; and I will address to you a second, a third, and a fourth letter, and so on. As you have first attacked me through Audubon, through him I will continue to point my dart at you. It shall be done in the following manner: I will take passages from some of his faulty pages, and then comment upon them—his bird of Washington, for example, in which I shall have to remark on the drawing, or the humming-bird, which he tells us can fly in six days after it is hatched, &c. &c.

"This mode of carrying on the warfare will answer well my ends. It will give me an opportunity of again bringing upon the stage certain individuals with whom I have not yet quite squared up accounts; and, at the same time, I trust it will be to you a kind of '*case ne titubet*'—that is, a hint, a warning, lest you make another false step, in your exertions to sound again in the public ear, 'O candour, whither art thou fled?'—certainly not to Walton Hall."

"I have the honour to be, sir,
your very obedient and humble servant,

CHARLES WATERTON.

"Walton Hall, Jan. 27, 1835."

INTERESTING ANTIQUES.

In digging lately at Kertch, in order to make a new pavement, a coffin was discovered of rather an ordinary description, made of freestone, about two archimes long, one wide and one thick. On opening the coffin, a superb black urn was found, of the Etruscan form, and of large dimensions, ornamented with bas-reliefs, and gilt in some part. It was placed at the feet of the corpse, upon whose head was a golden laurel crown, beautifully executed, and weighing thirty-six zolotniks, or about thirteen ounces of the purest gold. Near to one of the shoulders, a round piece of gold was found, bearing some resemblance to a medal, having on one side the figure of a woman in relief, and on the other that of Mercury clothed as a shepherd. There are also in the tomb a strigil of iron, and another object of the same metal surrounded by copper rings. Upon the coffin-lid there was a common urn of potter's clay, full of the bones of birds, which had probably been sacrificed to the manes of the deceased. These discoveries were made under the superintendence of M. Kareicha, who is occupied in making archeological researches for the Emperor of Russia. This gentleman caused the ground in the neighbourhood to be examined; and after some hours' research, a second coffin was discovered, similar to the first; but it contained a much greater number of objects, and of very superior workmanship to the first.—*Journal d'Odessa*.

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

(Continued from p. 436.)

And as I lay in bed, thinking that I was now nearly twenty years old, and had not yet made any discovery, my heart sank within me. My monomania returned with redoubled force, and I resolved to renew my search with vigour. So I told Timothy the next morning, when he came into my room, but from him I received little consolation; he advised me to look out for a good match in a rich wife, and leave time to develop the mystery of my birth; pointing out the little chance I ever had of success. Town was not full, the season had hardly commenced, and we had few invitations or visits to distract my thoughts from their object. My leg became so painful, that for a week I was on the sofa, Timothy every day going out to ascertain if he could find the person whom we had seen resembling me, and every evening returning without success. I became melancholy and nervous. Carbonnell could not imagine what was the matter with me. At last I was able to walk, and I sallied forth, perambulating, or rather running through street after street, looking into every carriage, so as to occasion surprise to the occupants, who believed me mad; my dress and person were disordered, for I had become indifferent to it, and Timothy himself believed that I was going out of my senses. At last, after we had been in town about five weeks, I saw the very object of my search, seated in a carriage, of a dark brown colour, arms painted in shades, so as not to be distinguishable but at a near approach; his hat was off, and he sat upright and formally. "That is he!" ejaculated I, and away I ran after the carriage. "It is the nose," cried I, as I ran down the street, knocking every one to the right and left. I lost my hat, but fearful of losing sight of the carriage, I hastened on, when I heard a cry of "Stop him, stop him!" "Stop him," cried I, also, referring to the gentleman in black in the carriage.

"That won't do," cried a man, seizing me by the collar; "I know a trick worth two of that."

"Let me go," roared I, struggling; but he only held me the faster. I tussled with the man until my coat and shirt were torn, but in vain; the crowd now assembled, and I was fast. The fact was, that a pickpocket had been exercising his vocation at the time that I was running past, and from my haste, and loss of my hat, I was supposed to be the criminal. The police took charge of me—I pleaded innocence in vain, and I was dragged before the magistrate, at Marlborough street. My appearance, the disorder of my dress, my coat and shirt in ribbons, with no hat, were certainly not at all in my favour, when I made my appearance, led in by two Bow street officers.

"Who have we here?" enquired the magistrate.

"A pickpocket, sir," replied they.

"Ah! one of the swell mob," replied he. "Are there any witnesses?"

"Yes, sir," replied a young man, coming forward. "I was walking up Bond street, when I felt a tug at my pocket, and when I turned round, this chap was running away."

"Can you swear to his person?"

There were plenty to swear that I was the person who ran away. "Now, sir, have you any thing to offer in your defence?" said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir," replied I; "I certainly was running down the street; and it may be, for all I know or care, that this person's pocket may have been picked—but I did not pick it. I am a gentleman."

"All your fraternity lay claim to gentility," replied the magistrate; "perhaps you will state why you were running down the street."

"I was running after a carriage, sir, that I might speak to the person inside."

"Pray who was the person inside of it?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Why should you run after a person you do not know?"

"It was because of his nose."

"His nose?" replied the magistrate, angrily. "Do you think to trifle with me, sir? You shall now follow your own nose to prison. Make out his committal."

"As you please, sir," replied I; "but still I have told you the truth; if you will allow any one to take a note, I will soon prove my respectability. I ask it in common justice."

"Be it so," replied the magistrate; "let him sit down within the bar till the answer comes."

In less than an hour, my note to Major Carbonnell was answered by his appearance in person, followed by Timothy. Carbonnell walked up to the magistrate, while Timothy asked the officers in an angry tone, what they had been doing to his master. This rather surprised them, but both they and the magistrate were much surprised when the major asserted that I was his most particular friend, Mr. Newland, who possessed £10,000 per annum, and who was as well known in fashionable society, as any young man of fortune about town. The magistrate explained what had passed, and asked the major if I was not a little deranged; but the major, who perceived what was the cause of my strange behaviour, told him that somebody had insulted me, and that I was very anxious to lay hold of the person, who had avoided me, and who must have been in that carriage.

"I am afraid, that after your explanation, Major Carbonnell, I must, as a magistrate, bind over your friend, Mr. Newland, to keep the peace."

To this I consented, the major and Timothy being taken as recognisances, and then I was permitted to depart. The major sent for a hackney coach, and when we were going home he pointed out to me the folly of my conduct, and received my promise to be more careful for the future. Thus did this affair end, and for a short time I was more careful in my appearance, and not so very anxious to look into carriages; still, however, the idea haunted me, and I was often very melancholy. It was about a month afterwards, that I was sauntering with the major, who now considered me to be insane upon that point, and who would seldom allow me to go out without him, when I again perceived the same carriage, with the gentleman inside as before.

"There he is, major," cried I.

"There is who?" replied he.

"The man so like my father."

"What, in that carriage? that is the Bishop of E—, my good fellow. What a strange idea you have in your head, Newland; it almost amounts to madness. Do not be staring in that way—come along."

Still my head was turned quite round, looking at the carriage after it had passed, till it was out of sight; but I knew who the party was, and for the time I was satisfied, as I determined to find out his address, and call upon him. I narrated to Timothy what had occurred, and referring to the Red Book, I looked out the bishop's town address, and the next day after breakfast, having arranged my toilet with the utmost precision, I made an excuse to the major, and set off to Portland Place. My hand trembled as I knocked at the door. It was opened. I went in my card, requesting the honour of an audience with his lordship. After waiting a few minutes in an ante-room, I was ushered in. "My lord," said I, in a hurried manner, "will you allow me to have a few minutes' conversation with you alone?"

"This gentleman is my secretary, sir, but if you wish it certainly, for although he is my confidant, I have no right to insist that he shall be yours. Mr. Temple, will you oblige me, by going up stairs for a little while?"

The secretary quitted the room, the bishop pointed to a chair, and I sat down. I looked him earnestly in the face—the nose was exact, and I imagined that even in the other features I could distinguish a resemblance. I was satisfied that I had at last gained the object of my search. "I believe, sir," observed I, "that you will acknowledge, that in the heat and impetuosity of youth we often rush into hasty and improvident connections."

I paused, with my eyes fixed upon his. "Very true, my young sir; and when we do we are ashamed, and repent of them afterwards," replied the bishop, rather astonished.

"I grant that, sir," replied I; "but at the same time, we must feel that we must abide by the results, however unpleasant."

"When we do wrong, Mr. Newland," replied the bishop, first looking at my card, and then upon me, "we find that we are not only to be punished in the next world, but suffer for it also in this. I trust you have no reason for such suffering?"

"Unfortunately, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, and, in that view, I may say that I have suffered."

"My dear sir," replied the bishop, "I trust you will excuse me, when I say, that my time is rather valuable; if you have any thing of importance to communicate—any thing upon which you would ask my advice—for assistance you do not appear to require, do me the favour to proceed at once to the point."

"I will, sir, be as concise as the matter will admit of. Allow me, then, to ask you a few questions, and I trust to your honour, and the dignity of your profession, for a candid answer. Did you not marry a young woman early in life? and were you not very much pressed in your circumstances?"

The bishop stared. "Really, Mr. Newland, it is a strange question, and I cannot imagine to what it may lead, but still I will answer it. I did marry early in life, and I was at that time not in very affluent circumstances."

"You had a child by that marriage—your eldest born is a boy?"

"That is also true, Mr. Newland," replied the bishop, gravely.

"How long is it since you have seen him?"

"It is many years," replied the bishop, putting his handkerchief up to his eyes.

"Answer me, now, sir;—did you not desert him?"

"No, no!" replied the bishop. "It is strange that you should appear to know so much about the matter, Mr. Newland, as you could have hardly been born. I was poor then—very poor; but although I could ill afford it, he had £50 from me."

"But, sir," replied I, much agitated; "why have you not reclaimed him?"

"I would have reclaimed him, Mr. Newland—but what could I do—he was not to be reclaimed; and now—he is lost for ever."

"Surely, sir, in your present affluence, you must wish to see him again?"

"He died, and I trust he has gone to heaven," replied the bishop, covering up his face.

"No, sir," replied I, throwing myself on my knees before him, "he did not die, here he is at your feet, to ask your blessing."

The bishop sprang from his chair. "What does this mean, sir?" said he, with astonishment. "You my son!"

"Yes, reverend father—your son; who, with £50 you left—"

"On the top of the Portsmouth coach!"

"No, sir, in the basket."

"My son! sir,—impossible; he died in the hospital."

"No, sir, he has come out of the hospital," replied I; "and as you perceive, safe and well."

"Either, sir, this must be some strange mistake, or you must be trifling with me," replied his lordship; "for, sir, I was at his death-bed, and followed him to his grave."

"Are you sure of that, sir?" replied I, starting up with amazement.

"I wish that I was not, sir—for I am now childless; but pray, sir, who, and what are you, who know so much of my former life, and would have thus imposed upon me?"

"Imposed upon you, sir!" replied I, perceiving that I was in error. "Alas! I would do no such thing. Who am I? I am a young man who is in search of his father. Your face, and especially your nose, so resembled mine, that I made sure that I had succeeded. Pity me, sir—pity me," continued I, covering up my face with my hands.

The bishop, perceiving that there was little of the impostor in my appearance, and that I was much affected, allowed a short time for me to recover myself, and then entered into an explanation. When a curate, he had had an only son, very wild, who would go to sea in spite of his remonstrances. He saw him depart by the Portsmouth coach, and gave him the sum mentioned. His son received a mortal wound in action, and was sent to the Plymouth hospital, where he died. I then entered into my explanation in a few concise sentences, and with a heart beating with disappointment, took my leave. The bishop shook hands with me as I quitted the room, and wished me better success at my next application.

I went home almost in despair. Timothy consoled me as well as he could, and advised me to go as much as possible into society, as the most likely chance of obtaining my wish, not that he considered there was any chance, but he thought that amusement would restore me to my usual spirits. "I will go and visit little Fleta," replied I, "for a few days; the sight of her will do me more good than any thing else." And the next day I set off to the town of —, where I found the dear little girl, much grown, and much improved. I remained with her for a week, walking with her in the country, amusing her, and amused myself with our conversation. At the close of the week I bade her farewell, and returned to the major's lodgings.

I was astonished to find him in deep mourning. "My dear Carboneil," said I, enquiringly, "I hope no severe loss?"

"Nay, my dear Newland, I should be a hypocrite if I said so: for there never was a more merry mourner, and that's the truth of it. Mr. M——, who, you know, stood between me and the peerage, has been drowned in the Rhone; I now have a squeak for it. His wife has one daughter, and is *enceinte*. Should the child prove a boy, I am done for; but if a girl, I must then come in to the barony, and £15,000 per annum. However, I've hedged pretty handsomely."

"How do you mean?"

"Why they say that when a woman commences with girls, she generally goes on, and the odds are two to one that Mrs. M—— has a girl. I have taken the odds at the clubs to the amount of £15,000; so if it be a girl I shall have to pay that out of my £15,000 per annum, as soon as I fall into it; if it is a boy, and I'm floored, I shall pocket £30,000 by way of consolation for the disappointment. They are all good men."

"Yes, but they know you never pay."

"They know I never do now, because I have no money; but they know I will pay if I come into the estate; and so I will, most honourably, besides a few more thousands that I have in my book."

"I congratulate you, with all my heart, major. How old is the present Lord B——?"

"I have just been examining the peerage—he is sixty-two; but he is very fresh and hearty, and may live a long

while yet. By the by, Newland, I committed a great error last night at the club. I played pretty high, and lost a great deal of money."

"That is unfortunate."

"That was not the error; I actually paid all my losses, Newland, and it has reduced the stock amazingly. I lost £750. I know I ought not to have paid away your money, but the fact was, as I was hedging, it would not do not to have paid, as I could not have made up my book as I wished. It is, however, only waiting a few weeks, till Mrs. M—— decides my fate, and then, either one way or the other, I shall have money enough. If your people won't give you any more till you are of age, why we must send to a little friend of mine, that's all, and you shall borrow for both of us."

"Borrow!" replied I, not much liking the idea; "they will never lend me money."

"Won't they," replied the major; "no fear of that. Your signature, and my introduction, will be quite sufficient."

"We had better try to do without it, major; I do not much like it."

"Well, if we can, we will; but I have not fifty pounds left in my desk; how much have you?"

"About twenty," replied I, in despair at this intelligence; "but I think there is a small sum left at the banker's; I will go and see." I took up my hat and set off, to ascertain what funds we might have in store.

I must say, that I was much annoyed at this intelligence. The money-lenders would not be satisfied unless they knew where my estates were, and had examined the will at Doctors' Commons: then all would be exposed to the major, and I should be considered by him as an impostor. I walked down Pall Mall in a very unhappy mood, so deep in thought, that I ran against a lady, who was stepping out of her carriage at a fashionable shop. She turned round, and I was making my best apologies to a very handsome woman, when her earrings caught my attention. They were of alternate coral and gold, and the fac simile in make to the chain given by Nattee to Fleta. During my last visit, I had often had the chain in my hand, and particularly marked the workmanship. To make more sure, I followed her into the shop, and stood behind her, carefully examining them, as she looked over a quantity of laces. There could be no doubt. I waited till the lady rose to go away, and then addressed the shopman, asking the lady's name. He did not know—she was a stranger; but perhaps Mr. H——, the master, did, and he went back to ask the question. Mr. H—— being at that moment busy, the man stayed so long, that I heard the carriage drive off. Fearful of losing sight of the lady, I took to my heels, and ran out of the shop. My sudden flight from the counter, covered with lace, made them imagine that I had stolen some, and they cried out, "Stop thief!" as loud as they could, springing over the counter, and pursuing me as I pursued the carriage, which was driven at a rapid pace.

A man perceiving me running, and others, without their hats, following, with the cries of "Stop thief," put out his leg, and I fell on the pavement, the blood rushing in torrents from my nose. I was seized, roughly handled, and again handed over to the police, who carried me before the same magistrate in Marlborough street.

"What is this?" demanded the magistrate.

"A shoplifter, your worship."

"I am not, sir," replied I; "you know me well enough, I am Mr. Newland."

"Mr. Newland!" replied the magistrate, suspiciously; "this is strange, a second time to appear before me upon such a charge."

"And just as innocent as before, sir."

"You'll excuse me, sir, but I must have my suspicions this time. Where is the evidence?"

The people of the shop then came forward, and stated what had occurred. "Let him be searched," said the magistrate.

"I was searched, but nothing was found upon me. Are you satisfied, now, sir?" enquired I.

"By no means. Let the people go back and look over their laces, and see if any are missing; in the mean time I shall detain you, for it is very easy to get rid of a small article, such as lace, when you are caught."

The men went away, and I wrote a note to Major Carbonnell, requesting his attendance. He arrived at the same time as the shopman, and I told him what had happened. The shopman declared that the stock was not correct; as far as they could judge, there were two pieces of lace missing.

"If so, I did not take them," replied I.

"Upon my honour, Mr. B——," said the major, to the magistrate, "it is very hard for a gentleman to be treated in this manner. This is the second time that I have been sent for to vouch for his respectability."

"Very true, sir," replied the magistrate; "but allow me to ask Mr. Newland, as he calls himself, what induced him to follow a lady into the shop?"

"Her ear-rings," replied I.

"Her ear-rings! why, sir, the last time you were brought before me, you said it was after a gentlemen's nose—now it appears you were attracted by a lady's ears; and pray, sir, what induced you to run out of the shop?"

"Because I wanted particularly to enquire about her ear-rings, sir."

"I cannot understand these paltry excuses; there are, it appears, two pieces of lace missing. I must remand you for further examination, sir; and you also, sir," said the magistrate, to Major Carbonnell; "for if he is a swindler, you must be an accomplice."

"Sir," replied Major Carbonnell, sneeringly, "you are certainly a very good judge of a gentleman, when you happen by accident to be in his company. With your leave, I will send a note to another confederate."

The major then wrote a note to Lord Windermear, which he despatched by Timothy, who, hearing I was in trouble, had accompanied the major. And while he was away, the major and I sat down, he giving himself all manner of airs, much to the annoyance of the magistrate, who at last threatened to commit him immediately. "You'll repent this," replied the major, who perceived Lord Windermear coming in.

"You shall repent it, sir, by God," cried the magistrate in a great passion.

"Put five shillings in the box for swearing, Mr. B——. You fine other people," said the major. "Here is my other confederate, Lord Windermear."

"Carbonnell," said Lord Windermear, "what is all this?"

"Nothing, my lord, except that our friend Newland is taken up for shoplifting, because he thought proper to run after a pretty woman's carriage; and I am accused by his worship of being his confederate. I could forgive his suspicions of Mr. Newland in that plight; but as for his taking me for one of the swell mob, it proves a great deficiency of judgment; perhaps he will commit your lordship also, as he may not be aware that your lordship's person is above caption."

"I can assure you, sir," said Lord Windermear, proudly, "that this is my relative, Major Carbonnell, and the other is my friend, Mr. Newland. I will bail them for any sum you please."

The magistrate felt astonished and annoyed, for after all he had only done his duty. Before he could reply, a man came from the shop to say that the laces had been found all right. Lord Windermear then took me aside, and I narrated what had happened. He recollected the story of Fleta in my narrative of my life, and felt that I

was right in trying to find out who the lady was. The magistrate now apologised for the detention, but explained to his lordship how I had before made my appearance upon another charge, and with a low bow we were dismissed.

"My dear Mr. Newland," said his lordship, "I trust that this will be a warning to you, not to run after other people's noses and ear-rings; at the same time, I will certainly keep a look out for those very ear-rings myself. Major, I wish you a good morning."

His lordship then shook us both by the hand, and saying that he should be glad to see more of me than he latterly had done, stepped into his carriage and drove off.

"What the devil did his lordship mean about ear-rings, Newland?" enquired the major.

"I told him that I was examining the lady's ear-rings, as very remarkable," replied I.

"You appear to be able to deceive every body but me, my good fellow. I know that you were examining the lady herself." I left the major in his error, by making no reply.

When I came down to breakfast the next morning, the major said, "My dear Newland, I have taken the liberty of requesting a very old friend of mine to come and meet you this morning. I will not disguise from you that it is Emmanuel, the money-lender. Money you must have until my affairs are decided one way or the other; and, in this instance, I will most faithfully repay the sum borrowed, as soon as I receive the amount of my bets, or am certain of succeeding to the title, which is one and the same thing."

I bit my lips, for I was not a little annoyed; but what could be done? I must have either confessed my real situation to the major, or have appeared to raise scruples, which, as the supposed heir to a large fortune, would have seemed to him to be very frivolous. I thought it better to let the affair take its chance. "Well," replied I, "if it must be, it must be; but it shall be on my own terms."

"Nay," observed the major, "there is no fear but that he will consent, and without any trouble."

After a moment's reflection I went up stairs, and rang for Timothy. "Tim," said I, "hear me; I now make you a solemn promise, on my honour as a gentleman, that I will never borrow money upon interest, and until you release me from it, I shall adhere to my word."

"Very well, sir," replied Timothy; "I guess your reason for so doing, and I expect you will keep your word. Is that all?"

"Yes; now you may take up the urn."

We had finished our breakfast, when Timothy announced Mr. Emmanuel, who followed him into the room. "Well, old cent per cent, how are you?" said the major. "Allow me to introduce my most particular friend, Mr. Newland."

"Auh! Master Major," replied the descendant of Abraham, a little puny creature, bent double with infirmity, and carrying one hand behind his back, as if to counterbalance the projection of his head and shoulders. "You vash please to call me shent per shent. I wish I vash able to make de monies pay that. Mr. Newland, can I be of any little service to you?"

"Sit down, sit down, Emmanuel. You have my warrant for Mr. Newland's respectability, and the sooner we get over the business the better."

"Auh, Mr. Major, it ish true, you was recommend many good—no, not always good, customers to me, and I was very much obliged. Vat can I do for your handsome young friend? De young gentlemen always vant money; and it is de youth which is de time for de pleasure and enjoyment."

"He wants a thousand pounds, Emmanuel."

"Dat is a large sum—one tousand pounds! he does not vant any more?"

"No," replied I, "that will be sufficient."

"Vell, den, I have de monish in my pocket. I will just beg de young gentleman to sign a little memorandum, dat I may von day receive my monish."

"But what is that to be?" interrupted I.

"It will be to promise to pay me my monish, and only fifteen per shent, when you come into your own."

"That will not do," replied I; "I have pledged my solemn word of honour, that I will not borrow money on interest."

"And you have given de pledge, but you did not swear upon de book?"

"No, but my word has been given, and that is enough; if I would forfeit my word with those to whom I have given it, I would also forfeit my word with you. My keeping my promise, ought to be a pledge to you that I will keep my promise to you."

"Dat is vell said—very vell said; but den we must manage some oder way. Suppose—let me shée—how old are you, my young sir?"

"Past twenty."

"Auh, dat is a very pleasant age, dat twenty. Vell den, you shall shign a leetle bit of paper, that you pay me £3,000 ven you come into your properties, on condition dat I pay now one tousand. Dat is very fair—is it not, Mr. Major?"

"Rather too hard, Emmanuel."

"But de risque—de risque, Mr. Major."

"I will not agree to those terms," replied I; "you must take your money away, Mr. Emmanuel."

"Vell, den—vat vill you pay me?"

"I will sign an agreement to pay you £1,500 for the tousand, if you please; if that will not suit you, I will try elsewhere."

"Dat is very bad bargain. How old, you shay?"

"Twenty."

"Vell, I shuppose I must oblige you, and my very good friend, de major."

Mr. Emmanuel drew out his spectacles, pen, and ink-horn, filled up a bond, and handed it to me to sign. I read it carefully over, and signed it; he then paid down the money, and took his leave.

It may appear strange to the reader that the money was obtained so easily, but he must remember that the major was considered a person who universally attached himself to young men of large fortune; he had already been the means of throwing many profitable speculations into the hands of Emmanuel, and the latter put implicit confidence in him. The money-lenders also are always on the look-out for young men with large fortunes, and have their names registered. Emmanuel had long expected me to come to him, and although it was his intention to have examined more particularly, and not to have had the money prepared, yet my refusal to sign the bond, bearing interest, and my disputing the terms of the second proposal, blinded him completely, and put him off his usual guard.

"Upon my word, Newland, you obtained better terms than I could have expected from the old hunks."

"Much better than I expected also, major," replied I; "but now, how much of the money would you like to have?"

"My dear fellow, this is very handsome of you; but, I thank heaven, I shall be soon able to repay it; but what pleases me, Newland, is your perfect confidence in one, whom the rest of the world would not trust with a shilling. I will accept your offer as freely as it is made, and take £500, just to make a show for the few weeks that I am in suspense, and then you will find, that, with all my faults, I am not deficient in gratitude." I divided the money with the major, and he shortly afterwards went out.

"Well, sir," said Timothy, entering, full of curiosity, "what have you done?"

"I have borrowed a thousand to pay fifteen hundred when I come into my property."

"You are safe then. Excellent, and the Jew will be bit."

"No, Timothy, I intend to repay it as soon as I can."

"I should like to know when that will be."

"So should I, Tim, for it must depend upon my finding out my parentage." Heigho, thought I, when shall I ever find out who is my father?

I dressed and went out, met Harcourt, dined with him, and on my return the major had not come home. It was then past midnight, and feeling little inclination to sleep, I remained in the drawing-room waiting for his arrival. About three o'clock he came in, flushed in the face, and apparently in high good humour.

"Newland," said he, throwing his pocket-book on the table, "just open that, and then you will open your eyes."

I obeyed him, and to my surprise took out a bundle of bank-notes; I counted up their value, and they amounted to £3,500.

"You have been fortunate, indeed."

"Yes," replied the major; "knowing that in a short time I shall be certain of cash, one way or the other, I had resolved to try my luck with the £500. I went to the hazard table, and threw in seventeen times—hedged upon the deuce ace, and threw out with it—voilà. They won't catch me there again in a hurry—luck like that only comes once in a man's life; but, Japhet, there is a little drawback to all this. I shall require your kind attendance in two or three hours."

"Why what's the matter?"

"Merely an affair of honour. I was insulted by a vagabond, and we meet at six o'clock."

"A vagabond—but surely, Carbonnell, you will not condescend—"

"My dear fellow, although as great a vagabond as there is on the face of the earth, yet he is a peer of the realm, and his title warrants the meeting—but after all, what is it?"

"I trust it will be nothing, Carbonnell, but still it may prove otherwise."

"Granted; and what then, my dear Newland? we all owe heaven a death, and if I am flogged, why then I shall no longer be anxious about title or fortune."

"It's a bad way of settling a dispute," replied I, gravely.

"There is no other, Newland. How would society be held in check if it were not for duelling? We should all be a set of bears living in a bear-garden. I presume you have never been out?"

"Never," replied I, "and had hoped that I never should have."

"Then you must have better fortune, or better temper than most others, if you pass through life without an affair of this kind on your hands. I mean as principal, not as second. But, my dear fellow, I must give you a little advice, relative to your behaviour as a second; for I'm very particular on these occasions, and like that things should be done very correctly. It will never do, my dear Newland, that you appear on the ground with that melancholy face. I do not mean that you should laugh, or even smile, that were equally out of character, but you should show yourself perfectly calm and indifferent. In your behaviour towards the other second, you must be most scrupulously polite, but at the same time never give up a point of dispute, in which my interest may be concerned. Even in your walk be slow, and move, as much as the ground will allow you, as if you were in a drawing-room. Never remain silent; offer even trivial remarks, rather than appear *distrait*. There is one point of great importance—I refer to choosing the ground, in which, perhaps, you will require my unperceived assistance. Any decided

line behind me would be very advantageous to my adversary, such as the trunk of a tree, post, &c., even an elevated light or dark ground behind me is unadvisable. Choose, if you can, a broken light, as it affects the correctness of the aim; but as you will not probably be able to manage this satisfactorily, I will assist you. When on the ground, after having divided the sun fairly between us, I shall walk about unconcernedly, and when I perceive a judicious spot, I will take a pinch of snuff and use my handkerchief, turning at the same time in the direction in which I wish my adversary to be placed. Take your cue from that, and with all suavity of manner, insist as much as you can upon our being so placed. That must be left to your own persuasive powers. I believe I have now stated all that is necessary, and I must prepare my instruments."

The major then went into his own room, and I never felt more nervous or more uninghned than after this conversation. I had a melancholy foreboding—but that I believe every one has, when he, for the first time, has to assist at a mortal rencontre. I was in a deep musing when he returned with his pistols and all the necessary apparatus, and when the major pointed out to me, and made me once or twice practise the setting of the hair triggers, which is the duty of the second, an involuntary shudder came over me.

"Why, Newland, what is the matter with you? I thought that you had more nerve."

"I probably should show more, Carbonnell, were I the principal instead of the second, but I cannot bear the reflection that some accident should happen to you. You are the only one with whom I have been on terms of friendship, and the idea of losing you, is very, very painful."

"Newland, you really quite unman me, and you may now see a miracle," continued Carbonnell, as he pressed his hand to his eye, "the moisture of a tear on the cheek of a London *roué*, a man of the world, who has long lived for himself and for this world only. It never would be credited if asserted. Newland, there was a time when I was like yourself—the world took advantage of my ingenuousness and inexperience; my good feelings were the cause of my ruin, and then by degrees I became as callous and as hardened as the world itself. My dear fellow, I thought all affection, all sentiment, dried up within me, but it is not the case. You have made me feel that I have still a heart, and that I can love you. But this is all romance, and not fitted for the present time. It is now five o'clock, let us be on the ground early—it will give us an advantage."

"I do not much like speaking to you on the subject, Carbonnell; but is there nothing that you might wish done in case of accident?"

"Nothing—why yes. I may as well. Give me a sheet of paper." The major sat down and wrote for a few minutes. "Now, send Timothy and another here. Timothy, and you, sir, see me sign this paper and put my seal to it. I deliver this as my act and deed. Put your names as witnesses." They complied with his request, and then the major desired Timothy to call a hackney-coach. "Newland," said the major, putting the paper, folded up, in my pocket, along with the bank-notes, "take care of this for me till we come back."

"The coach is at the door, sir," said Timothy, looking at me, as if to say, "What can all this be about?"

"You may come with us and see," said the major, observing Tim's countenance, "and put that case into the coach." Tim, who knew that it was the major's case of pistols, appeared still more alarmed, and stood still without obeying the order. "Never mind, Tim, your master is not the one who is to use them," said the major, patting him on the shoulder.

Timothy, relieved by this intelligence, went down stairs with the pistols; we followed him. Tim mount-

ed on the box, and we drove to Chalk Farm. "Shall the coach wait?" enquired Timothy.

"Yes, by all means," replied I, in a low voice. We arrived at the usual ground, where disputes of this kind were generally settled; and the major took a survey of it with great composure.

"Now observe, Japhet," said he, "if you can contrive—; but here they are. I will give you the notice agreed upon." The peer, whose title was Lord Tineholme, now came up with his second, whom he introduced to me as Mr. Osborn. "Mr. Newland," replied the major, saluting Mr. Osborn in return. We both took off our hats, bowed, and then proceeded to our duty. I must do my adversary's second the justice to say, that his politeness was fully equal to mine. There was no mention on either side of explanations and retractions—the insult was too gross, and the character of his lordship, as well as that of Major Carbonnell, was too well known. Twelve paces were proposed by Mr. Osborn, and agreed to by me—the pistols of Major Carbonnell were gained by drawing lots—we had nothing more to do but to place our principals. The major took out his snuff-box, took a pinch, and blew his nose, turning towards a copse of beech trees.

"With your permission, I will mark out the ground, Mr. Osborn," said I, walking up to the major, and intending to pace twelve paces in the direction towards which he faced.

"Allow me to observe that I think a little more in this direction, would be more fair for both parties," said Mr. Osborn.

"It would so, my dear sir," replied I, "but submitting to your superior judgment, perhaps it may have not struck you that my principal will have rather too much of the sun. I am incapable of taking any advantage, but I should not do my duty if I did not see every justice done to the major, who has confided to me in this unpleasant affair. I put it to you, sir, as a gentleman and man of honour, whether I am claiming too much?" A little amicable altercation took place on this point, but finding that I would not yield, and that at every reply I was more and more polite and bland in my deportment, Mr. Osborn gave up the point. I walked the twelve paces, and Mr. Osborn placed his principal. I observed that Lord Tineholme did not appear pleased; he expostulated with him, but it was then too late. The pistols had been already loaded—the choice was given to his lordship, and Major Carbonnell received the other from my hand, which actually trembled, while his was firm. I requested Mr. Osborn to drop the handkerchief, as I could not make up my mind to give a signal which might be fatal to the major. They fired—Lord Tineholme fell immediately—the major remained on his feet for a second or two, and then sank down on the ground. I hastened up to him. "Where are you hurt?"

The major put his hand to his hip—"I am hit hard, Newland, but not so hard as he is. Run and see."

I left the major, and went up to where Lord Tineholme lay, his head raised on the knee of his second.

"It is all over with him, Mr. Newland, the ball has passed through his brain."

I hastened back to the major, to examine his wound, and, with the assistance of Timothy, I stripped him sufficiently to ascertain that the ball had entered his hip, and probing the wound with my finger, it appeared that it had glanced off in the direction of the intestines; the suffusion of blood was very trifling, which alarmed me still more.

"Could you bear removal, major, in the coach?"

"I cannot tell, but we must try; the sooner I am home the better, Japhet," replied he faintly.

With the assistance of Timothy, I put him into the hackney-coach, and we drove off, after I had taken off my hat and made my obeisance to Mr. Osborn, an effort

of politeness: which I certainly should have neglected, had I not been reminded of it by my principal. We set off, and the major bore his journey very well, making no complaint, but on our arrival he fainted as we lifted him out. As soon as he was on the bed, I despatched Timothy for a surgeon. On his arrival he examined the wound, and shook his head. Taking me into the next room, he declared his opinion, that the ball had passed into the intestines, which were severed, and that there was no hope. I sat down and covered up my face—the tears rolled down and trickled through my fingers—it was the first heavy blow I had yet received. Without kindred or connections, I felt that I was about to lose one who was dear to me. To another, not in my situation, it might have only produced a temporary grief at the near loss of a friend; but to me, who was almost alone in the world, the loss was heavy in the extreme. Whom had I to fly to for solace—there was Timothy and Fleta—one who performed the duty of a servant to me, and a child. I felt that they were not sufficient, and my heart was chilled.

The surgeon had, in the mean time, returned to the major, and dressed the wound. The major, who had recovered from his weakness, asked him his candid opinion. "We must hope for the best, sir," replied the surgeon.

"That is to say, there is no hope," replied the major: "and I feel that you are right. How long do you think that I may live?"

"If the wound does not take a favourable turn, about forty-eight hours, sir," replied the surgeon; "but we must hope for a more fortunate issue."

"In a death-bed case you medical men are like lawyers," replied the major, "there is no getting a straight forward answer from you. Where is Mr. Newland?"

"Here I am, Carbonnell," said I, taking his hand.

"My dear fellow, I know it is all over with me, and you of course know it as well as I do. Do not think that it is a source of much regret to me to leave this rascally world—indeed it is not; but I do feel sorry, very sorry, to leave you. The doctor tells me I shall live forty-eight hours; but I have an idea that I shall not live so many minutes. I feel my strength gradually failing me. Depend upon it, my dear Newland, there is an internal hemorrhage. My dear fellow, I shall not be able to speak soon. I have left you my executor and sole heir. I wish there was more for you—it will last you, however, till you come of age. That was a lucky hit last night, but a very unlucky one this morning. Bury me like a gentleman."

"My dear Carbonnell," said I, "would you not like to see somebody—a clergyman?"

"Newland, excuse me. I do not refuse it out of disrespect, or because I do not believe in the tenets of Christianity; but I cannot believe that my repentance at this late hour can be of any avail. If I have not been sorry for the life I have lived—if I have not had my moments of remorse—if I have not promised to amend, and intended to have so done, and I trust I have—what avails my repentance now? No, no, Japhet, as I have sown so must I reap, and trust to the mercy of heaven. God only knows all our hearts, and I would fain believe that I may find more favour in the eyes of the Almighty, than I have in this world from those who—but we must not judge. Give me to drink, Japhet—I am sinking fast. God bless you, my dear fellow."

The major sunk on his pillow, after he had moistened his lips, and spoke no more. With his hand clasped in mine he gradually sank, and in a quarter of an hour his eyes were fixed, and all was over. He was right in his conjectures—an artery had been divided, and he had bled to death. The surgeon came again just before he was dead, for I had sent for him. "It is better as it is," said he to me. "Had he not bled to death, he would have

suffered forty-eight hours of extreme agony from the mortification which must have ensued. He closed the major's eyes and took his leave: I hastened into the drawing-room and sent for Timothy, with whom I sat in a long conversation on this unfortunate occurrence, and my future prospects.

My grief for the death of the major was sincere; much may indeed be ascribed to habit from our long residence and companionship; but more to the knowledge that the major, with all his faults, had redeeming qualities, and that the world had driven him to become what he had been. I had the further conviction, that he was attached to me, and, in my situation, any thing like affection was most precious. His funeral was handsome, without being ostentatious, and I paid every demand upon him which I knew to be just—many, indeed, that were not sent in, from a supposition that any claim made would be useless. His debts were not much above £200, and these debts had never been expected to be liquidated by those who had given him credit. The paper he had written, and had been witnessed by Timothy and another, was a short will, in which he left me his sole heir and executor. The whole of his property consisted in his house in St. James's street, the contents of his pocket-book entrusted to my care, and his personal effects, which, especially in bijouterie, were valuable. The house was worth about £4,000, as he had told me. In his pocket-book were notes to the amount of £3,500, and his other effects might be valued at £400. With all his debts and funeral expenses liquidated, and with my own money, I found myself in possession of about £8,000—a sum which never could have been credited, for it was generally supposed that he died worth less than nothing, having lived for a long while upon a capital of a similar value.

"I cannot but say," observed Timothy, "but this is very fortunate. Had the major not persuaded you to borrow money, he never would have won so large a sum. Had he lived he would have squandered it away; but just in the nick of time he is killed, and makes you his heir."

"There is truth in your observation, Timothy; but now you must go to Mr. Emmanuel, that I may pay him off. I will repay the £1000 lent me by Lord Windermear into his banker's, and then I must execute one part of the poor major's will. He left his diamond solitaire as a memento to his lordship. Bring it to me, and I will call and present it."

This conversation took place the day after the funeral, and, attired in deep mourning, I called upon his lordship, and was admitted. His lordship had sent his carriage to attend the funeral, and was also in mourning when he received me. I executed my commission, and after a long conversation with his lordship, in which I confided to him the contents of the will, and the amount of property of the deceased, I rose to take my leave.

"Excuse me, Mr. Newland," said he; "but what do you now propose to do? I confess I feel a strong interest about you, and had wished that you had come to me oftener without an invitation. I perceive that you never will. Have you no intention of following up any pursuit?"

"Yes, my lord, I intend to search after my father; and I trust that, by husbanding my unexpected resources, I shall now be able."

"You have the credit, in the fashionable world, of possessing a large fortune."

"That is not my fault, my lord: it is through Major Carbonnell's mistake that the world is deceived. Still I must acknowledge myself so far participator, that I have never contradicted the report."

"Meaning, I presume, by some good match, to reap the advantage of the supposition."

"Not so, my lord, I assure you. People may deceive themselves, but I will not deceive them."

"Nor undeceive them, Mr. Newland?"

"Undeceive them I will not; nay, if I did make the attempt, I should not be believed. They never would believe it possible that I could have lived so long with your relative, without having had a large supply of money. They might believe that I had run through my money, but not that I never had any."

"There is a knowledge of the world in that remark," replied his lordship; "but I interrupted you, so proceed."

"I mean to observe, my lord—and you, by your knowledge of my previous history, can best judge how far I am warranted in saying so—that I have as yet steered the middle course between that which is dishonest and honest. If the world deceives itself, you would say that, in strict honesty, I ought to undeceive it. So I would, my lord, if it were not for my peculiar situation; but at the same time I never will, if possible, be guilty of direct deceit; that is to say, I would not take advantage of my supposed wealth, to marry a young person of large fortune. I would state myself a beggar, and gain her affections as a beggar. A woman can have little confidence in a man who deceives her before marriage."

"Your secret will always be safe with me, Mr. Newland; you have a right to demand it. I am glad to hear the sentiments which you have expressed; they are not founded, perhaps, upon the strictest code of morality, but there are many who profess more who do not act up to so much. Still I wish you would think in what way I may be able to serve you, for your life at present is useless and unprofitable, and may tend to warp, still more, ideas which are not quite as strict as they ought to be."

"My lord, I have but one object in allowing the world to continue in their error relative to my means, which is, that it procures for me an entrance into that society in which I have a moral conviction that I shall find my father. I have but one pursuit, one end to attain—which is, to succeed in that search. I return you a thousand thanks for your kind expressions and good will; but I cannot, at present, avail myself of them. I beg your lordship's pardon, but did you ever meet the lady with the ear-rings?"

Lord Windermear smiled. "Really, Mr. Newland, you are a very strange person; not content with finding out your own parents, you must also be searching after other people's; not that I do not commend your conduct in this instance, but I'm afraid, in running after shadows, you are too indifferent to the substance."

"Ah, my lord! it is very well for you to argue who have had a father and mother, and never felt the want of them; but if you knew how my heart yearns after my parents, you would not be surprised at my perseverance."

"I am surprised at nothing in this world, Mr. Newland; every one pursues happiness in his own way; your happiness appears to be centred in one feeling, and you are only acting as the world does in general; but recollect that the search after happiness ends in disappointment."

"I grant it but too often does, my lord; but there is pleasure in the chase," replied I.

"Well, go, and may you prosper. All I can say is this, Mr. Newland; do not have that false pride not to apply to me when you need assistance. Recollect it is much better to be under an obligation, if such you will consider it, than to do that which is wrong; and that it is a very false pride which would blush to accept a favour, and yet not blush to do what it ought to be ashamed of. Promise me, Mr. Newland, that, upon any reverse or exigence, you will apply to me."

"I candidly acknowledge to your lordship that I would rather be under an obligation to any one but you, and I trust you will clearly appreciate my feelings. I have taken the liberty of refunding the £1,000 you were so kind as to place at my disposal as a loan. At the same time I will promise, that if, at any time, I should require

your assistance, I will again request leave to become your debtor." I rose again to depart.

"Farewell, Newland; when I thought you had behaved ill, and offered to better you, you only demanded my good opinion; you have it, and have it so firmly, that it will not easily be shaken." His lordship then shook hands with me, and I took my leave.

(To be continued.)

From the London Quarterly Review.

RECENT GERMAN BELLES-LETTRES.

Zur Geschichte der Neueren Schönen Literatur in Deutschland, von Henri Heine. Th. 1 und 2. Paris and Leipzig. 1833.

It has frequently been made a question, whether the Germans have any well-founded pretensions to wit: and it seemed till lately pretty generally agreed that the maintenance of the national honour in this respect had devolved exclusively on Jean Paul, whose sallies come flashing through his mysticism, like lightning through clouds. Within the last five years, however, a new star has appeared in the literary hemisphere of Germany,—malign in its influence, wavering in its orbit, and unsteady in its light, but sparkling all over with a brilliancy which soon occasioned all eyes and glasses to be turned upon it. Henry Heine came out as a poet and prose writer—first with his *Reisebilder*, next with his contributions towards the literary history of his contemporaries—and speedily gained for himself the reputation of being one of the cleverest, if not wittiest, writers of his day. We say, for himself—no man having ever been more exclusively the architect of his own reputation than Heine; for at starting he wantonly provoked a whole host of detractors by his impertinences—and, by his hardly concealed contempt for existing creeds and establishments, he has often managed to reduce even his most ardent admirers to the condition of apologists. At the present moment, he is regarded as a regular outlaw, a downright *caput lupinum*, in the literary circles of Germany, where, "his hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against him." Yet we believe him to be possessed of many noble and generous qualities (as, indeed, what man of true genius is not?)—we are told that he is now eagerly striving to work himself pure—and nourish a strong hope that he will come round, ere long, to a due sense of the evil of his ways. But the undoubted ability of his writings, apart from their tendency, will amply justify the passing notice we are about to take of the volume named at the head of this paper—a work much better fitted for our purpose than the *Reisebilder*, which, as the name partly imports, is a mere collection of thoughts, fancies, images, and descriptions, picked up or suggested during journeys to well-known places of resort—acute, lively, and graphic, but wild, wandering, and desultory. The volume now before us, on the contrary, is the commencement of a regular critical history of the recent German literature, addressed, indeed, to French readers, and professedly composed as a supplement to Madame de Stael's celebrated "*De L'Allemagne*," but not the less adapted to England on that

account; for we believe the two nations (always excepting our inner circle of adepts) are much upon a par as regards the peculiar kind of information conveyed by Heine, and still look equally to Madame de Staël as their principal authority on all matters connected with the belles-lettres and philosophy of Germany. Yet it is clear to demonstration, that mighty changes have been effected since she wrote; and it would be by no means difficult to prove that she had at best but a superficial acquaintance with the subjects about which she discourses so pleasantly. Robert Hall says he threw aside the book disdainfully on finding her, in her account of the metaphysicians, coolly setting down a well-known idealist among the realists;* and it is still related, as characteristic of her style of enquiry in Germany, that her first address to Schelling was:—*«Monsieur, voudriez-vous bien m'expliquer votre système en peu de mots?»* Her accounts of books, also, are singularly defective; her analysis of *Faust*, for instance, shows that she had never read above a third of it. But on the subject of Madame's merits and demerits Heine himself shall speak—

“Madame de Staël's *Germany* is the only comprehensive piece of information which the French have received as to the intellectual life of Germany; and yet, since the appearance of this book a long period has elapsed, and an entirely new literature has developed itself in Germany. Is it but a transient literature? Is it already in the green and yellow leaf? Opinions are divided upon these points. Most believe that, with the death of Goethe, a new literary period begins in Germany; that old Germany is gone with him to the grave; that the aristocratic season of literature is at an end, the democratic beginning; or, as a French journalist lately expressed it, ‘The spirit of individuals has ceased, the spirit of all has commenced.’ As to myself, I cannot so confidently decide on the future evolutions of the German mind. The termination of the *Goethe period of art*, by which name I first designated this period, I had for many years foreseen. I might well prophesy! I had a thorough knowledge of the ways and means of those unquiet ones, who would fain make an end of the Goethe dynasty; and in the risings of that time against Goethe, I myself was certainly to be seen. Now that Goethe is dead, a strange pang comes over me to think of it.

“As I announce these pages as a continuation, in some sort, of Madame de Staël's work, I am obliged, whilst honouring the instruction derivable from it, to recommend, notwithstanding, a certain caution in the use of it, and most particularly to proclaim it a *coterie* book. Madame de Staël, of glorious memory, has here, in the form of a book, opened, as it were, a drawing-room, in which she received German authors, and gave

* He added, when something was said about the flights of her fancy, that for his part, he could not admire her flights, for to him she was generally invisible; not because she ascended to a great height above the earth, but because she invariably selected a foggy atmosphere.”—*Gregory's Life of Hall*, p. 235.

† The same mode of enquiry seems to have been adopted by M. Thiers during his ten days' journey to England in 1833, in which time he pledged himself to the citizen-king to learn all that was worth learning concerning us. He wrote as follows to a gentleman then connected with the treasury:—

Mon cher Monsieur, — Pourriez-vous me donner un petit quart d'heure pour m'expliquer le système financier de votre pays? Tout à vous, THIERS.

them an opportunity of familiarising themselves with the civilised world of France; but in the hubbub of the most various voices which cry from out this book, clear above all is heard the fine descant of Mr. A. W. Schlegel. Where she is all herself, where the magnanimous madame speaks out directly with her own whole heart—even with the entire fire-work of her own brilliant absurdities—there, good and excellent is the production. But so soon as she lends an ear to others' whisperings; so soon as she does homage to a school, whose very existence is altogether foreign and incomprehensible to her; so soon as, by extolling this school, she is detected in forwarding certain ultramontane tendencies, which are in direct contradiction with her own protestant clearness—then, is her book poor and uncongenial.”

The school in question is the romantic school; but this differed very widely from the romantic school in France, of which Victor Hugo is now regarded as the chief:

“But what was the romantic school in Germany? It was nothing else but the re-awakening of the poetry of the middle ages, as manifested in their songs, paintings, buildings, in their art, and in their life. But this poetry had proceeded from Christianity; it was a passion-flower, sprung from the blood of Christ. I know not whether the melancholy flower, which we call passion-flower in Germany, bears the same name in France, nor whether the same mystic origin is attributed to it by popular tradition. It is that strangely coloured flower in whose chalice we see copied the instruments of martyrdom employed at the crucifixion, namely, hammer, pincers, nails, &c.—a flower which is not altogether hateful but only spectral, nay, whose aspect actually excites a gloomy pleasure in the soul, like the convulsively sweet sensations which spring from pain itself. In this point of view this flower would be the most appropriate symbol for Christianity, whose most awful charm consists in the very enjoyment of pain.

“Although in France the Roman faith alone is understood to be included under the name of Christianity (!!!) I must most particularly declare beforehand that I am speaking only of the Roman Catholic faith. I speak of that religion in whose first dogmas a proscription of all flesh is contained; which not merely assigns to the spirit a dominion over the flesh, but even aims at totally depriving the one of life, to give supremacy to the other; I speak of that religion through whose unnatural exposition sin and hypocrisy came into the world, since even by the proscription of the flesh the most innocent sensual gratifications become sin, and, in consequence of the impossibility of being all spirit, hypocrisy inevitably sprung up: I speak of that religion which likewise, through the doctrine of the utter worthlessness of all earthly goods, through the dog-humility and angel-patience enjoined by it, soon became every where the most approved prop of despotism. Men have now learnt the real nature of this religion; they are no longer to be satisfied with pointings to heaven; they know that the material, too, has its good, and is not entirely of the devil; and they now vindicate the enjoyment of earth, this lovely garden of God, our inalienable inheritance. Simply because we now so thoroughly comprehend the consequences of that absolute spirituality, may we also believe that Roman Catholic Christianity, as regards its worldly policy, has reached its acme. For every age is a sphynx which throws itself from the rock as soon as its riddle has been guessed.

“I am here, however, by no means denying the benefits conferred on Europe by Catholicism. It was necessary as a wholesome reaction against the gloomy colossal materialism which had unfolded itself in the Roman empire, and threatened to annihilate all the spiritual

excellence of man. As the loose memoirs of the preceding century form, as it were, the *pièces justificatives* of the French revolution; as the terrorism of a committee of public safety appears to us a necessary medicine, after reading the confessions of the patrician world of France subsequent to the regency; just so is the wholesomeness of the ascetic spirituality recognised after reading *Petroneus* or *Apuleius*, books which may be regarded as the *pièces justificatives* of Catholicism. The flesh had become so wanton in this Roman world, that the monastic discipline might well be necessary to mortify it. After the feast of a Trimalchion, there was need of a fasting regimen."

He proceeds to specify the effects of this spirit upon the romantic literature of the middle ages, in which he thinks self-denial too rigidly inculcated; excepting, however—he might have made abundance of exceptions—Gottfried of Strasburg, who, by the way, is supposed to be the author of the book which lured Dante's Paulo and Francesca into sin. Music, painting, and architecture, suffered, he says, from the same cause; but it will be sufficient to quote what he says about the last:—

"The art of building bore the same character as the other arts in the middle ages; as, indeed, at that time all manifestations of life harmonised most surprisingly with one another. Here, in architecture, is exhibited the same parabolical tendency as in poetry. When we now enter an old cathedral, we hardly feel any longer the exterior sense of its stone-work symbolism. Only the general impression strikes immediately into the soul. We here feel the elevation of the spirit, and the prostration of the flesh. The interior of the cathedral is itself a hollow cross, and we there walk in the very instrument of martyrdom; the variegated windows cast their red lights upon us, like drops of blood; funeral hymns are trembling round us; under our feet, tombstones and corruption; and the spirit struggles, with the colossal pillars, towards heaven, painfully tearing itself asunder from the body, which drops, like a worn-out garment, to the ground.

"When we look upon it from the outside, this same gothic cathedral, these enormous piles of building, which are so airy, so fine, so ornamental, so transparently elaborated, that one might suppose them carved out—that one might take them for Brabant points of marble—then do we first truly feel the power of that age, which knew how to obtain such a mastery over stone itself, that it seems almost spectrally instinct with spirit, that this hardest of material things expresses the spiritualism of Christianity."

Coleridge had probably something of the same sort in his mind, when he said that an old gothic cathedral always looked to him like a petrified religion. Heine continues:—

"But the arts are nothing but the mirrors of life, and as catholicism was extinguished in life, so also did it grow faint and die away in art. At the time of the reformation, the catholic poetry gradually disappeared in Germany, and in its place we see the long expired Greek poetry revive. It was, indeed, but a factitious spring, a work of the gardener and not of the sun; and the trees and flowers were stuck in narrow pots, and a glass heaven sheltered them from the chill north wind. In actual history every event is not the immediate consequence of another; all events act and re-act upon one another, and it was not through the Greek scholars, who emigrated to us after the taking of Byzantium, that the love of Greek and the desire of imitating it became uni-

versal amongst us; but a contemporary protestantism at that time was stirring in art equally as in life. Leo the Tenth, the magnificent Medic, was every bit as zealous a protestant as Luther; and as the one was protesting in Latin prose at Wittenberg, just so did the other protest in stone, colours, and *attace rime*, at Rome. Do not Michael Angelo's marble images of power, the laughing nymph-like faces of Giulio Romano, and the gladness, drunk with life, of Master Ludovic's verses—do not these form a protesting contrast to the old gloomy grief-consumed catholicism? The glowing flesh on the paintings of Titian—this is all protestantism. The limbs of his Venus are far more solid theses than those which the German monk fixed on the church door of Wittenberg. It was then as if men felt themselves suddenly freed from an oppression of a thousand years; the artists, above all, breathed freely again, as the Alp of catholicism seemed rolled from the breast; they plunged enthusiastically into the sea of Greek gladness, out of whose foam the goddess of beauty again emerged for them; the painters painted again the ambrosial joy of Olympus; the sculptors chiseled again, with the same pleasure as of old, the ancient heroes out of the marble block; the poets celebrated again the house of Atreus and Laius; the period of the new classical poetry arose.

"As in France, under Lewis the Fourteenth, modern life was cultivated to the highest pitch, just so did that new classical poetry here (in France) likewise obtain a cultivated completion, nay, in some sense, an independent originality. Through the political influence of the great monarch, this new classical poetry was diffused through the rest of Europe; in Italy, where it had already domesticated itself, it received a French colouring; with the Anjous went also the heroes of French tragedy to Spain; they went to England with Madame Henriette; and we Germans, it is hardly necessary to say, we erected a clumsy temple of our own to the powdered Olympus of Versailles."

Lessing is described as the literary Arminius by whom this freshly imported faith was overthrown. The change effected by him was effected not less by his own original productions than by his criticisms;* and he has been aptly enough compared to those pious Jews, who, being often disturbed during the second building of the temple by invasion, fought with one hand against the enemy, and with the other continued their work. Lessing and Herder are great favourites with Heine, who thus most *Germanicé* apologises for introducing them:—

"The history of literature is the great *Morgue* where every one seeks out his dead, those whom he loves or is related to. When I see there, amongst so many insignificant bodies, Lessing or Herder, it sets my heart a beating. How could I proceed, without gently kissing your pale lips as I passed!"

This tribute paid, he passes on to catalogue their more distinguished contemporaries. Goethe, according to this dashing judge, was a name in literature, but not by any means a supereminent one. His *Goetz von Berlichingen* and *Werther* had attracted great attention, but more on account of their subject-matter, than of their merits as productions of consummate art, which few at that period discerned in them. Lafontaine wrote

* Lessing's best dramatic pieces are *Emilia Galeotti*, (a modern Virginia), *Minna von Barnhelm*, and *Nathan the Wise*. His best critical work is *Laocoon*, an Essay on the boundaries of Painting and Poetry.

oftener, and was therefore more celebrated than Goethe. Wieland was the great poet of the day; at least Rammler alone could have disputed the palm with him; the theatre was subjected to Ifland, with his lachrymose dramas, and to Kotzebue, with his trifling, though witty farces. These are Heine's opinions, not ours. Some of Ifland's comedies have great merit; and Kotzebue cannot justly be set down as a mere writer of witty farces. Mr. W. Taylor, of Norwich, calls him "the greatest dramatic genius that Europe has evolved since Shakspeare," and, understood with peculiar reference to stage-effect, this praise is not so much exaggerated as may be thought. His life and conduct will long prevent full justice being rendered to him in Germany.

The remarks on these writers are prefatory to a more minute account of the growth of the romantic school, with the two Schlegels, Augustus William and Frederick, for its chiefs. Their then place of residence, Jena, was its seat; at Jena also resided the celebrated metaphysician Schelling, by some supposed to have afforded a philosophic ground-work to the romantic school, which Heine denies. "Schelling, however," he adds, "exercised, undoubtedly, great personal influence on the romantic school; he is also, what is not known in France, a bit of a poet, and it is reported that he is still in doubt whether he shall not publish his collective philosophical doctrines in a poetical, nay metrical, dress. This doubt characterises the man."

But although the school was founded neither on Schelling's, nor on any other philosopher's philosophy, the founders amply compensated the defect, by setting up the best works of former times as models, and making them accessible to their disciples. With this view A. W. de Schlegel is said to have undertaken his admirable translation of Shakspeare, lately completed and illustrated by Tieck. A version by the same hand of some of the best plays of Calderon was another fruit of the theory, of which Germany has good reason to be glad.

The overweening passion of this school for *simplicity* is illustrated amusingly enough:—

"Our poetry," said the Messieurs Schlegel, "is antiquated; our muse is an old woman with a distaff; our hero no fair boy, but a shriveled dwarf with gray hair; our feelings are withered, our fancy is dried up; we must refresh ourselves, we must seek again the neglected fountains of the *neire simple* poetry of the middle ages; there the draught of renovation bubbles up for us.!!" The dry parched people did not wait to be told so twice; those thirsty souls, in particular, who were sitting up to their necks in sand, longed to be as the blooming and youthful, and they plunged in search of those wondrous springs, and gulped, and sipped, and swallowed, with extraordinary zest. But it chanced to them as to the old chambermaid, of whom it is related as follows: She had remarked that her mistress possessed a wonderful elixir, which restored youth. In the absence of the lady, she took the phial containing the elixir from her toilet-table, but instead of drinking a few drops, she took so great and long a draught, that, through the highly concentrated magic power of the renovating drink, she not only became young again, but was changed into a little child. Truly it chanced somewhat similarly to M. Tieck, the best poet of the school; he had drunk so deep of the

popular books and poems of the middle ages, that he also became a child again, which result Madame de Stael found such difficulty in admiring. She is obliged to own that it struck her as curious, to find a modern drama opening with, *I am the bold Boniface, and I come to tell you, &c.*"

Tieck also sought to revive the same taste for simplicity in the sister arts, and Frederick Schlegel and Görres are described as "rummaging" all the old towns upon the Rhine for remains of the old German school of painting and sculpture, which, like holy relics, were superstitiously adored. But our author forgets to commemorate the beneficial influence of this rummaging upon art; though had F. Schlegel and Görres done no more than bring Albert Durer into fashion, they would have done enough to justify their enthusiasm; an observation which any one may verify by simply analysing the effect of an intense study of Albert Durer upon Retzsch. The following parallel, apropos of the enthusiasm in question, is curious:—

"I have just now compared the German Parnassus of those days with Charenton (the bedlam of France). But I am inclined to think I have said far too little. A French madness is not near so mad as a German madness; for in the latter, as Polonius says, there is method. With a pedantry quite *sui generis*, with a terrible conscientiousness, with a grim earnestness of which your superficial French lunatic cannot so much as form a notion, was that German madness carried on."

No less curious, and perhaps not more fantastical, is the parallel drawn between the patriotism of the two countries. The period taken is that immediately preceding the first effective rising of Germany against Napoleon:—

"Patriotism was the word, and we became patriots; for we do every thing which our princes bid us. But the same feeling must not be understood by this patriotism as bears the name in France. The patriotism of the Frenchman consists in this—that his heart warms, is stretched and grows wider by this warmth, so that it no longer embraces merely its nearest relations, but all France, the whole civilised earth, with its love. The patriotism of the German, on the contrary, consists in this—that his heart grows narrower; that it contracts, like leather in the cold; that he detests what is foreign; that he wishes to be no longer a citizen of the world, no longer a European, but merely a narrow German. There was now to be seen the ideal churlishness, which Mr. Jahn reduced to a system,—the paltry, dirty, unwashed opposition began against the most glorious and sacred feeling that ever originated in Germany, namely, against that humanity, against that universal spirit of fraternisation, against that cosmopolitanism to which all our great spirits, Lessing, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Jean Paul, to which all the cultivated minds in Germany, have ever done homage. What soon after came to pass in Germany, is too well known to all of you. When God, the snow, and the Cossacks, had destroyed the best energies of Napoleon, we Germans received the most gracious command to free ourselves from the yoke of the foreigner, and we flamed up in manly indignation against the all too long endured subjection, and we encouraged ourselves by the good melodies and bad verses of Körner's songs, and we reconquered our freedom; for we do every thing which our princes bid us."

It may here be as well to remind Mr. Heine and his friends, that patriotism, as well as glory,

is like a circle in the water, which by too much spreading may disperse itself to nothing. We much fear that *his* has already undergone this process, and that he has got simply a maudlin sort of French philanthropy, a feeling between vanity and egotism, in the place of it. As regards literature, we ourselves are cosmopolites, in the widest sense of the term, but the very notion of cosmopolitan patriotism is a baneful absurdity.

"At the period (he continues) when this battle was preparing, a school which was hostile to all things French, and trumpeted forth the praises of all that was characteristically German, necessarily met with the most flattering prosperity. The romantic school marched hand in hand with the exertions of the governments and the secret societies, and Mr. A. W. Schlegel conspired against Racine at the same time that the minister Stein conspired against Napoleon. The school swam with the times, namely, with the stream which streamed backwards towards its source. When, in the end, German patriotism and German nationality had obtained a complete victory, the national Germanic Christian romantic school, the new German religious patriotic art, definitively triumphed too. Napoleon, the great classic, as much a classic as Alexander and Cæsar, was hurled to the ground, and Messrs. Augustus William and Frederick Schlegel, the little romanticists, about as romantic as Tom Thumb and Puss in Boots, arose as conquerors."

Heine means these allusions as a sneer, but the Schlegels would probably have adopted them as a compliment; for Tom Thumb and Puss in Boots were, according to their notions, amongst the best and purest early creations of romance, and both, along with Bluebeard and Little Red Riding Hood, have been beautifully dramatised by Tieck in his *Phantasies*.*

Passing over the other exploits of the romantic school, as the conversion of Frederick Schlegel and some other of its members to actual catholicism, we come to Voss, one of the most dangerous of their rivals and fellest of their foes. The following comparison is spiritedly drawn, though Schlegel, as usual, is unduly depreciated:—

"To Frederick Schlegel, the intoxicated singer of the wantonly romantic (or romantically wanton) *Lucinda*,† how fatal must he have been,—this sober Voss, with his chaste Louise and his old respectable Vicar of Grunau! Mr. A. W. Schlegel, who never meant so honestly by wantonness and catholicism as his brother, could harmonise much better with old Voss, and there arose between these two only a translating rivalry, which moreover was of the greatest advantage to the German language. Voss had already, before the birth of the new school, translated Homer; he now translated with unwearied exertion the remaining heathen poets of antiquity; whilst A. W. Schlegel translated the Christian poets of the romantic catholic age. The choice of works was in either case determined by the private polemical object. Voss wished to advance the classical poetry and mode of thinking

* "Who could have supposed that a tragedy, no mock heroic, but a real tragedy, calculated to affect and excite us, could have been erected on the ground-work of a nursery tale? Yet let any one read *Blaubart* in the *Phantasies*, and say whether this is not accomplished."—*Carlyle's Specimen of German Romance*, vol. ii. p. 14. The peculiar satirical object of these pieces does not appear to have struck Mr. Carlyle.

† F. Schlegel wrote a poem so called, not remarkable for delicacy.

by his translations; whilst A. W. Schlegel sought to make the Christian romantic poets accessible in good versions to the public, for them to imitate and form themselves by. Nay, their antagonism showed itself in their very forms of speech: whilst Schlegel was ever polishing his words more and more sweetly and trippingly, Voss was growing harsher and coarser in his translations; the latter, on account of the roughnesses filed into them, are almost unpronounceable; so that, if one was likely to trip on the smooth polished slippery mahogany floor of Schlegel's verses, one was no less likely to stumble over the clumsy marble blocks of old Voss.* At length, out of rivalry, Voss determined on translating Shakespeare, which Schlegel, in his first period, had so excellently done into German; but this turned out very ill for old Voss, and still worse for his publisher; the production was a total failure. Where Schlegel possibly translated too effeminately, where his verses are not unfrequently like whipt cream, with regard to which one hardly knows, when carried to the mouth, whether it is to be eaten or drunk; in all these places, Voss is as hard as stone, and a man runs the risk of breaking a jaw-bone in pronouncing his lines."

It was Goethe, however, who gave the finishing blow to the romantic school; and exceedingly ungrateful of him it was, for they worshipped him as the first of moderns, and held him up as a model for posterity.

"They had him, too," says Heine, with his wonted malice, "so immediately at hand. From Jena to Weimar the road lay through an avenue of pretty trees—on which grow plums, very pleasant to the taste, when one is thirsty from the heat; and the Schlegels traveled this road very frequently; and at Weimar they had many a colloquy with Privy Counsellor Goethe, who was always a great diplomatist, and quietly listened to the Schlegels, smiled assentingly, often gave them a dinner, did them now and then a favour, and so forth."

They are also accused of making court to Schiller, who, if they did so, certainly rejected their advances, and applied to them, as appears from his correspondence, terms expressive of no very qualified contempt. One of the principal causes of A. W. Schlegel's present unpopularity in Germany (which seems to have escaped Heine) is an attempt made by him to revenge himself on Goethe and Schiller by epigrams, not certainly in the best possible taste, though the provocation was great.

The plums, which were so attractive to the Schlegels, appear to have made a strong impression on Heine himself, for they play a prominent part in his first interview with Goethe; the account of which, as well as the personal description preceding it, are amusing enough:—

"The accordance of personal appearance with genius, such as is required in extraordinary men, was conspicuous in Goethe. One might study Grecian art in him, as in an antique. His eyes were tranquil as those of a god. Time had been powerful enough to cover his head with snow, but not to bend it; he carried it ever proud and high: and when he spoke, he seemed to grow bigger; and when he stretched out his hand, it was as if he could prescribe, with his finger, to the stars in heaven the way they were to go. When I visited him in Weimar, and stood face to face with him, I looked involuntarily around in search of the eagle with the thunderbolts in his beak.

* This may remind the reader of Johnson's celebrated parallel between Dryden and Pope.

I was on the very point of addressing him in Greek; but, so soon as I observed that he understood German, I related to him, in my own mother tongue, that *the plums upon the road between Jena and Weimar tasted very nice*. So many long winter nights had I thought it over—how many deep and sublime things I would say to Goethe when I saw him: and when, at length, I did see him, I said to him—that Saxon plums tasted very nice! And Goethe smiled—he smiled with the same lips with which he had once kissed the fair Leda, Europa, Danaë, Semele, and so many other princesses and ordinary nymphs besides."

All this is thoroughly German—but no one who ever saw Goethe can deny that he was in reality a most sublime specimen of the human race.

Were we to linger over all the piquant passages in this book, we might be lured on to extract at least a third of it; but we have only room for one extract more, and after duly deliberating, we have resolved on giving the preference to the following observations on the relative merits of Goethe and Schiller, the two great candidates for the literary throne of Germany; where a republic of letters (for the present confusion of ranks and absence of rulers rather resembles an anarchy) has been hitherto unknown. Like a steady, prudent, thinking people as they are, they have always insisted on a king, and have never shown themselves very anxious to impose limitations on his authority.* Our readers will not fail to compare the passage we are about to extract with a paragraph on Goethe and Schiller from Mr. Coleridge's "Table-Talk," which we have printed in a preceding article. We cannot but suspect that Coleridge, in assigning a higher rank to Schiller than to Goethe, was unconsciously influenced by the recollections of his own early intercourse with the former, and more especially of his splendid exertions in the English "Wallenstein." Heine says—

"Although at one time I was myself an adversary of Goethe, I did not approve the coarseness with which Menzel criticised him, and I lamented this want of feeling. I observed—Goethe is at all events the king of our literature; when we apply the critical knife to such a one, we must never permit the least diminution of the courtesy due to his rank; like that executioner who had to behead Charles I., and before he discharged his duty, kneeled down before the king, and prayed his most gracious pardon.

"*Entre nous*, Goethe's enemies formed a very mixed assemblage. What came before the world I have sufficiently indicated;—it is more difficult to guess the particular motive of each in publishing his anti-Goethean convictions. There is only one person whose precise motive I know; and as I myself am that person, I will

* "Tieck (said Goethe) was emperor, too, for a time: but it did not last long, he was soon deposed. They said there was something too Titus-like in his temper: he was too mild and good-natured. In the present state of things the empire requires a rigorous sway, and what may be called a sort of barbaric grandeur. Next came the reign of the Schlegels. Things now went on better. August Wilhelm Schlegel, the first, and Frederick, the second of the name, both ruled with becoming severity; not a day passed in which some one was not sent into exile, or in which a few executions did not take place. Perfectly right! Such rulers have, from time immemorial, been immense favourites with the people."—*Characteristics of Goethe*, by Mrs. Austin.

honestly confess it was—envy. To my praise, be it spoken, however, that in Goethe I never attacked the poet, but only the man. I have never censured his works; I have never been able to discover faults in them, like those critics who, with their finely-ground glasses, have observed specks even in the moon. The sharp-sighted folks! what they regard as specks are blooming groves, silver streams, lofty mountains, laughing vales. Nothing is sillier than the depreciation of Goethe in favour of Schiller, by whom they never meant honestly, and who has always been exalted for the mere purpose of degrading Goethe. Or were people really ignorant that those high-renowned, high-ideal forms, those altar-pieces of youth and morality, which Schiller set up, were far easier to produce than those sinful, polluted creatures of the little world, of which Goethe gives us glimpses in his works? Can they, then, be ignorant that mediocre painters for the most part paint the figures of saints as large as life, but that many a great master makes it his study to paint, with natural truth and artist-like propriety, possibly a Spanish beggar-boy lousing himself, a low-country boor vomiting or having a tooth drawn, and ugly old women, as we see in small Dutch cabinet pictures? The great and fearful is much more easily represented in art than the little and complete. . . . Rail as you will against the vulgarities in Faust, against the scenes on the Brocken, in Auerbach's Cellar!—rail against the irregularities in Wilhelm Meister!—all that, however, is precisely what you cannot imitate. But you are not desirous of imitating it; and I hear you exclaiming with disgust—We are no conjurers! we are good Christians! That you are no conjurers, I admit!

"Goethe's greatest merit is the completeness of every thing he produces; there are no points which are strong whilst others are weak; there is no part fully painted whilst the other is only sketched. Every character in his romances and dramas is treated, where it occurs, as if it was the principal character: it is so with Homer—so with Shakespeare. In the works of all the great poets there are, properly speaking, no inferior characters at all: every figure is a principal character in its place. When, once upon a time, a French ambassador mentioned to Paul of Russia that a *man of consequence* in St. Petersburg was interesting himself in some matter or other, the czar vehemently interrupted him with these remarkable words—'There is no *man of consequence* in this empire but him with whom I am actually speaking, and so long only as I am speaking to him is he of consequence.' The absolute poet, who has likewise received his power from heaven, considers in the same style those members of his intellectual empire as of the most consequence, whom he is at the moment causing to speak, who have just grown under his pen; and out of this true despotism of art springs that wonderful completeness of the smallest figures in the works of Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe."

The last paragraph of this extract is excellent; though we should be inclined to qualify that portion of it which makes the merit depend wholly on the execution, and little, if at all, on the choice of objects of art. It was Pasta, we believe, who said of a rival, that she was first in her line, but that her line was not the first; and the remark suggests a distinction which the reader will find no difficulty in applying for himself. We, on the whole, consider Wallenstein as a grander and a finer drama than any of Goethe's—but shall never be able to believe that Schiller was as great a poet as Goethe—as original in his creations—as wide in his scope of feeling—or as exquisitely felicitous in his management of their common language.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY.—PART I.

SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDIES.—HAMLET.

Heine has candidly confessed the motive of his hostility to Goethe. It were to be wished that he had been equally candid with regard to Schlegel, whom he keeps on plying with every species of ill-natured allusion which the wanton wickedness of wit can suggest. In addition to the sarcasms already mentioned, the dress and personal appearance of this distinguished writer, his mode of lecturing, the furniture of his lecture-room, the circumstances of his marriage, &c. &c., are all deemed fit subjects for quizzing. We are told (what cannot be true) that, unable to live without the pomp and circumstance of reception, to which he had been accustomed as the companion of Madame de Staël, he offered, after her death, to attend Catalini in her progresses; and in reply to Schlegel's assertion, that he saw neither poetry nor poets during his last visit to Paris, Heine says that this is easy of explanation, as Schlegel did nothing the whole time but admire himself in a pocket looking-glass. He even dares to question the great critic's age: "Mr. A. W. Schlegel is therefore now (1833) sixty-four years old. Mr. Alexander von Humboldt and other *naturalists* maintain, however, that he is older. Champollion also was of the same opinion." Schlegel, however, may well afford to laugh at such pleasant-ries as this.

The rest of the book deals chiefly in individual portraiture. He adds to his list of the chief adversaries, a similar catalogue of the chief supporters of Goethe—amongst whom Varnhagen von Ense is characterised as "a man who carries in his heart thoughts which are as great as the world, and expresses them in words which are as precious and polished as gems." Varnhagen von Ense is really an admirable critic, who deserves to be better known in this country than he is. Sketches are given of Steffens, Gorres, Hoffman, Novalis, Brentano, Von Arnim, &c.; and slight notices of the leading modern metaphysicians—Fichte, Schelling, Bohme, and Hegel—are interwoven, where it becomes necessary to explain their influence upon literature.

A continuation is promised; and on its appearance we shall probably return to this lively and entertaining work. We have, in our translations, studied to be *liberal*—not at all to be elegant—for we wished to give our English readers some notion of what the modern German style of expression is. We are sorry to add that, though Heine's vein in this book is far less irreverent than in his *Reisebilder*, we have been obliged to mutilate some of the passages which seemed to us deserving of quotation.

Novel Machine.—A novel machine was a few days ago exhibited in the Kennington and Clapham roads. It consisted of a sort of carriage-wheel which carries a railroad for itself, upon which the carriage travels with great facility and quickness. It was composed of a jointed square instead of a circle, and has four rollers, not touching the road, and four feet which alternately come to the ground, producing a kind of walking and escaping obstacles. We understand it is the invention of Lewis Gomperiz, Esq. Should these machines be adopted, probably common railroads may be partially or wholly dispensed with.

Some years ago, we remember, there was a grievous alarm among the geologists, at the prospect that our whole stock of coals would, at no distant period, be consumed. The mines, we were told, were well nigh wrought out; in a dozen years or so the world would be nothing more than an exhausted coal waste; and as we were scarcely prepared "to wallow naked 'midst December's snow, by thinking on fantastic summer's heat," the prospects of society for a time certainly looked black and comfortless enough. But some more adventurous miner bethought him, that though the surface hitherto opened up might be nearly exhausted, yet by penetrating a little deeper than his fellows, he might arrive at "fresh fields and strata new;" by the aid of the wonder working spirit steam, the object was accomplished; new and endless veins of black diamonds were detected, and now our apprehensions of a second plague of darkness, or of being doomed to dwell "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," are postponed at least for another century.

The case seems to be somewhat the same with the deep and ever fertile mind of Shakspeare. After a hundred years of commentary and criticism, is the field exhausted, or the new acquisitions which are won from it becoming less brilliant or less valuable? We think not. True, the more palpable and superficial treasures which it presented have been collected long ago; we have had many well-written and eloquent dissertations on the more obvious characteristics of Shakspeare's universal mind, and much of that which Schlegel justly calls the cheapest of all criticism, the studied and laborious exposition of the beauties of individual descriptions, incidents, images, and expressions. In regard to the former, Johnson's preface left little to be added; and after the volumes without number which have been devoted by commentators to the latter, in which poor Shakspeare may be said, like Actæon, to have been almost devoured by his own dogs, men might have been excused for believing that little more was to be gleaned where so many industrious reapers had gone before. And yet ever and anon, and particularly of late, arises some new adventurer, who, either by penetrating more deeply into the poetic spirit of individual parts, detects undiscovered meanings, new shades of feeling, or delicacies of allusion, in passages which had seemed time-worn and hackneyed; or elevating himself to that higher and more comprehensive point of view, from which objects are seen in their just relation and proportion to each other, is enabled, by a large and reconciling criticism, to blend in harmonious union many elements which had appeared inconsistent, and in what had seemed to common eyes little better than a magnificent but chaotic mass, the result of blind chance, and ill-directed power, to exhibit the goodliest proportions, the most profound and refined adaptation, and the most unerring dramatic skill in awakening and developing the leading impression which the whole was intended to produce upon the mind.

To the poetical mind, Shakspeare is, and ever will remain new; and though any criticism on such a subject which is now likely to be read, demands in the critic a very different intellectual constitution of mind from that which went to the composition of a Johnson, a Malone, a Warburton, or a Stevens, there is assuredly no want at present of that more enlarged and penetrating criticism, from which alone any valuable or original contributions to our views of Shakspeare's genius can be expected.

But besides the lights which the more imaginative spirit of modern criticism will, we doubt not, continue to throw upon the works of our great dramatist, another source of freshness and novelty is gradually becoming more and more available to us, derived from the criticisms and translations of Shakspeare in foreign languages. Every one must have felt how often a favourite author actually becomes more intelligible to him, or at least the full force and meaning of many passages are more palpably brought home to him, by reading in a foreign language those ideas which, by repetition, had become matter of rote, and ceased to strike with their original force in our own. Like flowers which, from being too much handled, have begun to lose their scent and bloom, but which revive again when plunged into water, so ideas and images, which from familiarity had lost their charm, regain their freshness and vigour in the new element of translation. In a still greater degree is this effect of novelty felt, when we peruse the foreign criticisms as well as translations of our great national poet, and see in what a different aspect, incidents, characters, and sentiments, nay, even the moral tendency of the piece, or the idea which it embodies, present themselves to those who view them from a position whence we are excluded by habit and education;—under the influence produced by other climates, manners, prejudices, or sympathies, and through an atmosphere so different from our own; whether it be the clear cold sparkle of a French sunshine, the rosy glow of Spanish or Italian skies, or the misty grandeur, the wavering splendour, and gloomy shadows of a German clime.

Of all the continental critics on Shakspeare, Germany has certainly furnished incomparably the most original, the most profound, and the most eloquent; indeed, we may say, the only critics who have studied Shakspeare in the right spirit; that is to say, with the feeling and the conviction that the gigantic genius who could produce so many characters and passages, the clear and obvious excellence of which had extorted the admiration of all mankind, could scarcely be supposed to be without a deep meaning and significance in others, where the purpose was less transparent; that as eyes accustomed to darkness begin to discover a thousand minute features in what had seemed at first to be but the palpable obscure; so by studying Shakspeare in a reverential and admiring spirit, and bringing the inward light of a warm sympathy and poetic feeling to bear upon his darker passages, they might discern in them much which had been imperceptible to less patient and loving observers, and satisfy the hasty critic, that Shakspeare was always con-

sistent with himself, with nature, and dramatic propriety. This reverential tone is indeed the most striking characteristic of the German criticism on Shakspeare. In England, in general, our commentators, with few exceptions, have placed themselves almost on a level with the poet; nay, some of them, from the patronising style of their remarks, would even appear to look down upon him from a higher eminence. Johnson's preface certainly is sufficiently eulogistic as to Shakspeare's genius, but this general eulogy is almost immediately neutralised by the depreciating tone of the short summaries which he has attached to the separate plays. Dr. Johnson is a fair representative of his brethren. Something of this balancing system, this union of general expressions of admiration, with strong censure, or cold approbation of individual plays or characters, pervades all our earlier, and most also of our more recent criticism on the subject. Yet when applied to such a mind as that of Shakspeare, such a system of criticism leads to the falsest and most unsatisfactory results. If Shakspeare be the great mind which Johnson admitted, and the admiring world acknowledges him to be, it is impossible that he should have fallen into the violations, not merely of history or costume, but of nature, propriety, and good taste, which are ascribed to him. The existence of a mind, now rising to almost superhuman excellence, or reveling in the richest stores of beauty, simplicity, or sublimity, and the next moment sinking into depths of bombast, or sloughs of bad taste, with an utter unconsciousness and indifference whether he treads the clear empyrean or the muddy floor of earth, is a moral and poetical impossibility. The principle of the German critics is the truer one, that if Shakspeare be great, he is great in all, at least, in all essentials; that, viewed in the proper light, the errors, the inconsistencies, or the offences against good taste, disappear;—as lines which, in some optical puzzles, appear meaningless and distorted in one point of view, become straight when placed at the proper distance, assume a determinate expression, and are found to blend harmoniously into impressive forms of beauty or terror.

Their dissertations, therefore, on Shakspeare, are not so much criticisms, in the ordinary sense of the word, as admiring and reverential expositions of his beauties. He is the apocalypse from which the revelations of poetry and nature are to be gathered, and they are but the priests who humbly minister at the altar, and with such share of clearness and comprehension as nature has allotted to them, give forth his oracles. Instead of measuring him by standards derived from others, he becomes the universal standard by which all others are tried; every word, every quibble or pun, every jest of clown or serving-man, is viewed as indispensable; his violations of historical fact, or national costume, are proved to be committed on system, and to conduce to the true objects of the romantic drama; and the result of the whole is, that Shakspeare is in all things but another word for nature, poetry, truth.

That this enthusiastic and undeviating admiration of Shakspeare has led to not a few absurdi-

ties in German criticism is indisputable; and probably, in the course of the present and some future articles on the subject, will be only too apparent to our readers. It seems strange indeed, for instance, after the investigation which Shakspeare's learning has undergone, and the thousand proofs of his ignorance of mere details both of geography, history, and chronology, that any one should gravely maintain the desperate proposition which some of the German critics have attempted to support; that Shakspeare knew these matters quite as well as his critics, but either despised them or systematically and purposely neglected them. One may conceive, with Schlegel, that in sending Hamlet to study at the University of Wittenberg, long before Wittenberg itself was in existence, Shakspeare merely selected that university as the one probably best known in England at the time of the reformation, and one, where the speculative and polemical course of study which prevailed was most likely to have either created or fostered a state of mind like that of Hamlet. In the same way it is not perhaps difficult upon romantic principles to vindicate the practice of making the mobs of Rome, or the tailors and joiners of Athens, speak like their brethren of East Cheape. In all this Shakspeare may be supposed to have adopted his plan not from ignorance of facts, but from conviction of its superior dramatic propriety. But when he bestows sea-ports upon Bohemia, and lions in the forest of Ardennes, ascribes the death of Richard Cœur de Lion to the Duke of Austria, and then names that duke Limoges—(while the fact was that Richard met his death not from the duke, but from the hand of Bertrand de Gourdon, while besieging Vidomar Viscount of Limoges in the castle of Chaluz)—when copying his model in the old play, he introduces, for no apparent purpose, in Richard the Third, Margaret of Anjou, who, after her ransom by her father after the battle of Tewksbury, never again revisited England—in these, and many other instances of the same kind, it is difficult to see how his anachronisms or violations of history can be ascribed to any deeper cause, or more recondite origin than his ignorance of the fact. True, these and all the variations from history or costume which occur in Shakspeare, are in the last degree unimportant; they never in the slightest degree interfere with the current of our sympathies, but are swept out of sight at once by the torrent of Shakspeare's strong conceptions; and it would have been far wiser if the German critics, instead of attempting to maintain that they were deliberately adopted, had rather rested the defence of Shakspeare on the total insignificance of the blunders into which he is accused of having fallen.

Even in Germany, however, this tone of enthusiastic admiration is not of very ancient date; it cannot be carried farther back than that general burst of poetical feeling which about fifty years ago gave a new character to the literature of Germany. There, as in England, Shakspeare at first made his way slowly and with difficulty, from toleration to admiration, and from admiration to idolatry. The first notice of his existence

is to be found in Morhof's *Deutsche Poeterei*, about 1700, where he is mentioned along with Beaumont, Fletcher, and Otway; but it is evident that the old scholar knew nothing more of him than the name. In 1741 a free translation of his Julius Cæsar in Alexandrines (then the common German dramatic measure) appeared at Berlin; and shortly afterwards attention was still farther called to the subject, by an Essay on Shakspeare by Elias Schlegel, pretty much in the style of our own dissertations about the same period, in which he is viewed as a man who, under the influence of a certain wild inspiration, certainly at times uttered very extraordinary things, but was utterly destitute of taste, regularity, or reading. He compared him—and probably thought he conferred high honour upon him by the comparison—with the well known old German dramatist, Andreas Gryphins, with whom, it seems to us, that he had not one point of connection, save that the latter happened to be born on the day the former died, and that both dealt largely in apparitions.

One would have supposed Elias Schlegel's estimate of Shakspeare's genius sufficiently cool and moderate; but cautious as it was, it seemed little less than a damnable heresy to the "Philistine" school of Gottsched, who viewed the matter as a contest *pro aris et focis*, and endeavoured by a melancholy mixture of pedantry and stale jests to annihilate any little impression which even the lifeless pleading of Schlegel might have made upon the public. "The English," says Gottsched, in his "Handlexicon der Schönen Wissenschaften," obviously thinking he had disposed of Shakspeare's claims in a single sentence, "the English are loud in praise of his dramatic poems, which are numerous. But a certain Mrs. Lennox has of late exposed the errors even of his most celebrated pieces." Poor Mrs. Lennox! "Non tali auxilio," we fear, was Shakspeare to be dethroned from his supremacy in English literature. For a time, however, Gottsched and his brethren seem to have succeeded. We may take the account of Shakspeare, given by Jocher in his *Lexicon* (1760,) as containing a fair summary of the current information and opinions at that time prevalent, in regard to the subject of his biography.

"Shakspeare, (William,) an English dramatist, born at Stratford, 1564, was ill educated, and understood no Latin, but made great progress in poetry. He possessed a certain comic humour, but could at the same time be serious, excelled in tragedies, and had many ingenious and subtle contests with Ben Jonson, though neither gained much thereby. He died at Stratford, 1616, 23d April, in his 53d year. His plays and tragedies, of which he wrote many, are printed in London in four parts."

In 1762, a complete translation of Shakspeare was for the first time undertaken by Wieland; perhaps the very last person whose genius and habits of thinking qualified him for such a task. How the German Voltaire should ever have felt that admiration of his author which could animate him to undertake an enterprise of such certain difficulty and such doubtful popularity, is not easy to comprehend. He was not, indeed, as yet the

poet of the Comic Tales, the Idris and Zenide, or Agathon,—but even from the first, we cannot but feel, that between him and Shakspeare there was a great and deep gulf fixed, and wonder that he should have ever attempted, with his feeble wings of French wax, to overpass it. It can occasion no surprise, however, that a task so uncongenial was soon abandoned, and that Eschenburg was obliged to complete the translation which Wieland had begun.

Viewing this translation in comparison with its successors, it appears rude and unsatisfactory enough; but considered as the first attempt to Germanise Shakspeare, it is by no means destitute of merit. Even in the homely garb of prose in which Eschenburg has clothed the energetic versification of Shakspeare, the native beauty or sublimity of the thoughts shines translucently through; a certain vigour and musical rhythm frequently lends a charm to the prose, which, in some measure, supplies the want of verse; while the translator himself, as he proceeded with his task, seems to have felt the conviction dawning and growing upon him, that, in this "wild and irregular genius," who had neither taste nor Latin, the most consummate beauty in the form was united with perfection in the substance, and that all attempts to embody the subtle essence and charm of the original in prose was a hopeless struggle. He himself makes this admission in regard to two of the plays, *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Richard the Third* (*Romeo* or *Hamlet*, we think, might, with more justice, have suggested the remark than the latter); and accordingly, in these two instances, he has attempted a poetical version, which, even beside the closer and more masterly translations of modern days, maintains a respectable position.

The translation, however, on the whole, was coldly received. It was praised and—not read. But a new impulse was now given to the study of Shakspeare by the *Dramaturgie* of Lessing,—the first piece of German criticism in which the vast superiority and profound art of Shakspeare's dramatic powers were distinctly or adequately maintained.

Lessing is, in German criticism, not unlike Johnson in English—a clear and logical thinker, with a mind of great range and comprehension, learned and acute, a consummate master of polemical criticism, and not without a strong sense and feeling of poetry, though too calmly clear and cold to be himself poetical. No man perhaps ever approached so near to the promised land of poetry, without entering it, as Lessing. Like Johnson he saw and felt the mastery of Shakspeare's genius in the main; his quick perception could not overlook the magnificence of its proportions, nor his just taste and right feeling be insensible to the unerring truth and sagacity with which his inspiration was calculated to reach the heart. It is true that into much that was of a subtle and more ethereal texture he could not enter; his plummet, though it reached farther than that of his predecessors, was never made by nature to fathom the full depths of Shakspeare's "infinite;" his sight is clear, piercing, and correct, in matters of life, but he has nothing of the deu-

teros copy of the true poet, which enables him to look beyond into the world of imagination, and to think and reason with the same certainty with regard to the visionary creations with which it is peopled, as if with regard to the things and beings of real life. Yet even the criticism of Lessing was a prodigious advance; the shallowness, the pretence, and false principles of the French dramatic school he detested, and devoted his whole powers of reasoning and sarcastic illustration (and who that has either read his *Dramaturgie*, or his famous controversy as to the *Wolfenbüttele MSS.*, can have forgotten with what caustic vigour he could wield the weapons of controversy?) to exposing with relentless severity its conventional and unnatural character, and endeavouring to lead his countrymen to the appreciation of higher things, by the study of the English school of dramatic poetry, and above all, of Shakspeare.

It is no doubt to be regretted, that so small a portion of the *Dramaturgie* is occupied by Shakspeare, and so much wasted on pieces of which the very names are now forgotten; but the criticisms on *Romeo*, *Othello*, and *Richard the Third*, must be always regarded as containing the first outlines of an enlarged, independent, and philosophical criticism of the great dramatist.

Perhaps the first effect of Lessing's adventurous criticism was rather to startle than convince, but it now became necessary at least to read Shakspeare in order to refute the supposed literary heresies of his advocate, and the fruits of this increasing study were soon visible in new translations, essays, and commentaries. The translation of *Love's Labour's Lost* (an unfortunate choice) by Lenz, the *Criticisms* of Gerstenberg, (the author of *Ugolino*,) and of Herder, following each other in rapid succession, indicate the steadily advancing interest with which Shakspeare was now regarded in Germany. But the sphere of a foreign poet's influence is most effectually and speedily enlarged, when a native poet of kindred and congenial talent condescends to borrow inspiration from his labours, and instead of critical estimates of his genius, presents his countrymen with pictures conceived in the same spirit; at once imitations as regards their source, and originals in their whole treatment and execution. Who can doubt that Goetz of Berlichingen, that living picture of the sixteenth century, with its religious convulsions, its struggles between feudal and imperial despotism, its iron-handed, yet gentle-hearted, warriors, its noble simple-minded maidens, who with such bewitching and trusting openness bestow their hands without hesitation where they have placed their hearts,—its weak, wavering, or deceitful court minions,—its luxurious abbots—its noisy pageants of banquet and battle—its sweet transitions to the stillness and solitude of the ancestral castle, o'erhanging the silver-blue Mayn or winding Rhine;—who can doubt that that most powerful and touching picture owes its origin to those striking condensations of the spirit of English history, afforded by Shakspeare's *King John*, *King Richard II.*, and the bloodstained chronicle of the Wars of the Roses? As little can any one hesitate to recognise in the *Robbers* of

Schiller the influence of Macbeth, (which Schiller has very beautifully translated), of Richard III., and of Hamlet. The scepticism takes a more clamorous and despairing turn, the villainy is more ostentations, more logically consistent, more utterly unredeemed, consequently more unnatural; the spirit of a modern philosophy, and modern relations of society, somewhat alters or hides the forms which occupy the foreground; but "Shakspeare's shadow" still hovers behind those creations, and points at them for his; and still, under every disguise, "we know the man, by the Athenian garments he hath on." From the same source—only with a somewhat more turbid and noisy current—flowed the endless stream of chivalrous dramas (*Ritter-Stücken*) from Otto of Wittelsbach to Adelaide of Wulfingen, with which Germany was for some years inundated.

It may probably be said, that Shakspeare, like Falstaff, had in this matter no great reason to be proud of his followers, who, in their chivalrous panoramas, present us, not so much with men, as with dramatic automata covered with suits of mail, overtopped with helm and plume, and figuring about, lance in hand, by means of some strange internal machinery within the skeleton, but without one symptom of life, one breath of spontaneous and natural inspiration. This is quite true, but the error lay simply in this, that they did not truly study Shakspeare, though they copied him; they were contented, like Wallenstein's soldiers, if they succeeded in spitting and coughing like their general; his bustle and rapidity of movement, his daring mixture of tragic and comic emotion, in short, the mere wardrobe and properties of his drama, they could admire and transfer to their own with no inconsiderable dexterity; but this was generally the limit of their endeavours; and, with few exceptions, they penetrated no farther than the external and accidental qualities—the internal and essential lay equally beyond their perceptions and their powers. Rude, however, and unsatisfactory as these performances of the rack and tournament, bowl and dagger school must now be accounted, we are rather of the number of those who view them as indicating on the whole a decided advance in the right path. Otto of Wittelsbach, to be sure, shows poorly beside Goetz and Egmont and the still more Shakspearean Wallenstein, but what is its position when compared with the Richard III. of Wiesse, "a very pretty fellow in his day," or the cold elaborate imitations of the French school by Elias Schlegel?

When an author has reached the distinction of having his tragedies represented as *stock pieces*, to use the theatrical term, upon a foreign stage, his dramatic fame may be considered as pretty securely established. Such was now the situation of Shakspeare. Schröder, one of the most accomplished of the German actors, probably feeling how much his professional talent was fettered by the limited and conventional range of the dramas of the day, being accidentally attracted to the study of Shakspeare, was induced to attempt the introduction of his plays on the stage; though, in order to suit them to his notion of stage effect, he certainly handled them with a cruelty worthy

of Procrustes himself, here expanding, there contracting, striking out without mercy many of the finest passages, because they did not advance "*the progress of the piece*," and reducing almost to shadows many of those most exquisite creations to which Shakspeare's genius had given colour and a body. Hamlet, the melancholy Hamlet, to whom Denmark has ceased to be any thing else than a prison, and the world itself seems but as a grave, in Schröder's version closes the scene by mounting the throne amidst goodly protestations of his patriotic intentions; and the poor heart-broken and life-sick Lear, victorious over his rebellious subjects, instead of invoking heaven's vengeance over the body of Cordelia, lives to reassume the sceptre of Britain, and to share his dominion with his dutiful daughter. Yet even thus maimed and dislocated—shorn of many of their most ethereal and exalted beauties—Shakspeare's characters, so instinct with an inward principle of life and thought, so different from the mechanical steam-engine productions of the French school, made their way triumphantly into the hearts of the people, though some of them, such as the Merchant of Venice, and Julius Cæsar, and Measure for Measure, at first unaccountably failed. Yet Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello, and others, became instantly popular, and from that moment Shakspeare might be considered as naturalised on the German, scarcely less than on the English stage.

Still there was wanting that which alone could exhibit Shakspeare in his true light—a translation at once faithful and poetical. No constitution of mind is more rare than that which is required to form an accomplished translator; a mind of highly original and inventive cast, like that of Goethe, will not descend to the task; it may adapt and alter, as in the Iphigenia in Tauris, but it cannot literally transfuse into its own language the thoughts and conceptions of another. Yet to do this thoroughly requires a plastic power, a delicacy of perception, a tempered warmth rather than fire of imagination, and a command of expression which is seldom found save in connection with the higher order of mind. Now and then, however, instances do occur of minds of this peculiar construction—adjective rather than substantive—who have little original poetical power, but the most remarkable facility in giving effect to the views and feelings of other beings, seemingly intended by nature herself as mediators between the past and the present, and between the inhabitants of different climes; and who seem to resemble parasitical plants, which require to wreath themselves round some old trunk for their support, but repay the obligation by adorning it anew with the richest verdure, and propping it by their interlacing stems, when it verges towards decay. Such in poetry at least, was Augustus William Schlegel; as the poet of "*Alarcos*," certainly occupying no very distinguished portion among the dramatists of his country—as the translator of Shakspeare entitled—we say it deliberately—to the very proudest elevation yet awarded to any European translator. His translation approaches, as nearly as we can conceive any translation can, to an absolute transcript of the original; the rose-

ate glow of love in Romeo and Juliet—the glimmering haze in which hover the elves of Midsummer Night's Dream—the wayward gloom of Hamlet, a reflection as it were from the fantastic and uncertain skies of the north—the dew-be-sprinkled woodland freshness and pastoral melancholy of As You Like It—the magic atmosphere of virgin solitude and purity that envelopes the Tempest—the element of music and moonlight in which Twelfth Night and Merchant of Venice appear to float—the broad and boundless flood of humour that interpenetrates the two parts of Henry the Fourth—are all caught and reflected with a truth of perception and beauty of finish, which, when the reader is tolerably familiar with the German, not unfrequently lead him almost to forget that he is not perusing Shakspeare himself. As yet the translation, unfortunately, is incomplete; indeed we believe, Schlegel has added nothing to it since 1801, save the translation of Richard the Third, but we would still hope that he may be induced to resume the task; and to leave to his countrymen and to the world a complete, and as nearly as the differences of languages will permit, a perfect translation of Shakspeare.

In giving this decided preference to the translation of Schlegel, we are far from meaning to deny the great merits of that begun, but never likely to be completed, by John Henry Voss, and his sons Henry and Abraham Voss. But no one can compare the two without feeling, that, though there may be in the latter apparently a more close and literal rendering of every word, there is a want of that spirit of poetry, that power of seizing and giving back the very impression caused by the changing tone of the original, which is so obvious in Schlegel's. In translation, cases of difficulty must often occur, where either the letter must be sacrificed to the spirit, or the spirit to the letter: in such cases Voss adopts the latter course, Schlegel the former. Voss's translation looks more like an exact echo of Shakspeare, but, like other echoes, fainter and weaker than the original: in Schlegel's, we think we hear the voice of Shakspeare himself. Voss, however, has not even the merit of being uniformly consistent to his principle of translation; he sometimes uses a more refined expression, where that used by Shakspeare was infinitely more forcible and picturesque. When Othello, overhanging the bed on which lies the body of Desdemona, breaks out into that affecting apostrophe,—

"Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock," &c.

Voss does not venture to translate the word "smock" by the natural expression *hemd* or *weiberhemd*, but substitutes the vague generality of "*tuch*," any sort of clothing. Yet, is there not something ghastly, corpse-like, in this familiar term? Does it not carry our thoughts at once back to the desolate bridal bed, and forward to the swiftly coming grave?

Of the later translation by Otto Von Benda, which we believe is the only complete translation of Shakspeare by a single hand, we cannot speak, having had no opportunity of consulting

it; nor of the numerous translations of single plays, which have been executed with more or less success in Germany. We turn now to the critical essays on Shakspeare, which naturally kept pace with the increasing interest and popularity of the original; and of which it is our object in the present, and some succeeding papers, to exhibit specimens. With the views of Goethe on Shakspeare, and particularly on the character of Hamlet, our readers are probably familiar, from the excellent translation of Wilhelm Meister by our friend Mr. Carlyle; and the eloquent dramatic criticisms of Augustus William Schlegel are already pretty well known to the English reader. Of those of Tieck, however, to whom, we will venture to say, Shakspeare is better known than to most of our countrymen, and still more of Franz Horn, the latest and the most elaborate expositor of Shakspeare's dramatic characters, little or nothing is known in England; and we cannot but think we shall render an acceptable service to our readers in presenting them with some liberal extracts from their criticisms. We shall begin with Hamlet, to which Horn has devoted an essay of nearly 100 pages, to say nothing of a supplement of about half that length.*

Why do we begin with Hamlet? What is the secret charm which irresistibly attracts the readers of Shakspeare to this tragedy? We should say, its baffling mystery, its inscrutable character. Could we fathom the principles of Hamlet's character; could we reduce to any logical scheme or plan the strange anomalies it presents, it might still remain, as now, an object of admiration, but not of that awful curiosity, mingled with love, which it at present excites. Our imagination is excited by it as by the contemplation of a mystic and enigmatical character in real life, which we know to be a reality, whose actions we feel must have their sufficient causes, but whose secret springs of action, "the fountain from the which his current runs," lie too deep for discovery. The play resembles some enchanted region looming before us in wild magnificence; as we approach we feel the solid earth beneath us, yet we know that we are treading haunted ground; on all sides the prospect fades away into the undefined and illimitable; and even those objects which had at first seemed cleared, waver and grow dim, or change their shapes, even while we gaze upon them. In vain we endeavour to find some position from which a clear view of the whole domain may be obtained. The mist is only dispelled from one quarter to settle down upon another; and to every new wanderer in this realm of shadows, do the shapes which inhabit it, and the scenes which it presents, show themselves in some new form of sublimity and beauty.

Is there at this moment one important point in Hamlet's character which is clear and undisputed? His sanity or madness? Great names are not wanting either on the affirmative and negative side of the question; and, to say the

* Shakspeare Erlautert von Franz Horn. Leipzig. 5 vols.

truth, the argument is capable of being maintained almost with equal plausibility on either. His love for Ophelia? Was it but "the trifling of his favour"—the mere temporary escape and relaxation of a mind habitually a slave to other and deeper thoughts; or was it indeed a love, of which "forty thousand brothers" could not make up the sum? Was Hamlet really destitute of energy and moral courage, or was his conduct merely the result of a position in which, by one too "much reflecting on these things," no one course could be chosen, because all seemed equally advisable, or equally dangerous? On these subjects no two men think, or probably ever will think, alike. The circumstances of Hamlet's life, exhibited by Shakspeare, do not afford the conditions out of which the problem of his character is to be evolved. Hence it will ever, as Schlegel truly and beautifully says, remain like those irrational equations, in which a fragment of unknown magnitude remains, that will in no manner admit of solution.

The charm, therefore, lies mainly in its mystery; but the mystery of Hamlet's character is but the type and shadow of the still greater mystery and perplexity of existence itself—a thought which meets us at every turn as we peruse this tragedy, and haunts us like a spectre that will not depart. In Hamlet we see a picture of humanity "in single opposition, hand to hand," with a merciless and iron destiny, which, even from our own breasts, from the very nobility and activity of our faculties, draws forth the armoury of slings and arrows, with which it harasses, and eventually overpowers us. Could Hamlet have dulled the edge of that apprehension that makes him "like a god;" could he have said to his restless intellect, "Peace, be still;" could he have been contented with the outward shows and most obvious consequences of things, instead of endeavouring to exhaust all their remote and possible relations, all might have been well—for then the power of free action might have remained to him, and in freedom of action he would have been happy. But this he cannot do: his intellect demands exercise, and he cannot live except in an element of enquiry. Thus labouring with his finite though noble faculties against infinity and eternity, the result is universal doubt. One by one all the props on which he leaned have given away. His mother's guilt has unhinged his confidence in the stability of the moral world; and now nature herself seems to abandon the even tenor of her course, since the dead have burst their cerements and are permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon. The moral confusion in his mind is now complete; for all without and all within have alike lost their fixity. Nothing now seems to be good or bad, "but thinking makes it so," and every course of action alike, since in none is certainty or tranquillity to be obtained, and all seem to lead only to the brink of the limbo of doubt. Sick at last of the whirl that surrounds his vessel, he throws down the helm of free-will in despair, and seems to feel a wild exultation in drifting, at the will of chance, over the boundless ocean of possibilities.

And blindly and fearfully, indeed, does chance deal with him, and all around him, from the commencement of the play to the close. In all Shakspeare's other dramas there appears something elevating, something consoling, amidst the depths of suffering. Even in Lear, where perhaps the tragic gloom is more uniform than in any other of his plays, the moral and physical tempest which rages through the four first acts drops into a solemn and soothing stillness in the last. Lear and Cordelia perish, it is true, but not until their destiny is fulfilled. The daughter's work of love and duty is done. The poor discredited old man has revived to reason, and regained his daughter. What had life to offer to either, that could leave on the heart a more deep though chastened impression of sorrow? After life's fitful fever, they sleep well; and from the battle-field on which their mortal forms are lying, the imagination sees their "delighted spirits" reascending, hand in hand, to that heaven whence they had their birth, and where they are again to find their home. In Hamlet alone the tragic night which wraps the catastrophe is unbroken, "and darkness is the burier of the dead." Chance reigns relentless through the whole. On an "envious sliver" of willow hangs the life and death of Ophelia; it breaks by chance, and she is drowned. Chance brings back the shipwrecked Hamlet to her funeral, and impels him to the quarrel with Laertes above her grave; chance produces the change of rapiers, which involves Laertes in the fate he intended for his victim; chance commends the poisoned chalice to the lips of the queen; and chance, at last, not all the subtle conceptions and long cherished plans of vengeance over which Hamlet had brooded, accomplishes his great revenge, by exciting him to that ecstacy of horror and despair at his mother's death, in which he plunges his sword into the body of the adulterous and murderous king. The young, the good, the noble, the impetuous, the innocent, are taken; the weak, the worthless, the aged, the commonplace, are left. Hamlet and Ophelia fall, that such as Horatio and Osric may do the honours of their funeral. The catastrophe reminds us of what we have somewhere read of the descent of a mountain avalanche on some peaceful Swiss village, at the foot of the Righi, crushing every human being beneath its mass, yet sparing some insignificant cur to bay the moon uninjured from above the ruins.

Were this unmitigated and remorseless display of destiny the general characteristic of Shakspeare's plays, their effect on the mind would be oppressive and appalling. Frederick Schlegel, indeed, (the brother of Augustus William,) in his parallel between Shakspeare and Calderon, has most unjustly attributed to all of them this tendency, which, in any true sense, is applicable only to Hamlet. "Shakspeare," says he, after an animated eulogium on that principle of divine faith and purification which pervades Calderon's plays, and of which the most perfect examples are afforded by the constant prince, and the devotion of the cross, "has exactly the opposite fault of too often placing before our

eyes, in all its mystery and perplexity, the riddle of life, without giving us any hint of its solution."

True it is, that in many of them the labyrinth of life is laid before us dark and dreary enough, and from within we hear the Sphinx propounding her fearful riddles; but it is not true in general that we are left without a clue to its mazes, or an *Œdipus* to solve the enigma. The solution may not always be complete; but it is sufficient to leave behind that tragic *consolation*, which it is the aim of the dramatist to produce; for in this world we live, in all things, in hope, not in certainty: and it is enough for us, if athwart the shadows of the night which still lie heavy on all beneath, we can trace on high the glimmering light, "and golden exhalations of the dawn."

Even as to *Hamlet*, however, it will be seen that *Horn*, who is the most thoroughgoing admirer of Shakspeare we have yet met with, will not admit that such is the case. He contends that even there sufficient indications of this higher principle are to be found in the appearance of the ghost, with which the piece opens, and the arrival of *Fortinbras*, the representative of a new order of things, with which it closes. On this we shall have a word to say afterwards.

It is time, however, to come to the observations of the German critics on the character of *Hamlet*, and the conduct of this most remarkable play. The germ of Goethe's estimate of *Hamlet's* character, and of the leading idea which Shakspeare intended to convey, is contained in the following paragraph:—

"The time is out of joint; O, cursed spite!

That ever I was born to set it right."

"In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to *Hamlet's* whole procedure. To me it is clear, that Shakspeare meant in the present case to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed. An oak-tree is planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered. A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him—the present is too hard. Impossibilities have been required of him; not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He tures, and winds, and torments himself; he advances and recoils, is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind; at last does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts: yet still without recovering his peace of mind." This is finely thought and imagined, but it gives too favourable an impression of *Hamlet's* character, which at no time could have been of that pure and perfectly amiable kind which is here represented. On the contrary, good and evil must have been largely mixed in him from the very first, though the activity of the worse part of his nature may have been more formidably developed by his misfortune. Schlegel's estimate seems to be nearer the truth.* "Respecting *Hamlet's* character I

cannot, according to the views of the poet as I understand them, pronounce altogether so favourable a sentence as Goethe's. He is, it is true, a mind of high cultivation, a prince of royal manners, endowed with the finest sense of propriety, susceptible of noble ambition, and open in the highest degree to enthusiasm for the foreign excellence in which he is deficient. He acts the part of madness with inimitable superiority; while he convinces the persons who are sent to examine him of his loss of reason merely because he tells them unwelcome truths, and rallies them with the most caustic wit. But in the resolutions which he so often embraces, and always leaves unexecuted, the weakness of his volition is evident: he does himself only justice when he says there is no greater dissimilarity than between himself and *Hercules*. He is not solely compelled by necessity to artifice and dissimulation; he has a natural inclination to move in crooked ways; he is a hypocrite towards himself; his far-fetched scruples are often mere pretences to cover his want of determination; thoughts, as he says on a different occasion, which have

'But one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward.'

He has been chiefly condemned for his harshness in repulsing the love of *Ophelia*, to which he himself gave rise, and for his unfeelingness at her death. But he is too much overwhelmed with his own sorrow to have any compassion to spare for others; his apparent indifference by no means gives us the measure of his internal perturbation. On the other hand, we evidently perceive in him a malicious joy when he has succeeded—more through necessity and accident, which are alone able to compel him to quick and decisive measures, than from the merit of his courage—in getting rid of his enemies; for so he expresses himself after the murder of *Polonius*, and respecting *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern*. *Hamlet* has no firm belief either in himself or in any thing else; from expressions of religious confidence he passes to sceptical doubts; he believes the ghost of his father when he sees it, and as soon as it has disappeared it seems to him a deception."

The colouring which *Tieck* has thrown around the character is perhaps still gloomier. We shall afterwards see that he imputes to him, in one particular, a degree of baseness, which, if his conjecture is well founded, would sink his character so much as to deprive him of all our sympathies. Of the mixture of qualities in the character generally, he says,* "Contempt of life, mingled with a certain nervous clinging to it, characterises *Hamlet* in most of the scenes; a distinctive feature in those minds, which have lost the first bloom of existence through offended pride and mortified feeling, and the calm steadiness of belief through restless investigation. In this troubled state of being all the passions show themselves in gloomy colours,—rage, revenge, cunning, envy, pride, and ambition, stand fearfully prominent, and yet so relieved and trans-

* Dramatic Lectures, lect. 13.

* Dramaturgische Blätter, vol. i. p. 120.

figured as it were by feeling, wit, taste, knowledge, and personal dignity, that this wonderful appearance fascinates and fetters the mind: nay, even its most repulsive features appear not without a certain show of splendour and magnificence. This strange unfathomable union of folly and wisdom, of greatness of soul and pusillanimity, of love and hatred, of vanity and true pride; this lover, who shows passion, yet on whose love we can place no reliance; who speaks and feels like a faithful and noble friend; whose attractive amiableness renders him, when he pleases, the popular idol, who, in a certain sense, perceives so clearly all the relations by which he is surrounded, and yet is deceived by every one; this mixture of heterogeneous positions, which, though in a less degree, we so often meet with in real life; those wonderful contradictions, under which every mind of high endowment more or less labours; all these combined features afford the key to the universal popularity of this tragedy and this character."

Horn, in his treatment of Hamlet, has somewhat varied from his usual course. Instead of taking the characters one by one and attempting at once to sketch their outlines, he in this case follows the course of the scenes, interspersing his exposition only with such observations as arise out of the partial lights which these scenes present. He attempts no formal summary of the strange whole, probably because he felt that any such must necessarily be either paradoxical, and partially untrue, or so vague and general, as to have little meaning or significance; but leaves the reader to combine for himself, in the best way he can, all the lights and shadows which he has touched into such a whole as best harmonises with his individual feeling.

The singular felicity of dramatic exposition which the first scene in the spectre-haunted platform of Elsinore affords; the consummate skill by which every thing that can awaken curiosity and terror is combined;—midnight, the glimpses of the moon above, the timeworn towers behind, the hollow murmur of the sea beneath,—the cold, that makes the very soldier sick at heart,—the ominous stroke of the bell, the shadowy stalk of the buried majesty of Denmark;—all these features were too obvious not to be acknowledged and dwelt on by critics of every nation. But how finely, after these ghostly terrors, is the mind led back to cheerfulness and confidence by Horatio's observation on the crowing of the cock, and Marcellus's allusion to the protecting influence of Christmas.*

"The coming of the friendly day is indicated, and the overcharged heart seems already to see its light, and to be refreshed by the influence of the morning breeze. Marcellus gives additional exultation to this feeling by his allusion to Him, through whose appearance a higher light has been vouchsafed to all; and though his reference be only to a childish belief, that on this sacred night no evil spirit dare walk abroad, ("so hallowed and so gracious is the time!") yet even this recollection is enough to fill the heart with a grateful and consoling feeling. It is enough to indicate a divinity, and the poet well knew

that, without such an indication, the terrors of the night would be felt to be too powerful. Horatio, however, whose attention is more directed to the external, continues his allusion to the daybreak in those exquisite lines—

'But see the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill'—

Thus it is. Nature is still the old, the true, the ever-renewing friend of man;—whatever may be the changes and chances of life, however deep and fearful the secrets with which the spirit of man may have to deal, she keeps her ancient unaltered course; and after the spectral night of the grave, the morning, bright as ever, like a young and blooming deity, walks purple-clad over the dews of the eastern hill."

From the dusky platform of the palace we are led to the audience-chamber, into the presence of the king and queen, glittering in all their bridal pomp, while beside them stands the melancholy Hamlet—his "inky coat" an emblem of the darkness of his mind. The ambassadors are despatched to Norway; Laertes takes his leave for France; and then, for the first time, the king addresses Hamlet. His dress—his manner—his proposal of returning to Wittenberg, have all been rankling in the mind of the king, and his feelings break out through all the assumed composure and condescension of his address. Tieck is singularly at issue with Horn, and we suspect with the whole world beside, in his estimate of Claudius, both in this scene and throughout the play; and probably most of our readers, after perusing his remarks on the character, will think him at issue also with himself.*

"The king, sprung from a family of heroes, has many great and excellent qualities, though these are doubtless outweighed by many bad and base ones. Yet he is throughout kingly and dignified; he can be guilty of wicked and ruthless deeds, but he cannot appear insignificant; treachery is his nature; his very being is made up of equivocation and perfidy: yet all these revolting qualities he clothes with an air of nobleness and amiability. He is strong and large of stature, but handsome; even the ghost describes him as in the highest degree seductive; and Hamlet, though behind his back he paints him as every way mean and detestable, yet feels himself always rebuked and confused in his presence, and cannot make good before his opponent the high-sounding terms of which he is so liberal when alone. The usurper is neither so contemptible, nor the murdered monarch so excellent, as the son under the influence of passion represents them in the awful scene with his mother.

"When the king first appears, we see in him all the dignity of a king; his address is pointed, his bearing noble; he despatches business and ceremony with tact, decision, and skill. He then turns with something of exaggerated courtesy and condescension to Laertes, flatters him, and still more his father, Polonius, whose favour and attachment he is naturally anxious to conciliate. Laertes obtains, without requiring even to ask for it, the trifling favour of being allowed to revisit France; and now the king turns with friendly and gentle address to Hamlet. Affectionate as the opening is, the very circumstance that Hamlet is the last person who is addressed, sufficiently shows the degraded position of the prince. He answers little or nothing, and breaks forth with intentional vehemence, when his mother, whom he despises, attempts to console him by some trivial common-

* Horn, vol. ii.

* Dramaturgische Blätter, vol. i. p. 65.

place. The king is naturally offended, and Hamlet must submit with patience to be schooled in a speech, which, however, contains much that is in itself just and well-founded. He is obliged to yield to the apparent entreaty of the king, and to remain. The king celebrates this occasion, as he seems to do every other, by a revel. He is a debauchee, a drinker—he is immoderate in all his pleasures; but even the ghost complains, that he too had been cut off 'in the blossoms of his sin.' There is a resemblance between the two brothers, and also between them and Hamlet; all of them are fond of hearing themselves talk, and they talk well. They deal in sentences and maxims, and the defective character which is perceptible in Hamlet characterises more or less all the other personages of the play."

We have quoted this passage, certainly not because we agree with the opinion it contains, but as a specimen of the strange conceits into which the anxiety to be original sometimes seduces critics. Every other critic had, as in duty bound, abused Claudius. Tieck, therefore, it seems, must defend him; but really the defence seems either to contain its own refutation, or is based on so slender a foundation that we cannot but wonder that such a theory should have been adopted, or at least that if adopted, it should not have been better defended. Of Hamlet's father, any thing either hinted or expressed, gives the highest idea; his heroism, his nobleness of character, his affection for the queen, his perfect union of the majestic and the amiable, are not to be mistaken. That he describes himself as cut off in the blossom of his sin, is but the confession which the best of us must make, who has been surprised by the sudden stroke of death, "unhousel'd; disappointed, unaneled." But in the treacherous murderer who succeeds him, what one quality—we do not say to engage our love—but to mitigate our dislike and contempt, can be found? where are the "*great and excellent*" qualities that his apologist ascribes to him? Are such indeed consistent with the moral conception of a being whose whole existence is admitted to consist in treachery, equivocation, and perfidy? Is there even an attempt made by Tieck himself to enumerate them? We look in vain for a reference to any but his kingly bearing, his eloquence, and his self-possession, when Laertes, incensed by the news of Ophelia's death, and his father's murder, bursts into the palace, and threatens the anointed majesty of Denmark. The first is hardly worth contesting; for, assuredly, so factitious and accidental a point can scarcely be seriously mentioned as a redeeming quality; his eloquence, again, we are disposed to think with Horn, consists generally of mere rhetorical commonplaces, which neither come from, nor reach the heart; and, as for his dignified confidence, when assailed by Laertes, we would say, he knew his man well—he knew him to be a mere brawling gallant of the day, as weak, unprincipled, and vacillating, as he was noisy and wordy; he knew there is a certain "divinity doth hedge a king;" and confident of the strength by which he was supported, and of the moral weakness of his adversary, he remains untroubled. Is there any thing in all this that for one moment gives us an idea of any real courage, or any true self-reliance in his character?

But to return to the progress of the play. The scene in the audience-chamber is followed by the monologue,

"O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"

a monologue expressive of the profoundest melancholy and disgust of life, yet immediately succeeded by the scene with Horatio, which opens in a cheerfully—almost jesting tone. "It is a traditional, and almost ineradicable error," says Horn, "that a serious and melancholy character can never, either in speech or action, be otherwise than melancholy. Nature and truth know nothing of such a position, but the very reverse. As an eye directed for twenty-four hours without interruption to a single point would become blind, so the mind of the unfortunate would destroy itself if his grief could find no relaxation; if wit and humour did not stand so close even to the deepest melancholy. Experience should have taught us that there is nothing wittier than—despair!"

Polonius comes next upon the scene, and here again Tieck differs from most other commentators, and we think, also, from common sense. Not contented with trying to repel the exploded idea of Polonius being a mere buffoon, he is determined to exalt him into a most profound, respected, and able statesman. True, Polonius may have been a very excellent privy counsellor in his day—though even then no Solomon—but he is evidently *passé*; he draws on his memory, not his judgment, for his wise saws and excellent advices to his son and daughter, which no one can doubt he is now delivering for the thousand and first time. But Ophelia;—here, indeed, is metal more attractive—what is her situation? What is the nature of that relation in which she stands to Hamlet? Of all Tieck's offences, what we can least forgive him is his treatment of the character of Ophelia, and of that of Hamlet, in his supposed relation to her. He begins, of course, after the manner of commentators, with finding all his predecessors totally in the wrong.

"Of all the characters, that of Ophelia appears to me to have been the most misunderstood. It may be difficult, since the poet has rather hinted at than expressed it, to give any clearness to this enchanting combination, in which vanity, coquetry, the influence of the senses, love, art, and seriousness, deep melancholy, and madness, show themselves in succession, or at the same moment. If, however, I do not misapprehend his purpose, the poet meant through the whole piece to indicate, that she had, in the intoxication and abandonment of passion, already yielded to the prince so much, that the warnings and hints of Laertes come too late. It is worthy of the great poet, that this relation of the parties, like so many others in the piece, remains an enigma; but it is only in this point of view that Hamlet's conduct attains its full bitterness, or Ophelia's grief and madness its consistency."

We will do Tieck the justice to add, that his proofs are ingeniously put together—though, after all, they prove nothing. What point in Ophelia's character is not sufficiently explained by the simple consideration, that she had early surrendered her young heart to the "rose and expectancy of the fair state;" that he in happier times had loved her once, and led her to believe so; that now, with a heart lacerated by misfortune, distracted by

doubt, oppressed by the load of a mighty undertaking laid upon it, without the power of execution, he seems to have forgotten the past, and that his language breathes only bitter irony, suspicion of female virtue or constancy; that this wild commotion of mind in her supposed lover soon appears converted into madness; that her father is dead, murdered by that lover—her brother gone—not a friend left to protect, to advise, or to console? Is there not in all this, working on a frame of unusually nervous tenderness, a sufficient explanation of her grief and madness, and in the madness itself a sufficient explanation of all these equivocal expressions which escape from her in the eclipse of reason? Is it necessary to add to all this, as a cause, the consciousness of guilt, the misery occasioned by seduction?

But Tieck not only gratuitously and most indefensibly assumes the guilt of Ophelia, but as a consequence goes on to deny that Hamlet really feels any affection for her: he maintains on the contrary, that throughout the piece Hamlet expresses nothing but contempt both for her and her father, whom he looks upon as a mere go-between, who had sacrificed his daughter to his own ambition. Horn remarks with more justice, "The extent and degree of Hamlet's love it may be difficult to determine, but he who loved his great father with such reverential tenderness, could not in another and voluntary attachment be false to himself. It may be admitted that filial tenderness occupies the first place in his mind, and it is true that when this father, his prop and stay, is gone, though his love for Ophelia is not extinguished, the element of peace and tranquillity in which it might have flourished, disappears. Still, however, I would repeat, that even the circumstance that Hamlet pours out all the weight of his despair and his incipient madness upon Ophelia, speaks in favour of his love; though love indeed in its most miserable form, which existing in a wounded spirit cannot help lacerating in turn." "The dialogue with Ophelia is the sequence of the soliloquy 'To be or not to be,' and borrows from it its tone and colouring. In the state of mind in which Hamlet feels himself, love appears something too lovely for this miserable world: despair dare not love, but rather finds a wretched pleasure in tormenting the object of its affection. It is thus that Hamlet breaks out, in the bitterness of his agony, against her and against himself; and that the nunnery seems to him the only refuge to which he can advise her to fly. The tragic pity which this produces is raised to its height by the concluding words of Ophelia: she is now as desolate as he, nay, perhaps more so; she has not lost her lover; he is not dead; for that might, through a deep, calm, and perennial sorrow be endured—but the object of her affections is suddenly converted before her eyes into a frightful and grinning maniac. She laments his madness, and is unconscious how soon she is herself to become its victim."

Even the strangely cold expression of Hamlet on hearing of Ophelia's death, "What! the fair Ophelia"—affords no argument against the reality or the original depth of his affection. At this moment he is a fugitive escaped from shipwreck,

sick in body and in mind, his thoughts are occupied with a thousand things, his spirits as in a dream are all bound up; the words at first awaken no sensation, he replies to them in a state of half-consciousness—but when the reality breaks upon him, when he sees the innocent object of his youthful affection, whose heart he had helped to break, laid in the cold grave before him, then the torrent bursts through the icy crust that covers it, and even in the passionate vehemence, exaggeration, and insane violence of the scene that follows, the wildness of his language, and the scuffle in the grave, we perceive exactly the result which love, remorse, disgust at the factitious exhibition of feeling by her brother, and some tinge of incipient insanity in himself, might, under such circumstances, be expected to produce in a mind like that of Hamlet. But if it be not easy to account for Hamlet's apparent indifference to the tidings at first, how much would the difficulty be increased on the supposition of Tieck? How deep would then be our contempt for his selfishness and cruelty throughout in his treatment of his victim! But we need say no more of a conjecture which is felt at once to revolt against the views of Shakspeare, as well as all the better feelings of our nature.

No part of Schlegel's criticism is more characteristic than his observations on the speech recited by the player in the scene which follows Ophelia's description of Hamlet's interview with her. To most readers, it certainly appears a piece of unmeaning bombast. On this Schlegel remarks, "As one example of the many niceties of Shakspeare which have never been understood, I may allude to the style in which the speech of the player respecting Hecuba is conceived. It has been the subject of much controversy among the commentators whether this was the composition of Shakspeare himself, or borrowed from others, and whether, in the praise of the piece of which it is supposed to be a part, he was speaking seriously, or merely meant to ridicule the tragic bombast of his contemporaries. It never occurred to them that this speech must not be judged of by itself, but in connection with the place where it was introduced. To distinguish it as *dramatic* poetry in the *play* itself, it was necessary that it should rise above the dignified poetry of the play, in the same proportion that the theatrical elevation of the rest does above simple nature. Hence Shakspeare has composed the play in Hamlet altogether in sententious rhymes, full of antitheses. But this solemn and measured tone did not suit a speech in which violent emotion ought to prevail; and the poet had no other expedient than the one of which he made choice—overcharging the pathos. The language of the speech in question is certainly falsely emphatical; but yet this fault is so mixed up with true grandeur, that a player, practised in calling up in himself artificially the imitated emotions, may certainly be carried away by it. Besides, it will hardly be believed that Shakspeare knew so little of his art as not to be aware, that a lengthened epic relation of a transaction that happened so long before as the destruction of Troy, could neither be dramatic nor theatrical."

Of the play itself which follows,—the device by which Hamlet resolves “to catch the conscience of the king,”—Tieck observes, “It is in the power of the performer of the part to render this scene one of the most striking in the piece. The king has again collected his energies. If he is still troubled, he is able at least to conceal it in the presence of the court. He talks in a friendly manner to Hamlet, jests with the queen, or with the other ladies and nobles. He is so occupied, indeed, with merriment and conversation, that he pays no attention to the pantomime, in which, according to the custom of the old English theatre, the whole coming incidents of the play were shadowed out. But Hamlet’s repeated hints at last awaken his attention. Since Hamlet cannot control his emotion, he feels there must be something of importance in the piece, something which has some allusion to himself. When the poisoner enters—when the brother is murdered, even as he had murdered his own—when he sees this, and cannot doubt at the same time that his crime is no longer a secret, then conscience outbreaks through all his hypocrisy; he flies in terror as before a spectre. The development, the artful preparation for this event—and yet its sudden and striking arrival, must, if well represented, give an extraordinary interest to the scene, and render the king unquestionably the chief object of interest. But to bring out the full effect, it would be well if the scene could be arranged as it was in the theatre of Shakspeare. The king and queen should be seated on a raised bench behind, but not at too great a distance from the spectators—Ophelia by their side—Hamlet on a stool at her feet: then we should escape the sight of the small stage behind, which ruins the poet’s intended effect. Shakspeare, on the contrary, intended this second tragedy to be played in the foreground, without curtain, or any preparation whatever. The king and queen in this miniature tragedy played in profile; and indeed the audience were not particular even if they occasionally turned their backs on the assembled court. Thus the king and his attendant party were always kept fully before the eye of the spectators.”*

Tieck, indeed, is always happy when he has to speak of stage effect, or propriety of representation. His observations on the ghost are full of good sense. He blames the monotonous recitation which is common in the part. “The dead Hamlet, it is true, has no longer flesh and blood, but he has all the human passions of anger, jealousy, and desire of revenge. Even though modified, therefore, the pathos of the part must shine through—there must be anger in his words, and vehemence in his gestures. In London, the ghost was absolutely ridiculous in both theatres, so unmeaningly did he stalk up and down, and repeat his part as if he had been reading a lecture.” In the famous dialogue between Hamlet and his mother, the ghost, he thinks, ought to appear not in armour as is usually the case, but in his ordinary dress.† Ghosts like men have a

sense of propriety and fitness; the spirit appeared in arms upon the platform, among the armed guard, because in such garb it had been usually seen by them, but in the bed-room of the queen he ought to appear in the dress most suited to the place, “in his habit as he lived.”

We think there is much ingenuity in another of Tieck’s conjectures as to the proper manner in which the fencing scene between Hamlet and Laertes ought to be represented. The difficulty arises from the stage-direction. “In scuffling they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.” Every one feels that there are strong improbabilities connected with the supposition, that an actual change of the rapiers should take place during the scuffle; besides, that the change not being of a kind which can be made palpable to the audience, must be considered as an entirely undramatic incident. Tieck’s conjecture (which, by the way, adds another base feature to the character of his *protégé* the king) is, that Claudius, since the occasion when Laertes, at the head of the populace, had made his way into his palace, and threatened his person, has become almost as great an object of hatred and jealousy to the king as Hamlet; his wish therefore is, like that of Iago in speculating on the chances of the encounter between Roderigo and Cassio, that in the duel both should fall. “Either way it makes for him.” He supposes, therefore, what certainly appears by no means improbable, that after each stage of the assault the rapiers are laid by for a time, while the combatants refresh themselves by walking up and down, and that by the contrivance of the king the page or attendant to whom in the mean time they are intrusted, on a sign from him, makes the exchange, and delivers the poisoned foil to Hamlet. In this way the puzzling word, “they change,” is supposed to refer not to the combatants but to the attendants.

But in making this passing observation we are anticipating:—for we have yet got no farther in the regular course of the play than the masterly scene of fiery eloquence, deep pathos, and spiritual terror—in the apartment of the queen. Hamlet has left the chamber where Claudius is vainly attempting to pray; he will not kill him in a situation where the chance is, that if dismissed from earth he “goes to Heaven;” he will wait till he can find him “drunk, asleep, or in his rage,” engaged in some act “that has no relish of salvation in it—then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven.” But in all these purposes of refined and fearful revenge, these resolutions to kill the soul as well as the body, Hamlet is, in truth, representing his own state of mind and his own determination as darker and more hideous than they are. Could we believe them to be real, our pity for him would merge in horror and disgust; but, in truth, he shrinks from murder, above all from murder while the victim is communing with Heaven; he feels he cannot now do the deed, he puts off its execution indefinitely, and then endeavours to excuse his delay and irresolution even to his own mind, by dwelling on the more complete and awful vengeance which the future may afford.

On his mother’s summons he enters her apartment, where the unfortunate Polonius is concealed.

* Dramaturgische Blätter, vol. i. p. 69.

† Tieck’s view is supported by the stage-direction, in the quarto edition of 1603, “Enter the ghost in his nightgown.”

"The queen begins the conversation, exactly as is generally the case in real life under similar circumstances. Feeling the consciousness of her own crime, she takes the initiative in reproach, for she knows her son's weakness, and how easily he may be shaken from his purpose. For once, however, she errs, for he is now at the highest pitch of his moral strength; and terrified by the unusual force of his expressions, she cries for help. Polonius, concealed behind the arras, hurries to her assistance, and is stabbed by Hamlet. This situation may be said to embody one of the profoundest tragic epigrams which ever poet devised. The poor, half honest, half prudent, half witty, half foolish old man, so in love as it were with life, might have plausibly calculated on some ten or twenty years longer of existence; and now in a moment he is hurried off, entangled in his own intrigues, detected in the honourable employment of listening—an undertaking which he had volunteered merely to draw some fresh complimentary phrase from the flattering king: while again, in regard to Hamlet, the most energetic moment of his life is lost,—since he accomplishes nothing by the only action to which he rouses himself but a miserable murder, a crime which is only productive of farther misery. He wishes to hurl the cruel usurper from his throne; and at this moment he might have done so, for he has for the first time screwed his courage to the sticking point: but a ruthless fate mocks the waverer; and he wastes the whole fulness of his strength in killing—a fly, which he might have swept away with his pocket handkerchief.

"Hamlet at the moment feels but imperfectly the crime of which he has been guilty; nay, he seems at first to succeed in making it the subject of brief but bitter jests, before he addresses himself to rouse and shake the heart of his mother. He does so with an eloquence, whose fire, like that of Hecla, breaks through snow, and rages the more fearfully that it has been so long suppressed. The queen is unable to stop the stream of his discourse; but her son can say nothing more cutting than what, in the few moments of clear perception which remain to her, she had doubtless often said to herself. But now in the moment of the most vehement excitement of the nephew against the uncle, the spirit of the ancient monarch appears again to whet his blunted purpose, a moment which, for its simple and touching greatness, is perhaps unparalleled. Gertrude, however, perceives not the spirit—for impurity can perceive nothing spiritual: she believes on the contrary, that her son's language is that of madness; and though he establishes the contrary by the clearest proofs, the scene ends without any determinate counsel on his part or any decided resolution on hers."

With the fourth act of the tragedy the progress of the piece begins to lag; and Horn justly remarks, that both the fourth and fifth acts partake fully as much of the character of the epic poem or romance as of the drama. We see in them little more than rapidly succeeding events, situations, flashes of character, incidents brought about without the will of the actors or against it. No clear aim or object any where appears in view. Something of mental disease seems to pervade every one of the actors in these scenes as well as Hamlet; a feeling of general inconstancy, insincerity, and treachery, begins to oppress the mind with despondency, and prepares for us that rapidly succeeding series of mortal catastrophes which crowd the latter pages of this tragic volume. In such a mood, we are in a humour to "talk of graves;" and the scene with the grave-

digger in the churchyard, with its strange current of mad humour flowing across the darkest channels, and making matter for merriment out of every thing calculated to awe and appal the mind, seems only in keeping with the chaotic and mouldering nature of all around us.

"The scene with the grave-digger, in the commencement of the fifth act," says Horn, "has always been popular. Who, indeed, could resist this philosopher, who turns all philosophical thinking into jest; this wit, who scatters his sallies, his quirks, and quiddities abroad, as he casts the earth about with his shovel? Let us not, however, rest satisfied with being merely delighted, for a deep tragic meaning is to be found lurking in the background.

"It seems to me as if the whole foundation of this great world-drama were breaking up at the close of the fourth act; it shakes beneath us at every step, and as from some soil of naphtha, flames burst forth at the tread of every powerful footfall. The world, as Hamlet himself says, is out of joint, and none is near to bring the confusion into order (except Fortinbras, who is still occupied with his expedition against Poland.) The miserable usurper has entered into a new scheme of poisoning, with the scarcely less miserable Laertes, and both have displayed no inconsiderable accomplishments in that detestable study. A country so situated may be said to be without a government, and fast hurrying to decay. What consequences can follow? Methinks there is nothing we should more naturally look for under such circumstances than a churchyard scene; and there is an agreeable relief in meeting there with one sound and healthy being among so many diseased, who even from the grave itself can jest at the grave and all the world. In the scene with his assistant, and afterwards with Hamlet and Horatio, he appears with the pride and the complacency of a king: he aspires to play the despot; he lays down the laws of suicide in all time coming—declares himself and his own trade to be the noblest in the world—treats his assistant like a bondman—gives his opinion roundly as to Hamlet's folly, and still more so as to that of all Englishmen; and all this the sneering insolent rogue is allowed to do, because he is the only sound-hearted and sound-headed being whom we meet.

"It may be asked, what has Hamlet to do in a churchyard? How came he there?—for as yet he knew not that the funeral procession of Ophelia was to follow. Hamlet is indeed intent upon one object, the punishment of the king; but fully aware of his own weakness, he seems willing to leave the execution of his intent to fate or chance; he, who never completely lived, is now, as it were, half dead, and feels himself most at home among the dead and the tombs. He broods with a real pleasure over ideas of corruption, yet even here the perfect individuality of his character is never forgotten, as for instance in his allusion to the jawbone of Cain, the first murderer. Not only, however, does the intervention of the grave-digger prevent any feeling of monotony in these contemplations of death and decay, but the presence of Horatio—present apparently against his will—assists in relieving the funereal effect upon the reader. The excellent, but somewhat limited Horatio, obviously dislikes the whole scene by which he is surrounded; his practical turn of mind shows him immediately, that all those fine speculations of Hamlet on death and on the different skulls which he handles, lead to nothing, and he is anxious to be gone. Instead of endeavouring, by any high idea, to elevate his speculations above the corruption by which they are surrounded, he never appears so poor and destitute of ideas as now. His exclamations,—"It might, my lord!"—"Ay, my lord!"—"Not a jot more, my lord," &c. are the miserable commonplaces of the barrenest conversation—nay, he appears in the light of

* F. Horn, vol. ii. p. 61.

a ridiculous pedant, when in reply to Hamlet's question, 'Is not parchment made of sheepskin?' he replies, with the most technical gravity, 'Ay, my lord, and of calves' skins too.' This question he can resolve, but it is plain that Hamlet's beautiful address to the skull of Yorick makes little or no impression on his mind.

"And now Ophelia's funeral procession enters. We had loved her living; we are now to receive assurance that she no longer needs our pity, and can strew fairer flowers on her grave than those which the queen scatters there. For the last time, at the sight of her pale corpse, is Hamlet roused into noble energy, as all true grief is, when it stands side by side with the loud, but empty affectation of sorrow. If we feel a momentary emotion when Laertes springs into his sister's grave, it is dispelled the instant he begins to talk of Pelion and Olympus. It is by this empty and hollow show of grief that Hamlet is excited; he feels that, ill as he may have often acted, his grief is purer, deeper, and more real; he feels that he, too, has often dealt too much in words—but always in solitude—in self-delusion; he has never laid claim to the character of a hero by the wordy vehemence of his language in public, or the theatrical exaggeration of his feelings. Hence the moral, if not physical, superiority he maintains over Laertes in the contest in the grave—hence the interest awakened by his touching protestation,

'I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.'"

Horn sees, in the arrival of Fortinbras, and his elevation to the Danish crown by the dying voice of Hamlet, that principle of consolation which, to most readers, appears to be so much wanting in Hamlet; that prospect of calm feeling and steady action on which the mind seeks to repose after the sea of troubles in which it has been involved. An edifice of gigantic proportions, but of no coherence or regularity, which must shortly have crumbled into dust of its own accord, has just been crushed to pieces; but out of its ruins is to arise one more firmly based, more compactly built, beneath whose roof men feel that they can seek for shelter, against whose solid pillars and strong built walls they can lean with safety. As Hamlet is speculation personified, so Fortinbras is the representative of action; he says little or nothing. Yet from first to last he is represented as an important character; and his appearance at last upon the scene of slaughter, treachery, and crime, is like the return of sunshine after a tempest—of order after convulsion. All this is doubtless true, so far as it goes. But after all, the gloom of the tragedy is too deep to be dispelled by this ray of consolation; our thoughts are rather in the coffin with Hamlet and Ophelia, than on the throne with Fortinbras; there is nothing by which they are elevated "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, which men call earth"—changeable and troubled "as in the best it is"—to the sphere where the wicked cease from troubling, where the weary are at rest, where the enigma of existence is rendered clear; for clouds and thick darkness rest over it even to the last, and the hollow voice of blind chance alone replies to our anxious questionings of the future in the words of the dying Hamlet—"The rest is *silence*."

From the United Service Journal.

POLAR SCENES.—NO. II.

Have any of my friends ever traveled three hundred miles in the depth of winter, without inwardly rejoicing the moment they passed the one hundred and fiftieth mile-stone—or, have they ever made a voyage from Bristol to Cork without marking, if they were not too miserably sea-sick, the progress of the packet as she passed Lundy Island? I, myself, once made a trip to China; and I well remember how impatiently anxious we were to turn, as it were, each corner-stone in our voyage. There was, to begin with, the Land's End—then Madeira—the Equator and St. Helena—then the stormy Cape—the squally Isle of Madagascar—the straits of Sunda, and finally the Bouge of Tigris, all were duly and joyfully noted as so many chapters finished in the journal of our voyage. But what had the polar adventurers to cheer them through their dark and dreary winter? Had we the power of locomotion? Assuredly not; for our ships were as firmly locked in the ice as if they had grown there; and the novelty of changing the scene, even from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with which we should have been quite content, was effectually denied us by the impenetrable barrier which nature had thrown in our way. What had we to distinguish the day from night? not the light from heaven, for it was removed to a happier clime; nor the domestic morning cries of the dustman, the milkman, or the baker—we had not, in fact, any vestige of the busy haunts of man to indicate a living world—all was hushed in the long uninterrupted stillness of a midnight scene, more like the silence of death than the existence of life; and it would seem that we had nothing left but to brood on our recollection of nature in its civilized state; but such was not the case.

It is an essential part of the character of a sailor rather to look forward with hope, than back with despair; and as it is his province to be as anxious to-day to glide with the current, which to-morrow he may have to stem, so it should be as much his object to turn to advantage the resources of the present, as it is his duty to trim his sails to catch the ever-varying breeze. And thus it was with us—for each succeeding day brought with it some little event which, happily for us, we contrived to make the most of—and these casualties, trifling as they were, served to lighten, in some degree, the prolixity of those moments in which we were not speculating on the progress we should make in the ensuing season towards Icy Cape.

At the period of which I am now writing, the moon shed its pale light throughout the day, so like the cold frosty nights of January in England, that we could only distinguish the diurnal part of our existence by the usual meal hours which called us together. And here it may be asked, How could we possibly amuse ourselves throughout the day? In the first place, we had an excellent library, which comprised eighteen hundred volumes of the most esteemed authors; then, again, each had formed for himself some pursuit which perhaps his natural instinct, more than the intervention of acquirements, led him to adopt. One, for instance, set about building a miniature of the *Fury*, which he already imagined in an ornamental glass case in a conspicuous part of his father's mansion; another taught himself, or tried to teach himself, the violin—and well we knew it; a third went through a course of mathematics, the most useful of the whole; a fourth was eternally mending his old clothes—he should have been a tailor; a fifth excelled every one else in skinning birds, and thought of nothing but the museum he would have to show his admiring friends when he took a small half-pay box in the outskirts of London—somewhere about the Old Kent Road—Lee, or Lewisham; a sixth kept a private journal like myself, intending to show off in the periodicals, as I am anxious

to do; a seventh—and he was an odd fellow—shut himself in his nest of a cabin, five feet by three in length and breadth—with the thermometer at ninety, from which he emerged, with a sickly jaundiced hue, only to devour a portion of food worthy a more active calling; but he was an exquisite draughtsman, a good surveyor, and a capital water-drinker. Poor fellow! he was sanguine about his promotion—never got it, and I am told he died of a broken heart. Then we had an occasional siesta after dinner—a casual bear-hunt—an evening school for the instruction for those of the crew who could neither read nor write—sociable concerts twice a week in Sir Edward Parry's cabin, and an extra glass of grog every Saturday night to sweethearts and wives.

About this period, notice was given that a grand Venetian carnival or masquerade would be held on board the *Fury*, to commence at six in the evening, and sanctioned by authority. It was also stated in the programme, that all the musical talent in the country was engaged for the occasion, and every attention would be paid on the part of the stewards to promote the conviviality of the evening—no one to be admitted except in character or domino—and no bad characters eligible. This notice was pasted up in the most conspicuous part of the ship, with a lively sketch appended to it, of a blind fiddler à la Cruikshank, led by a tottering old woman, with the sorry remnant of a soldier's coat on her back, and a round hat—no mean resemblance of Liston as Moll Flaggon, but infinitely less portly and swaggering, for in this sketch the feebleness of old age and meekness of poverty were apparent in the curved form and lank visage of the fiddler's wife.

Novelty has more or less its charms every where and for every one—from London to its antipodes and back again. On the present occasion, its influence in facilitating our ways and means was singularly successful. Masks and caps made of paper, wigs made of oakum, false hips and bustles, false fronts and false calves, bonnets, shawls, gowns, and petticoats, were eagerly sought after, and as ingeniously contrived. In fact, the lower deck every evening presented a more than usual scene of busy animation—patching, darning, and transforming, old clothes; making liveries out of red and green baize, lawyers' gowns of black bunting, and ladies' stays of good stiff number-one canvass—paste putty, vermilion, and ivory-black, with features of mystery and cunning, some working dexterously with smiles of self-satisfaction, others perplexed and embarrassed in their schemes, and all equally anxious to disguise as much as possible the dress in which they hoped to disguise themselves.

A masquerade in the polar regions! Who ever heard of such a thing? It was as little thought of when we left England, as our attending the carnivals of Venice during our absence; and had the idea then occurred to us, we should have thought the first as improbable, as we knew the second to be impossible. In amateur plays, the difficulty of disguising one's self, and the still greater difficulty of casting the characters, may have suggested this kind of amusement; but I should have deemed it impossible to evade the lynx-eyed scrutiny of my companions, when the few places of concealment which a ship affords is considered. With respect to habiliments, those who found it difficult to contrive a dress suitable to the character they wished to appear in, naturally regretted they had not had a hint of the affair before we left England; and those who complained most were on the female side of the question; and this was also natural, as the difficulty, to do justice to the bust, seemed at first insurmountable. This perplexing affair, however, like many others, was conquered with sailor-like ingenuity.

I believe that when a case of necessity is made known on board a man-of-war, and particularly upon an occasion of this kind, which is yet more singular, there are

few things which may not be procured without stirring one foot from the vessel, however ridiculous their being in the possession of a sailor may appear; and it was laughable enough to find our wants relieved as they became public—that is, indirectly—through the medium of one, two, and often three agents, to escape detection. When, for instance, the plays were first introduced on a former voyage, an amateur wanted a pair of spurs to complete his costume. Who could have imagined that such an article would have found a resting place in one of the discovery ships! The armourer set to work, when, to the astonishment of every one, an old sailor, who had never trusted himself on the back of a horse in his life, produced a pair from the bottom of his chest, wrapped in a piece of flannel, as highly polished as if they had done duty at the Horse Guards the week before. Upon the present occasion, a mask, a domino, a lady's fan, and some other things of an equally novel nature, were found by one of the officers, which, we concluded, must have been dropped into his trunk by his fair fille-de-chambre, when she packed it for him. Will you lend me this, or that? Have you such a thing in your possession as an old pattern for a petticoat or a gown? Can you inform me where I'll get a bunch of false ringlets, or how I shall manage without a chemise, or an under-garment of some kind to conceal an old pair of trowsers which are covered with tar? These were the constant questions of emissaries in every quarter; and the week preceding the masquerade appeared the shortest in our calendar since we left England.

At last the eventful evening arrived, and no schoolboys ever broke loose from the trammels of their pedagogue with more searching anticipation of Christmas enjoyments, than did our seamen. The arrangements on board the *Fury* were too good to pass unnoticed, every thing was so well adapted for the purpose for which it was designed. A rough sign over a raised platform, at the extreme end of the central part of the fore-castle, exhibited the jolly sailor just landed from his voyage of discovery, with a well-filled purse in one hand, and a long pipe in the other. He had his blooming wife under his arm, and the *Hecla* and *Fury* were visible in the background. It is almost needless to add, that the jolly-faced landlady of the jolly sailor did ample justice to the good humour which rallied round her. At the farther end of the quarter-deck, another rude sign announced that the celebrated Swiss giantess, lately exhibited at most of the courts in Europe, patronised by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, and never before seen in the polar regions, to which she had been imported at very considerable risk and expense, might be viewed by the public for the trifling sum of one shilling; children admitted for half price, and an excellent band in attendance. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up, and see the wonderful Swiss giantess! A ludicrous group of Greenwich and Chelsea pensioners, enjoying themselves over some of Barclay, Perkins & Co.'s entire, was naturally caricatured by one of our officers, in a transparency opposite the jolly sailor, and in the centre of the room. The orchestra was fitted up, in which the performers were instrumental in enlivening the scene. A reception room was prepared on the lower deck for rheumatic or frost-bitten amateurs, or fashionable dandizettes, whose curtailed garments were not proof against the harsh climate of the polar regions.

The characters began to assemble at six o'clock, and the busy scene of merry-making was soon at its meridian. The first who appeared was an elderly gentleman, whose dress, although somewhat the worse for wear, bespoke respectability, and whose peruke announced him a strict observer of old times. He regretted the indisposition of one of his carriage horses, owing to the badness of the roads, and deplored the uncivilised state of the country, not affording the common convenience of a

sedan chair, or even a jarvey. This character was admirable throughout, and not recognised until the close of the evening, to be Sir Edward Parry's steward. A lady of distinction in an evening ball dress of light blue silk, with flounces of cut paper to imitate Brussels point, was followed by her servant, a native of Africa, in livery,—green baize, turned up with silver,—the embroidered parts a little tarnished,—were by Captain Hoppner and Mr. Crozier. A strolling fiddler whose admirably constructed crutch well supplied the loss of his left leg, which he had left on the plain of Waterloo, and whose military attire presented a sorry remnant of the uniform of the regiment he had served in,—solicited alms for the support of nine starving children,—and his wife received the charity of the benevolent in an old hat,—exceedingly well supported by Sir Edward Parry and Mr. Halse. The next group which appeared excited marked attention, and many were the efforts made to discover who they were; but they were secure in the success of their impenetrable disguise. It consisted of a hawking umbrella-mender, with his wife and daughter, as itinerant ballad-singers,—the latter, so sensitively tenacious of her charms, that she constantly appealed to her mother, under whose cloak she endeavoured to hide herself, to protect her delicate frame from the rude overtures of the men. The produce of a small basket of tape, thread, and needles, helped to support this indigent family; and the style of their dialogue was in perfect keeping with their appearance. I never saw a better group than this,—and I once paid an exorbitant sum for seeing many worse. There was a good deal of low wit and good humour in their individual parts, which was well supported by Lieutenant Sherer and two of the Hecla's seamen. A miserably-clad old soldier, whose exertions in keeping a pathway across the street clean, for the convenience of the public, which, by the by, he had previously strewed dirt over, to their no small annoyance, that he might have something to sweep,—went off with *ecclat*, by Lieutenant Ross. And a wandering Jew, whose promissory notes were issued with characteristic caution, by a seaman of the Fury. A dialogue between a Scottish laird and a southern middleman, on the value of land, the breed of black cattle, and the average market-prices, was imitatively kept up by two of our sailors. There was a clown, whose buffoonery in descending on the wonderful merits of the Swiss giantess was worthy a disciple of Grimaldi himself. He was quick at repartee, and yet he acknowledged himself as great a fool as any of the company. We had also a country practitioner in medicine, who was excellent; and a widow of one of the seamen of the last expedition, who made many appeals in a pathetic tone in behalf of her infant, which she carried in her arms,—urging its weak state, for it was not yet weaned,—“Rest thee, babe,” in a shrill squeaking voice, with a strong nasal twang, quieted the sleeping innocent. Watchmen, riotous sailors with more money than wit, chimney-sweepers, young ladies upon the debateable principle, and a recruiting party, filled up the amusements of the evening, with a number of songs in character. Each man had three tickets, which entitled him to three glasses of rum or brandy punch; and the jolly sailor, before alluded to, was the rallying point throughout the evening, and so well attended, that the landlord and his wife, who, by the by, were capital in their station, had no sincere. Precisely at ten o'clock the company retired—the sailors well pleased with their evening's frolic, and the officers to discuss the merits of a good supper, and the various characters who had exhibited on the occasion.

There was not throughout the festive scene a single instance of inebriation on the part of the seamen. The rooms, as I have elsewhere stated, were tastefully fitted up, and of the hundred who were present, it would have been difficult to find one who had not banished all care

from his mind that night. The difference of the temperature between the lower and upper deck was seventy degrees.

A few nights after the masquerade we had a magnificent bear-hunt, amidst scenery which, although sterile and familiar to us, was sufficiently sublime to awaken a strong feeling of admiration in our minds. In our solitary position, when, after the crew had retired to rest, the stillness of death prevailed, any—even the least discernible object that approached the ships,—stealthily, as they usually did, was sufficient to cause a kind of momentary thrilling sensation, which can only be accounted for by the extreme loneliness of the scene, and the calm, quiet silence of night. On the present occasion, when every thing about the ship was hushed in repose, a large bear was discovered by the solitary officer of the watch, within a few yards of the gangway. Cautiously descending the ladder, lest the slightest noise might frighten the animal, he aroused a party of the officers and seamen, who were joined by an equal number from the Hecla. The dogs were put on the slip, and in a few minutes the whole party sallied forward. The night was rather fine than otherwise, but the sudden gusts of wind from the deep ravines on either side almost indicated the approach of a snow storm. The moon was near her meridian, and the light which she shed on the surrounding objects afforded those who had hurried on deck a transient view of the animated scene; but the men and dogs were soon lost to our view. We listened watchfully and in silence to the distant shouts, as they yielded gradually to the hollow dismal sound of the mountain blast, until they were altogether lost in the distance; and the sudden violent gusts which broke mournfully on our ears made us apprehensive for the safety of our comrades.

The bear took a southerly course, and finding himself nearly surrounded by his pursuers, who had systematically formed themselves into a semicircle, made a bold effort to ascend the steep face of the mountain up a precipitous cliff, over which the snow had frozen to a considerable depth. It is scarcely possible to conceive how so unwieldy an animal could have accomplished an ascent, which one would have thought might have baffled the light spring of a greyhound: nevertheless he succeeded in gaining an astonishing height; and the most extraordinary part of the affair was, that the dogs rolled repeatedly down the face of the cliff in their ineffectual efforts to turn him, whilst he not only held his footing, but continued, although with evident labour, to make his way toward the top. At length one of the dogs, with singular sagacity, finding himself defeated at that part of the cliff, ran along the base of the mountain until he arrived at a spot less difficult of ascent, and gliding swiftly along the abutment of a high ledge of rocks which overhung that part of the cliff, he was in a minute above the bear and within a few feet of him. Again the instinct of this fine animal availed him, for had he attempted to descend from the comparatively secure position he had thus gained, he would have been hurled by his powerful enemy to the bottom of the cliff; he therefore deployed, as it were, along the brink of the precipice, seemingly content in checking the farther progress of the bear. Poor Bruin, finding himself thus baffled, and being much exhausted from his efforts to gain the dizzy height, stood or rather balanced his unwieldy body with astonishing ease, as if doubtful what course he should next take, and the panting dog lay couched within a few yards of him, guarding the only spot by which he could have made his escape.

The moon, which had hitherto been partially obscured by the misty haze of the night, now shone forth at the moment one of the officers had contrived to climb to the top of some shelving rocks within about eighty yards of the bear. From this position he might have taken tolerable

aim, but the faithful Esquimaux dog lay in nearly a direct line, and apparently within a few feet of the bear, and so insecure was his own footing that he doubted whether he could stand even the slight recoil of his rifle. The contending party were thus placed at bay, and the temporary rest seemed grateful to all. At length the dog changed his position, and the marksman, no longer able to withstand the tempting opportunity, leveled his gun and struck the animal between the shoulders. He made a convulsive spring from his resting-place, and a crash, loud and frightful, announced his destruction, as he tumbled headlong down the precipice, dashing with violence against the projecting buttresses, and burying himself deep in the snow underneath. The pause of death was succeeded by shouts of victory from the hardy adventurers, many of whom, from the little attention they had given to their dress leaving the ship, were severely frost-bitten. The thermometer stood at 30° below zero.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

EGO!

"Mother," cries the young Marquis of Makeweight to his beautiful preceptress, the Duchess of Curtinsight, "what is an egotist? My tutor, Mr. Prosem, says that Cobbett (the fellow about whom there is so much fuss in the papers) is a disgusting egotist. Did I ever see an egotist?"

"An egotist, my love," replies the duchess, with a most Edgeworthian air of maternal wisdom, "is a man who is always talking about himself. The late Lord Erskine, generally esteemed an able politician, completely lost himself in public life by this foible. It was always 'I—I—I' in his speeches. Egotism is a fault, as common as it is vulgar. I know hundreds of people who are always talking of themselves; but you may have observed, my dear, that the word I is almost banished my vocabulary. While other people in society bring it into conversation half a dozen times in a minute, I am studiously careful to avoid it, by the use of impersonal phrases—such as, 'It is said,' 'They say,' or 'There is reason to believe.' I have a horror of the very sound of 'I'; and invariably set down an egotist as an ill-bred person. Be careful, therefore, my dear Makeweight, by following my example, to avoid this odious imputation."

"I won't forget, mother—I certainly will not forget," replies the little marquis. "I should be very sorry to be called an egotist. How dreadfully hot it is this morning! The thermometer stands at 88!"

"Dreadfully, indeed. Even with my bonnet I could scarcely stand the sun on the conservatory this morning. I was obliged to run through into the library for fear of a *coup de soleil*."

"What weather for the harvest people! It will throw them all into a fever!"

"They are used to it."

"Not to this excessive heat—it is so rare in England. And do you see in the papers what frightful accounts from Italy? That last eruption of Vesuvius appears to have done a great deal of mischief."

"Why do people buy estates in the neighbourhood of a volcano?"

"I suppose the estates descend to them like Curtinsight Castle to my father. You know, when you so often express your dislike to living in Lancashire, he tells you it is the fault of some ancestor of ours in the reign of Henry VIII. These poor Neapolitans were born on the mountain, and have become attached to the soil. After all, it requires some heroism to expose one's self to such a fearful risk. Think of being awakened out of your sleep by the roaring of a volcano and finding

a stream of burning lava pouring down upon your house!"—

"Do we know any one at Naples just now?" enquires the duchess, languidly. "Lady Emeline was there last winter, and the Duke of Rawdon, and several of our friends. But they have been all returned this age. No one of any consideration remains at Naples at this season of the year. Every body is in *villeggiatura*, or at the baths of Lucca or Albano, or somewhere or other. I am glad there is no person I care about on the spot."

"But the poor people!"—

"If the truth must be owned, I have little sympathy for what is called the people—*en masse*. I have just that sort of susceptibility, that, to be interested about a person, it is necessary that I should know something about them, or have had something to do with them," drawled the duchess, with equal disregard of grammar and consistency. "How is it possible to care for those whom one has never seen, and shall probably never see?"

And her grace's noble disciple admired the *impersonal* phrase, without perceiving the chilly egotism it tended to disguise. "Pray, my love, go and dress!" was his mother's concluding admonition. "You have been poring over that newspaper these ten minutes, in your shooting-jacket; and it has struck seven."

"My clothes are not damp—you need not be afraid of my taking cold," was the reply of the marquis, accustomed to those officious attentions on the part of his mother, which, in certain English circles, betray a most dowagerly but very unwomanly degree of sympathy with the heir-apparent of the house, in preference to all its minor olive branches; and supposing her grace's uneasiness to be caused by his own predicament! "Burton brought me my slippers as I came through the vestibule."

"But you do not consider, that till Burton sees you in the drawing-room, he never orders the second dinner bell rung? and poor La Mollette's *entrées* are invariably cold in consequence. Yesterday the *purée aux marrons*, in which the cutlets were served, were just of the consistency of mortar, while the pheasant was roasted perfectly brown. You know I detest a *diner retardé*. You ought to be more considerate of the feelings of other people."

"Just one minute! I am looking over the advertisements for a specific for the toothache, which I think I saw announced the other day."

"The toothache! My dear love! you do not tell me that your teeth are going? I will write to Cartwright directly. There is no one of any consequence in town just now. I daresay he would come down for a day. The toothache!—at fourteen!—and I am nearly four-and-thirty, and have never so much as felt a pain in mine; except, indeed, once, when I caught cold waiting for the carriage at the opera, that night the coachman ran over the drunken Irishman, and the people had the impudence to force the servants to Bow street. And how long have you had this horrible toothache?"

"My dear mother, I have no toothache."

"I am sure you said so. You have almost induced me to fancy I felt something in mine! What made you talk about specifics?"

"Do you not remember telling my father at breakfast that Victorine had not been able to sit up for you last night, because she has not slept this week past from a violent toothache?"

"Oh!—Victorine!—tiresome creature! Yes! she has thought proper to tie up her face, till she looks just like one of those frightful figures one sees peeping over the blinds of St. George's Hospital, as one drives through the Park. They really ought not to have an hospital so near a public promenade: it is quite disgusting!"

"I suppose the air is purer for the invalids."

"Is that a reason why it should be contaminated, to make it intolerable for us?"

"Ah! here is the advertisement for the elixir."

"Well, write me where the medicine is sold on a slip of paper; and tell Burton to send off one of the grooms for a bottle, *instantly*!"

"There! did you see the lightning? What a tremendous storm is coming! Had he not better wait?"

"Oh, dear, no! They will take care to send only one of the helpers, and on a horse of no particular value. I must have this elixir before night!"

"Does your pain increase, then?"

"My pain! Pray, my dear Makeweight, be more cautious what you say, or people will really fancy something is the matter with my teeth. Of course I want this remedy for Ma'am'selle Victorine."

"How kind of you! Poor Victorine! I will go directly. Lend me your Bramah pen. Poor Victorine! she is such a good creature!"

"She is a very stupid creature! What business had she to go and catch cold? It must have been carelessness, or pure perversity, at this season of the year! And now, unless I can manage to get her the elixir before night, I must again submit to the services of that odious Wingfield, who puts in a *pillule* with just as much fear and trembling as I should make up a Congreve rocket. I keep scolding her all the time; but to what purpose? It is so insupportable to have a person about one who is evidently frightened to death. I hope to goodness we shall be able to cure Victorine's *mal de dents*. I dare say it is half fancy."

"She looks dreadfully ill. I met her in the gallery this morning; and when I asked her how she had rested, and whether she felt better, I assure you I could scarcely understand her answer; I never saw a face so swollen."

"Five *Ps* in five seconds! My dear love, you are growing as sad an egotist as Lord Erskine! Now, go and dress—if you keep dinner waiting to-day, you are inexcusable. Pray, observe, by the way, that my wishes are expressed without a single use of your own horrible—Ego!"

From the London Metropolitan.

'Twas EVENING WHEN I LEFT THE VALE!

Air—"The Maid of Snowdon."

'Twas evening when I left the vale,
That nursed my boyish years—
My father's manly cheek was pale,
My mother's wet with tears;
Then borne upon the breeze of night,
I heard the distant bells
Come o'er those waters, coldly bright,
With all their breathing spells;—
Sweet village bells! sweet village bells!
With all their breathing spells.

The stars are in the blue sky set,
And light is on the sea,
And some that parted—now are met—
But who shall welcome me?
They light not home's unwreathed bowers,
Of whom my spirit tells,
Nor come, as when in happier hours
I heard those village bells;—
Sweet village bells! sweet village bells!
With all their breathing spells.

From the United Service Journal.

TRADITIONS OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.—NO. III.

Every one who has witnessed a campaign, or stood upon a ship's deck amid a storm, knows that men under the influence of violent excitement will accomplish feats, from the bare contemplation of which in more quiet moments they would turn away. How often have we seen the fragile youth toil on during the hurried march, keeping pace with the most robust of his comrades, or, it may be, leaving them behind! How often have we beheld with admiration the delicate boy, the child of his mother's most doating affections, and the pampered of his father's love, patient under cold and hunger, and weariness and watching—the feeble frame borne aloft by the gallant spirit—the body forgetting its weakness, because the mind was noble and brave! And how often, when the season of repose came back—when the battle had been fought, and the victory won or lost—how often have we seen the same high-minded youth wither and fade, like a flower in early autumn! If all this be the mere effect of what philosophers call organisation; if it be not rather, as the Scriptures have it, "the spirit of man that sustaineth his infirmities," then shall we greatly thank these same philosophers if they will have the goodness to explain to us what the phrase organisation means. For, as far as my own experience goes, I never could discover that the blood vessels changed their order, or the muscles their arrangement, according as we chanced to be busy or idle; though I have always found that hardships, and even pain itself, were taken into account only after the mind had relaxed from its tension, and leisure was given for thinking of such things, and of the effects which they ought to produce.

If ever there existed a living proof of the correctness of any theory, I was this night a breathing exemplar of my own. When I dropped from the window of the inn, I was conscious that I had severely hurt myself. My left ankle bent awkwardly under the weight of my body, and a sharp shooting pain ran through the whole frame; yet I thought of the circumstance only for an instant, and had forgotten it long ere Menzies reached the ground. No conversation, therefore, passed between us as we hurried across the green, making, at the top of our speed, for the skirts of the forest; nor for some time after we had dived within the thick wood was a word spoken. But in proportion as danger seemed to diminish, and we penetrated farther into its recesses, the mind lost its control over the body, and I was sensible of my real condition. "For God's sake, stop one moment!" said I; "I fear that I have broken my leg; at all events, I cannot move another step without resting." "I hope not," answered Menzies, still continuing to advance; "besides how could you run thus far on a broken limb?" "That I cannot tell," cried I, now almost fainting with agony; "but it is quite certain that to go farther passes my ability." As I said this, I threw myself on the ground; and every other consideration became immediately forgotten in a sense of excruciating bodily torture.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of Menzies at this trying moment. He knew that all was at hazard, for we were as yet but a little way from Lexington; and it could not be doubted that pursuit would begin with the first discovery of our flight. Yet he instantly stopped, sat down beside me, laid my head on his lap, and strove by every expression of friendship and pity, to comfort me in my distress; for excessive as the pain was, it did not long hinder me from perceiving that my first misfor-

tune was likely to prove the least serious. "What an unlucky wretch am I!" was my exclamation. "Just as the chance for which we have so long pined is thrown in my way, here I am, incapable of taking advantage of it. My God! what a hard fate! I would rather die where I am, than go back to drag out another year as a prisoner among these cursed Yankees; and you, too, Menzies—but you must not think of me. It would do me no good were you also retaken; so go, my dear fellow; go, and leave me to my fate: it is better that one should escape than both be taken; and I perceive that for me to move even a rod farther is quite out of the question." I said this, in consequence of the examination which I had taken with my hand of the wounded limb. The ankle was swelled to twice its natural thickness; and there was a throbbing at the heart which brought over me every moment a sensation of nausea and giddiness that was altogether overwhelming.

I soon found, however, that in proposing to my friend to abandon me, I was making a suggestion which he was not the sort of person to obey: he positively refused to budge a step. "What! go and leave you to perish in this wilderness?" cried he. "In heaven's name! what do you take me to be? For as to the Yankees discovering us in this thicket, my firm persuasion is that the thing is impossible. So cheer up, my boy! Who knows whether, after all, this misfortune of yours may not prove a gain, barring always the pain of the moment: for it is my belief that Jonathan will never think of looking sharp about him till he is at a distance from Lexington; and I doubt whether we be as yet fairly out of eye-shot from it." There was some justice in this conclusion; at least I was willing to accept it as probable; so I consented to put our affairs into Menzies' hands, as indeed, for the most obvious reasons, I was bound to do, being myself wholly incapable of exertion.

The first thing which my friend did was to pull off his neckcloth, and to bind up with it, as tightly as he could, the injured ankle; his next, to put to my lips a flask of brandy, of which I drank a little, and was revived. Meanwhile the wind, which had sighed and wailed for some time, began to gather strength; and large drops of rain fell, with a splashing sound, among the foliage. Far off, too, we could hear the growling of thunder, and one or two flashes of lightning cast a momentary glare through the deep forest. It was by the light of one of these that we were made aware of the extreme insecurity of our position. We were lying in a sort of open glade, in which the forest-trees stood far apart from one another! and throughout which neither bush nor brake could be seen; and the thought rose painfully into our minds that in point of fact we had no shelter. "Could you not crawl a very little farther?" said Menzies. "Desert you I never will; and therefore whatever fate you suffer I will share it. But if the rascals do chance to come in this direction, it is certain that they must discover us." I attempted to rise, but the effort proved useless. I fell to the ground again, and lost my recollection.

The misery of that night was extreme. The storm did not indeed increase on us; for it seemed to move in an opposite direction; and the rain became just sufficiently heavy to moisten our garments: neither could eye nor ear detect, amid the thick darkness, the approach of an enemy. But between the agony of my sprain, and the conviction on my mind that our sole chance of escape lay in the failure of the pursuers to take up our track, I thought at the moment, and I think still, that the cup of my wretchedness was full. Menzies, on the con-

trary, either did not share my alarm, or he concealed his feeling; for he never spoke, except in a cheering tone, and rallied me as often as I began to murmur.

Morning at length began to break; and distressing as my situation was, I could not avoid being struck with the phenomena which ushered in the day. The rain having ceased, no sooner was the eastern sky faintly illuminated, than the air above us seemed to be alive. Thousands of wings were rustling over head, and thousands of birds poured out their notes, altogether different from those to which, in my own country, I had been accustomed. There was indeed very little harmony in this early concert; amid which the parrot chattered, the grackle screamed, and the manakin whooped; yet was the effect singularly striking, so much so as to draw us for an instant into forgetfulness of the perils by which we were surrounded. But in proportion as the sky became more and more bright, and the tall trees, putting off their grotesque shapes, appeared in their proper colouring, every other sense was swallowed up in that of intense anxiety. It may be conceived how we gazed around, in the hope of discovering some more secure place of retreat, while each object in the distance was converted into the form of an American militia-man; and when at last the former seemed to meet our gaze, while of the latter no trace could be made out, our joy became acute in proportion to the utter despondency under which we had hitherto laboured.

About three hundred yards from the spot where we lay, the increasing day-light showed us a gentle undulation in the soil, which was thickly overgrown at the summit by brush. Menzies instantly suggested that we should at all events move thither; and finding me still quite incapable of walking, proposed to carry me. He was a robust, well-made little man, so I did not affect any squeamishness on the occasion; but getting on his back, endured, even in that attitude, so much pain, that it was with difficulty I retained my senses. On we went, however, he trudging stoutly over the long rank grass, and I clinging to his neck, with desperate grasp, till, having gained the ridge of the slope, he there laid me down, while he himself went forward to reconnoitre. He was not long absent; and when he did come back, there was an expression of hearty satisfaction in his countenance. "Couldn't be more fortunate," cried he: "under that mound there is a stream; its banks are low here, but a little farther up they seem to be rugged and steep; and above all, I perceive, in the distance, symptoms of a farm-house, and I already begin to feel that we can't live without eating. So mount once more; and when we fix upon our lair, we shall next take into consideration how the creature is to be supported till your ankle recovers its vigour." I did mount, and we resumed our progress.

The slope of the ascent was not very steep; and the thicket, though dense, was pervious; so that, at the cost of a few scratches, and one or two smart flips from twigs forced out of their legitimate position for a moment, and suddenly recoiling, we forced our way through. Beneath us ran a clear stream of water over a channel of rough stones, the opposite bank of which was, like the soil behind us, covered with tall rank grass. A good way in front, signs of a clearing presented themselves. There were spots of land, here and there, delivered from the incumbrances of forest, though the stumps of trees were still standing. A log-house, also, with one or two ruder edifices, caught the eye, and a sort of enclosure, probably a sheep-pen, or cattle-fold, stood near them. As yet, however, we were much more anxious to avoid

than to discover the haunts of man; and good fortune so ordered it that a place of concealment was not far off. Casting my eyes to the left, I perceived that the banks of the rivulet became, as Menzies had described them, precipitous and rocky; and I readily acceded to his proposal of seeking there the sort of hospice of which we were in need.

Down, therefore, we went, till we reached the stream, into which Menzies plunged; and I took it for granted that he was about to cross, because there seemed to be a more open path on the other side, but I was mistaken. He paced upwards in the water, and began to battle stoutly in mid-channel, against the combined inconveniences of an opposing stream, and a broken and rugged bottom. "Why don't you land?" said I, the pain of my hurt being considerably increased by his staggering and uneasy motion. "You will never get along so; and you see that the other shore is smooth and unbroken; why don't you make for it?"

"Because I have not tracked the red-deer in the snow so often, without being aware that the only way in which the beast ever throws off his pursuers is by taking to the water. It is very unlikely, I admit, that the Yankees will take up our foot-marks at all; but if they should, we have here an additional means of giving them the slip. So hold on, as well as you can, and sit steady." I did not answer, and we straggled forward as heretofore.

As we advanced up the stream, and the banks became on either side more precipitous, the depth of water considerably increased. Menzies was in consequence covered to his fork, and my feet and ankles dragged of course in the stream, which, on rounding an angle, showed itself in the shape of a deep dark pool, closed in by rocks of red sand-stone, and shadowed over by hanging brush-wood. Along each edge there was, however, a narrow path, formed, as it seemed, out of the soft rock by the wear of the water when flooded; and towards one of these my bearer made his way, setting me down, as soon as he had reached it, on a stone. It was impossible, indeed, to carry me farther: for in the first place the ledge of rock was narrow; in the next place it passed abruptly into a gulf which seemed unfathomable; and, lastly, the arch of the cliff overhead would have effectually hindered a loaded man from making his way beneath it. Another council of war was accordingly held, and I promised, in case a desirable retreat lay beyond, that at all hazards I would make an attempt to walk. This done, Menzies quitted me. He balanced himself nicely, doubled round a projecting rock, and for five minutes, or something more, was out of sight. But I saw from the expression of his countenance as soon as he reappeared, that his search had not been fruitless, and his tongue was not slow in confirming what his eyes had spoken.

"If we had searched all Connecticut," exclaimed he, "we could not have found a more admirable retreat. So exert yourself, my dear fellow, only for a few moments. There—there, now—that is right; hold on by the rock, and—then—" But before this sentence was complete, my experiment had ended as might have been foretold: my sprained ankle sunk under me, and I fell with a splash into the water.

Menzies, as I afterwards learned, was terribly frightened. Unable to swim himself, he gave me up as lost; but neither he nor I knew till that moment how much more practicable it is for an animal which is dead lame to move in water than on land. I struck out without hesitation, and retaining my self-command, made, not for the nearest shore, but for the promontory behind

which our promised place of shelter lay. It would be impossible to conceive any spot of earth better adapted to purposes of concealment: a cave, running under the rock, just above water-mark, from the arch of which hung down a tree so as entirely to screen its entrance against such as looked downwards, lay before me. I made for it; and being joined there by my companion, felt at once, that as far as shelter from the observation of pursuers could insure safety, we were perfectly safe. Menzies, however, was not even now satisfied. He hurried down the stream again; took up the trail at a point exactly opposite to that by which we had entered, trod down the long grass for a short way, bore round in a semicircle; and finally, having re-entered the water considerably below the spot of original incidence, waded up the channel till he gained the cave. "Now, the deuce is in it," said he triumphantly, "if I haven't give them something to do and to talk about. Were there but a lump of bread and cheese in our havresacks, we might wait here snugly enough till the storm blew over. But if this goes on much longer, it must come to a toss whether I am to eat you, or you to eat me."

We had occupied the cave about half an hour, when Menzies, who from time to time looked out through the overhanging branches, suddenly drew back as if in great alarm. He laid his finger on his lip at the same time in token of silence, and motioned with his hand when I attempted to crawl towards him. Both, therefore, remained perfectly still; and as the water in the deep pool made no noise, and the leaves scarcely rustled in the calm that prevailed, we were soon able to distinguish noises, which caused our hearts to beat uneasily. There was a sound as of people pushing through the under-wood. By and by voices were heard, and the figures of two men became perceptible on the top of the bank, exactly opposite to the place where we lay. We held our breaths and listened—for the men were in earnest conversation—and the ravine being narrow, it was easy to catch a portion of what they said. Nor was our uneasiness diminished when we had ascertained that we were ourselves the subject of discussion. "Isn't it tarnation odd," said the one; "I guess as how them chaps can't be far off, at no rate, for the air was warm, and if there's more nor one trail yonder, I'm d—d to all eternity. Look sharp there, Tom—I calculate it won't do to grope in the dark this bout."

The men passed down from us as these words were uttered, and the next moment we heard a shout and a rush as if they had discovered something, and were hurrying in pursuit. A chill came over me, which, however, subsided as the noise became fainter every instant, and then died away. It was certain that our cave had either not attracted their attention, or that they believed it to be empty. Nobody came back to the edge of the pool, and we felt we were safe. But in proportion as the dread of immediate discovery wore out, other wants became more pressing. Not from pain only, but from hunger now I began to suffer; and as for Menzies, he vowed, that rather than stay to die by starvation, he would go and deliver himself up to the enemy. Nevertheless, we judged it prudent to keep quiet the whole of that day and night; at the close of which our case was become so desperate, that further endurance seemed impossible.

The sun had risen some time without the occurrence of any alarming incident, when Menzies, who had sat gloomy and silent in the corner of the cave, announced his determination of going forth in quest of provisions. I made no opposition to the design, and he accordingly

quitted me, promising to use all possible precautions in the conduct of the enterprise, though resolute to procure food at every hazard. During the three hours that intervened between his departure and return, my situation was not, as may be imagined, very enviable. Utterly hopeless, chilled with having spent so much time in wet clothes, and suffering still a great deal from my ankle, my thoughts naturally took a very gloomy turn, and I conjured up a thousand frightful images, of which not the least obstinate in the hold which it took of my imagination was that of my poor friend seized, and put to death on the spot. At last, however, the sound of one advancing along the narrow path caught my ear. It was Menzies himself, who bore in his hand a jug of milk, a cheese, a couple of loaves of rye bread, and some heads of Indian corn. His tale was a simple one. Advancing stealthily towards the clearing, he had secreted himself among the branches of a tree, which gave him a complete command of the motions of the inmates, and observing that all, except a single female, went abroad as if to labour, he had given up his undivided attention to her proceedings: he saw her milk some cows within the fold, carrying the pails to a log-hut hard by, and afterwards withdraw within the dwelling, from which she by and by issued forth again, bearing a tub and a quantity of foul linen. Having watched till she became fairly engaged in washing, he slid from his place of ambush and slunk round to the milk-house. It contained, besides milk, a store of bread, cheese, and other viands—but fearful of exciting suspicion, he took only the articles now produced, with which he succeeded in returning unnoticed to the cave. I need scarcely add, that we enjoyed a hearty meal, and that our sleep that evening was sounder and more refreshing than it had been since we quitted Boston.

In this manner several days were spent, Menzies going forth every morning soon after dawn to forage, and I waiting patiently the progress of a cure, which was doubtless not the less rapid in consequence of my spare diet. We were even beginning, in some degree, to relish the excitement of our position; for the weather was remarkably beautiful, and my hurt mended hourly—when, on a certain occasion, my friend did not return as was his custom. At first, I flattered myself that my impatience was deceiving me; I then thought over every conceivable cause of delay, including all possible changes in the domestic arrangements of the family; but when noon came and went, without bringing Menzies back, fear gained the mastery over hope, and I became convinced that he had been taken. Every body knows what the effect of a harrowing idea is, both upon the mind and the body. I determined to go in search of him; I rose from my sitting posture for the first time since our arrival in the cave, and was scarcely surprised to find that I could walk, though unenslaved. Groping along the narrow path, I soon gained the open channel of the stream where a thick screen of underwood concealed it; and not caring to take the circuitous route which Menzies had been in the habit of following, I pushed through. In my immediate front was the settlement; but after a careful examination I could not discover between me and the horizon any traces of a human being; I therefore screwed my courage to the sticking-place, and advanced towards the building.

My clasp-knife was of course unsheathed, and thrust up the sleeve of my right arm, and my eyes were very active in searching the face of the country, but no interruption befell, till I attained the farm-house. I had taken care not to approach in front, but leaving it on

the right, gained the gable end, in which there was no window, nor any other aperture than such chinks as are apt to creep into the wall of an edifice made entirely of wood, and constructed with little skill. To one of these I applied my eyes; and the very first object that encountered it was the form of Menzies, not bound hand and foot, as I expected to find him, but seated between a man and a woman at a little round table, and carousing out of a tin-pot, apparently in the highest glee imaginable. Well, thought I, this is strange enough; but at all events, he must have found friends in this place, so I may as well enter and cast in my lot with his.

I walked round to the door with a dauntless step, and finding it ajar pushed it open. In an instant there was a complete change of scene. Menzies and his hosts started to their feet; the strange man made a grasp at a long duck-gun which rested against the rude chimney-piece, while the woman set up a scream that penetrated my brain like a rifle-ball, while Menzies, without the slightest ceremony, hit his pot-companion a douse in the chops which sent him rolling all his length on the floor. I saw at once that this was no time to preserve a neutrality, so I also sprang forward, and throwing my arms round the woman's waist, forced her to resume her seat. "That's right," cried Menzies; "tie the she-devil to the stump of that bed, and thrust the coverlet in her mouth, while I take the liberty of rendering my friend here harmless, by passing his own cravat round his arms." As he spoke he sprang upon the prostrate carcass of the American: and in five minutes, both lady and gentleman were in a position which rendered them perfectly harmless, at least for the moment.

"In heaven's name," cried I, "what does all this mean?"

"O, never mind, my dear fellow—never mind for the present; only be so good as to fill your havresack with some of their vivres; and as we pursue our journey you shall be enlightened. And now, worthy dame and master," continued he, turning to the prostrate couple, "lie there, and make yourselves happy till your hopeful son returns. In the meanwhile, I wish you all manner of comfortable thoughts, such as cannot but light upon the minds of a couple so honest and hospitable."

Having filled our bags, we sallied forth, when the first question that Menzies put to me was, whether I thought myself strong enough to continue our journey. I answered in the affirmative, and we struck off, under the guidance of our pocket-compasses, in the direction of Providence River. We persuaded ourselves that if we could once reach the coast at a sufficient distance from Boston to forestall the rumour of our escape, some sort of vessel might be found in which we could take a passage to New York; and though it was still a painful exertion to walk, I was a great deal too impatient of further restraint to sink under it. On we went, therefore, Menzies informing me by the way of the circumstances which placed him in the strange predicament in which I had discovered him. They were these; he had been surprised in the milk-house by the woman. Not knowing how to act, he had thrown himself on her compassion, and she, pretending to pity his case, had invited him to her house, where she left him for a few moments: but she returned soon afterwards with her husband and a stripling, both of whom eyed him suspiciously, though they did not venture to commence hostilities. The result was, that, sending the lad off to Boston, the worthy couple had watched him so closely, that he found it impossible to return to the cave, and was, therefore, content to partake of their insidious hospitality, in the

hope of being able, during the progress of the entertainment, to effect his escape. In this case he would have hovered about the spot till night-fall, then find his way back to me—or, if that should be prevented, had made up his mind rather to give himself up, than leave me to perish alone. But my unlooked-for arrival at the scene of action had given a totally new aspect to the face of affairs; and it now only remained for us to improve our good fortune by pushing forward as rapidly as possible.

The sun was getting far into the west when we found ourselves in the vicinity of a large village, through which ran a public road. As we were not pressed for the means of subsistence we determined to avoid it, and made a wide detour to the right, so as to place a skirt of forest between us and the fields by which the village was surrounded; and, having discovered a clear stream of water, sat down by its bank, and ate—especially I, who had fasted since the preceding day—a hearty meal. This done, we attempted to renew our journey; but my uncle again entirely failed me, and I was unable to budge. While we were deploring this circumstance, and hesitating what course to adopt, two men, armed with rifles, suddenly confronted us, on their way, as it appeared, from the forest to the village. They stopped, and immediately began to put questions, which we answered by representing ourselves as sea-faring men, who, finding it impossible to get employment in the north, were going southward in quest of a ship.

"And why don't you seek it in the field?" said one.

"Because I, at least," was my answer, "am in no condition to serve. You see that my lameness is such as to hinder me from proceeding even to that village for the night. What sort of a recruit should I make?"

"I'm blessed, if they arn't the very chaps, Joe!" said the other stranger, who had hitherto eyed us in silence. "Just read this here paper:—'One considerably taller than the other; dressed in frize jackets and trowsers; supposed to pass themselves off as sea-faring men.' I say, masters, did you ever wear King George's livery?"

"What should make you think so?" replied Menzies with great self-possession.

"Just this here bit of paper you see," was the answer; "and case it should be so, I'll trouble you to come back with me to Holleston, that is, unless you want a brace of balls through your body."

It was to no purpose that we protested against so unreasonable a demand, or threatened to bring those who urged it to justice. "They knowed what justice was as well as we; and they weren't going to miss the reward, or to let two runaway prisoners escape for a little bit of bluster."

Here then we were—resistance being useless—once more in durance vile; for the brutes compelled me to rise, made me lean upon Menzies' arm, and marched us back triumphantly to the village, in one of the public houses belonging to which we were lodged under a proper guard for the night.

It will easily be imagined that our thoughts were not, under such circumstances, of the most cheering kind. Converse together we could not, for a sentry kept post in our room, and a degree of vigilance was exerted throughout which convinced us that we had no resource except patience. Yet I was more than once tempted to believe that we were not without friends neither, though of their power to serve us effectually I could not entertain a hope. The landlord, a grey-headed man, spoke kindly to us, as he brought in our supper; and his daughter, who attended to remove the fragments, looked as if she pitied our mishap. But neither the words

of the one nor the glances of the other, sufficed to reconcile us to our condition, or make us forget that we were once more prisoners. Strange to say, however, we both slept soundly; and the morning was considerably advanced ere the guard awoke us.

I was still so lame that our captors did not suspect me of using any deceit when I declared myself incapable of traveling on foot. On the contrary, they appeared to acquiesce in my statement very readily, while they ordered the host, in terms not the most conciliatory in the world, to get his car ready, and to prepare himself for conveying their prisoners to Boston. The man remonstrated; but finding remonstrance of no avail, withdrew to make preparations for his journey; which, either from design or accident, occupied so much time, that our friends of the rifle corps lost all patience. Their oaths and execrations I will not defile my paper by transcribing; but the result was to satisfy both Menzies and myself that our host entertained loyal sentiments, and that we were mercifully dealt with, not for our own sakes, but as a means of annoying him. We were therefore strongly tempted to relieve the poor fellow from his inconvenience by volunteering to travel on foot; and we should have done so, had not a fresh trial convinced me that the thing was impracticable.

The better portion of the day had passed before we were in a condition to move; for the landlord's horse was abroad and could not be found; and when it was found, the harness required mending, and the car itself stood in need of repair. At last, however, our preparations were complete; and Menzies mounting first, I was in the act of following, when our host's daughter, who waited to bid her father farewell, whispered in my ear. I could only catch a portion of the sentence, and that tended rather to excite than to allay my curiosity. Something there was about being overheard, and then an expression to this effect—"You will see that justice is done to him." I could not pause to question the girl, for our guards were shouting to move on; so I contented myself with giving the girl a kind look, and mounted the car. Our march began immediately.

We were escorted on this occasion by the two worthies that surprised us, and three stout yeomen besides, each armed with a rifle and a long hunting-knife. The landlord drove the car; and after we had cleared the village some time, mounted beside us, a proceeding to which the escort did not object. By and by, likewise, when those on foot began to straggle, he evinced a disposition to converse; but he had scarcely done so when one of the men stepped up to the car, and hitting him a violent blow on the shoulder with the butt of his musket, knocked him from his seat. "Take that, you d—d infernal tory whelp," cried he, "as a specimen of what you may expect when we get you safe in Boston!" The old man uttered no cry, nor indulged either in complaint or threatening, but, turning to us, said in a low tone, "This is what they call liberty." He rose in evident pain as he spoke, and dismounting, continued to trudge on close to the horse's head.

The sun had not set, but was shedding his rays obliquely over the surface of the earth, when our little procession entered upon a sort of open common, broken here and there into little eminences, and feathered with clumps of trees. Our escort had again begun to straggle, when a solitary Indian made his appearance, advancing from the right, and making, as it appeared, in the same direction with ourselves. His dress was neither that of a warrior nor of a runner; for the red paint was melted on his face as if from severe exertion; and though

he wore the scalping knife in his belt, balanced on the other side by a tomahawk, he carried no rifle, nor any other missile weapon. Walking briskly, it seemed his design to pass us, had not the yeomen closed together, and entered into conversation with him. He then slackened his pace; and as he spoke a sort of broken English, while they understood something of the Indian dialect, we were enabled to gather, as much from their questions as from his replies—that he was on his way to Boston. Our guards, like genuine Yankees, seemed full of curiosity. The stranger, a true-bred Mohawk, was cautious and wary; all therefore that they drew from him was an intimation that he had left the neighbourhood of Daubeney two days ago; that there had been severe fighting, in which the English proved victorious; that many houses were burned, and considerable stores destroyed; and that the chief of the defeated party there had instructed him to convey a written communication to the great warrior at Boston. Our companions in vain endeavoured to draw more out of him, or to keep him at their own pace. He evaded further enquiries; and remarking that the runner could not delay, pushed on, without wasting a single glance at the car or those who sat upon it. The Indian moved with great rapidity, and gaining an angle of the road, was soon lost to our view. For a few minutes afterwards he continued to furnish matter of discussion to the escort, who spoke of him as of an animal every way different in nature from themselves, and expressed something like regret that they found no opportunity to kill him. But the brutes were not very talkative, except when curiosity swayed them, and they gradually relapsed into silence.

Such was our condition,—the car moving first, the five militia men loitering close in the rear,—when just as we rounded the copse beyond which the Indian had disappeared, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the fellow who had beaten the old driver received a ball in his temple. Without a cry or a groan he fell, and not a muscle quivered afterwards. Astonished, but as it seemed nothing dismayed, by the fall of their companion, the remaining four brought their muskets to the trail, and springing forward, placed the car between them and the point from which the fatal shot had come. But the movement, though judicious, was of little avail. There arose a wild whoop—a cry as hideous and terrible as ever rang in mortal ears,—and half a dozen savages, led on, as it appeared, by a young white man, rushed from the thicket. I must say that the behaviour of our guards was not only spirited but cool. They took deliberate aim, fired with great precision, and brought down two of the Indians while springing across the road. The rest, however, closed upon them, and there began a struggle of the fiercest and most desperate kind, in which each man fought and seemed aware that he was fighting for life or death.

Though the assailants were still superior in numbers, and, as it seemed, noways inferior in activity, it may be doubted how the encounter would have ended, had not the savages received unlooked for support. "Now is your time, gentlemen!" cried the old driver, quitting his horse's head, and seizing the uplifted arm of one of his countrymen just as he was about to bury his knife in the throat of a prostrate Indian. "By my faith, I think so too," exclaimed Menzies, leaping from the car, and tripping up the heels of another Yankee. The two red men, thus suddenly freed from the gripe of their more robust adversaries, were not slow in turning the advantage to account: each plunged his knife into the body

of his man; and each, in the space of half a second, flourished a scalp in his left hand.

All this passed so rapidly that, before I could drag my wounded limb from the car, the battle was ended. The persons who had guarded us from Holleston lay dead, and their bare and bloody crowns presented a spectacle revolting in the highest degree. Nor were we long left in doubt as to the effect which the fray would produce on our own fortunes. The white man by whom the Indian party was led on proved to be the son of our host, who had taken up arms on the side of the king's government, and held a sort of commission among the savages, and who, informed of the dangers which menaced his father, had for some time hovered about the neighbourhood of Holleston, with the view of removing him to a place of greater safety. For the old man, though he took no ostensible part in the quarrel, was an object of more than suspicion to the republicans, the offences of the son being visited on the head of the father—whether justly or not no one seemed anxious to enquire. At last, having heard of our capture, and of the dispositions made to remove us to Boston, young Simcoe, for that was his name, made the bold dash which I have just described; a movement which not only enabled him to accomplish the wish that lay nearest to his heart, but gave him the opportunity of setting up a claim of merit in the liberation of two king's officers.

Under the escort of Simcoe and his Indians, we passed through a large tract of wild country. So intricate, however, were the paths, and so dense the underwood, that it soon became necessary to leave horse and car behind, when a litter being formed of branches, I was, when unable to walk, quietly carried on the shoulders of two of my companions. Our food, again, consisted principally of parched corn, with such berries and wild fruits as grew in the forest; and our drink was supplied by the various streams and rivulets which we passed by the way. As may be imagined, such a mode of existence was regarded by Menzies and myself as full of hardships; indeed, I question whether our physical powers would have borne up under so spare a diet, had we been doomed for any protracted period of time to depend upon it. But a three days' journey brought us safely to the banks of the Connecticut, where we found a considerable settlement of friendly Indians; and where, for the present, our labours came to an end: for the kindness of these people could not be exceeded. The most skilful of the squaws was employed to nurse me; and under her judicious treatment my limb soon recovered its vigour,—while the only subject of uneasiness among them appeared to be lest we should not find ourselves happy, and as a necessary consequence, desire to depart.

I am not going to describe our mode of existence during the weeks which we spent in this Indian village. Rude it doubtless was, and wild, but full of excitement; and as far as the absence of the vices which are common in more civilised states goes, perfectly innocent. The women, though gentle and affectionate, and peculiarly grateful to us for the kindness of our manner towards them, were not vicious. The men, either because they could not obtain spirits, or were under some vow of abstinence, were sober. Every morning the hunters went forth to procure food, Menzies generally accompanying them; and when they returned in the evening, the produce of their skill was dressed, and all ate in common. Nor were we quite free from the bustle of military operations. More than once Simcoe led out a petty expedition, which was seen, by the bringing back

of a scalp or two, not to have been entirely bloodless; while once the alarm of an enemy reached us, and we packed our wigwams and made ready for a removal. But no enemy came; and matters returned, in the course of a few hours, to the exact position in which they had previously stood. All this was agreeable enough as long as it was new; but we found, at the end of the third week, that we had enough of it,—and my uncle being then perfectly sound, we proposed to make our way to New York. The hospitable Indians would have fain dissuaded us,—their old men offering us their daughters to wife, and their young men imploring us to become brothers. But we explained to them, through Simcoe, how we were circumstanced; and at last they consented to let us go. Our parting was full of regret,—on their parts, as is their custom, expressed only by words,—on ours by a language more expressive than that of words. We mutually swore eternal friendship, an oath which by neither side would have been forgotten, had fortune so ordered it that we were ever to meet again. But we never did meet. Two of their body became indeed our guides; and having conducted us through what seemed to be pathless forests, carried us safely to Kingsbridge, where, delivering us over to our own outposts, they bade us farewell.

I have only to add, that our reception in New York was of the most gratifying nature; and that to old Simcoe such a provision was afforded as made him cease to think of the inn at Holleston with regret. His son continued to serve with the Indians till the close of the war, when he became, if I recollect right, a settler in Lower Canada.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF WM. SHAKSPEARE. CHAPTER II.

It has scarcely ever failed to be the lot of poets to play, at some period or other of their lives, the self-deceiving part of Pygmalion. They form their Galateas, and animate them to their wishes for a time, happy, if in the end, they find them no worse than stone!

I am about to add the name of Shakspeare to the list of those who have suffered from such unhappy and ill-starred passion. The story is a very strange one, and will startle many; but it is a story which must be told, even to the ears of the least charitable. We may refuse some work of fancy admission to our minds and hearts, but let us never shut out the truth. Truth once lost or wilfully rejected, leaves a chasm never to be filled.

Shakspeare, I have said, quitted Stratford in 1586. He left behind him his wife, three children, his father, one sister, and a brother—named Edmond. The latter, however, must soon have been induced to try his fortune also in London; for we can trace him there as an actor in 1603; and, on the last day of 1607, it would appear that William Shakspeare buried his brother, "Edmond Shakspeare, a player," at the church of St Saviour, in Southwark. Such is the entry on a parish register there. The wife of the poet, at the period of his quitting Stratford, was thirty years old. She had just borne him twins—the second and last issue of the marriage. Anne Hathaway, after her husband left Stratford for London, though he visited that place annually, had no more children. I do not instance this circumstance as any presumption of actual disagreement between them; for I am inclined to think they lived together kindly to the last. I take even the celebrated interlineation in his will, which has been urged so often as a piece of coldness or contempt towards her, to mean something

very different,—“Item, I give unto my wife my second-best bed, with the furniture.” It should not be forgotten, in reference to this seemingly poor bequest, that Anne Hathaway had been, at the death of her father, who was a substantial yeoman of Shotton (a village near Stratford), very amply provided for. Bearing this in mind, I should have accompanied Shakspeare through his affectionate bequests to his elder child, Susannah, and to his dear daughter Judith (more dear than her twin-brother had been taken by death),—even supposing he had omitted all mention of their mother, without the slightest suspicion of any coldness or indifference betwixt them. As the real circumstances are, however, I take the interlineation as a singular proof the other way,—as an especial and, as it were, undeserved self-rebuke—a recollection where he need not have recollected. And why does Mr. Malone harp so on its being his “second-best bed”? Why does he persist in adducing that as a proof of contempt and slight—as though Shakspeare wished to leave the mother of his children the scurviest thing he had? I entreat the reader rather to join with me in turning this reproach into kindness and affectionate remembrance. That “second-best bed” might have had dearer associations with it than the first best. May it not have been—

“The very bed that on his bridal night
Received him to the arms of Belvidera?”

In no part of Shakspeare's life do we see coldness or indifference to old associations, however loosened in their grasp by change or time. He never deserted his birth-place; he “was wont to go to his native country once a year,” says Aubrey; and it is certain that when his “task was smoothly done,” and he had won himself an independence, as well as an immortal name, he retired to Stratford, that he might enjoy the one and listen to the music of the other, and finish life as he had begun it, with the soft flowings of his native Avon murmuring in his ear.

I dwell upon this characteristic, and upon these domestic circumstances, for a reason that will soon be obvious to the reader. If he has agreed with me thus far, he will perhaps not hesitate to accept the limitation I am now anxious to make. The turnings of such a heart as Shakspeare's require a subtle and delicate touch. Admitting that he remained on kind and familiar terms with Anne Hathaway, it is clear that her love was not of the character that his imagination, when awakened to its power, must have felt a thirst and longing for. He was a boy when he married her, she was a woman. His senses there took place before his imagination. It remained for his imagination afterwards to take the place of his senses, and to make his will a party against itself,—to engender passions which, hate them as he might, he yet, perhaps, would not willingly have parted with; and which, thwarting his purposes and disturbing his repose, continued still, it might be, scarcely less welcome inmates in his bosom than the hope and joy which they had dispossessed,—to make room for sorrow and for shame! When Anne Hathaway bade him farewell at the door of their house in Stratford, as he left it first to plunge himself into the world, she must have felt that circumstances were bringing some change between them—that the sentiment she entertained for him could scarcely hope any longer for entire sympathy or unconditional return,—that her dream of joy, if joy it had been, was almost out,—and that she might even then pronounce the sentence of willing divorcement, which Isabella utters to Brachiano,—

“Sir, let me borrow of you but one kiss—
This is the latest ceremony of my love.”

It is unlikely that she ever offered to follow him to Lon-

don; it is certain she never went there. She remained in her home, and consoled herself with her children; willing thereafter, we are to suppose, to enjoy their father in them alone, and to wait patiently for their sakes his realisation of those hopes which his imagination must already have shadowed forth to her;—preparing herself, meanwhile, to meet him at his return as they had never met before, but yet to meet him kindly and as a friend.

To London we have already followed Shakspeare. We have seen the glories he achieved there, and the gentle unassumingness with which he wore them—we have passed him on the stage at the Globe—we have sat with him at the Mermaid—we have thrown a glance after him into the solitude of his home. Were such anticipations then as we have placed into the heart of Anne Hathaway indeed realised? This it is now my business to show. I shall now follow him into the most private recesses of his life—trace him into the very depths of his spirit—"hang upon the beatings" of his heart, which are visible and audible still! He who has been known only as the painter of the passions of every nation and of every man, shall now describe his own: he who in his intellectual character stood, as it has been said, above the world, like a magician, penetrating with a glance all the depths, and mysteries, and perplexities of human character, and with a word calling forth into open day the darkest workings of the human heart—shall now be followed into private life and seen "constrained by mastery"—the mastery of strange individual sympathies and strange individual passions—helpless in control of them, weak and powerless as we! We shall not love him the less for this, but the more; when we have passed, even with him, such struggles as mortals ever seem destined to endure, he shall not appear a less powerful master, a less beneficent teacher; he will have earned a better right, as it were to conduct us, at the close, to his immortal lesson—to the great world of his everlasting thoughts, and from them, to the haven we still desire to rest in—that middle ground between sympathy and intellect, the arms of dear humanity.

Shakspeare had not been long in London, when, with a restless pen, he was doomed to confess to himself such secrets as these—

"Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits, do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill."

These two loves, and the remarkable circumstances which attended them, I shall now proceed to describe. I may first mention, once for all, that my source of information is the sonnets of Shakspeare. The circumstances which shall be stated have been derived from a very careful consideration, and a repeated perusal, of the sonnets *entire*. I have not opened them at random, and read now one and then another, as chance might be; when I looked into them in that fashion, I recollect having always left them uncertain and dissatisfied, and with no definite idea in my mind of their purpose or meaning. It must have been thus that the late Mr. Hazlitt regarded them, since that subtlest of critics has left an intimation in one of those masterly books of his, which will live as long as the immortal things they talk about, that he was able to make "neither head nor tail of their ultimate drift." Nor, I confess, was the present writer, until he had repeatedly read the volume which contains them from its beginning to its close, and had discovered the strange and confused jumble of arrangement, or rather non-arrangement, into which the printer has flung them. The circumstances of their publication, already alluded to, sufficiently explain the cause of this, and there is no need, after what we have seen and said of the commentators with reference to these sonnets, to explain the

cause of their stupidity. If the proof which I have already given, presumptive of their not having even read the matter they took under criticism, did not exist, the simple assertion made by every one of them that the first hundred and twenty-six sonnets are all addressed to a man, would quite amply prove it. An accomplished friend of mine has indeed suggested that these gentlemen may have had an especial purpose to serve in their treatment of the sonnets of Shakspeare—namely, that of deterring readers, so far as they could, from enquiry and perusal. This view of the matter is possibly the true one; for though I cannot understand why any enquiry into such confessions as those of Shakspeare should be fenced off, I can easily understand why the commentators should think so. Partial knowledge is more dangerous than absolute ignorance, and a mystery had far better remain one than that we should pluck only half its heart out. There are differences too in the minds of men. While the indulgent reader learns wisdom and charity from the record of passionate experiences, folly and hypocrisy shall only cry out aloud, "We are contaminated."

In describing these "loves" of Shakspeare, it will be necessary to keep always in mind his peculiar character. We have already endeavoured to describe this, and need only repeat here the isolated position in which he would seem to have stood with reference to any thing like intimate friendship with any of the great men of the time. What a want in that respect must his have been! Fancy his bosom almost bursting with visions of such as his own Horatio, and yet obliged to walk through his daily life without a shadow of their beauty there to comfort him and cheer him on. Had this continued, life would have been insupportable. A man of genius, indeed, to whom the consciousness and exorcise of his powers had brought with it also an extreme sense of his own identity and exertions, might not have felt it necessary, or even possible, to expend any portion of his heart in sympathy on another; but Shakspeare, whose genius was universal, the creatures of whose intellect are as various as the creatures of the world, who passes through every variety of untried being, and shadows forth the inmost movings of the souls of all—must have felt it as though a fatal, inevitable necessity hanging over him, to connect his heart in some way with some beings of the actual world, and so satisfy those individual yearnings and sympathies which still, with all his power above the earth, kept him bound a prisoner upon it; and which, in all the intellectual triumphs to which they served to contribute, found yet no outlet for themselves.

First, then, in accordance with this want, he sought round him for a friend. It is a wonderful evidence of the sweetness and refinement of his nature that he should have selected, to answer his necessity in respect of friendship, a youth unknown (when he first saw him) save by his virtues, and by the form of beauty which gave warrant of the beauty within. It is to this youth he addresses a vast number of the sonnets in question. This is his love "of comfort."

It is the attribute of genius to give life for ever to the objects it deigns to associate with itself, for good or evil. This youth, whose name we do not know, and cannot even guess at, is yet immortal—

"Gainst death, and all-oblivious enmity,
Shall you pace forth"—

says one of the sonnets addressed to him; and so it has proved. He was the friend of Shakspeare, and with the name of Shakspeare he must live for ever. Every emotion of the poet's heart was poured forth to this youth; emotions the intensest and most profound, acute sometimes even to selfishness, but expressed at all times with unequal tenderness, modesty, purity, and love. Having selected him from out of the world he saw around, he

communicated to him thereafter all he felt—all he thought—all he suffered. Here was the pillow his spirit reposed on—here was the object to which he clung, as connecting him in actual life with the moral beauty and sweetness of the world. Here was at last some peculiar and captivating medium, through which he could even look out upon the creatures that walked the street before him, and feel one of them not only in sympathy and love, but in the positive scale of being, without remorse or uneasy shame. All that his great heart sought for, he set up here. Here was something that it had thirsted for in vain among his fellow actors and fellow writers; something he might cordially trust to; something which in its very simplicity was worthy to take place even in his intellectual judgment, of the learning of Ben Jonson, or the wild genius and wilder passions of Marlowe. Nothing can be conceived finer, and more full of a noble purpose, than the alliance of Shakspeare with this youth. When I come to describe the confidences and peculiar thoughts he reposes in him, the reader will judge this with me. It is, in all its results, as much an emanation of his moral and intellectual nature, and of the finest parts of it, as of his sensitive. Knowing and feeling this, it is really a matter of more than ordinary regret and shame to have to notice a suggestion that has been once or twice thrown out with reference to it, reflecting in a strange and unmanly way on the character of Shakspeare; thrown out, however, it is some consolation to add, by persons who cannot have read more than the innocent words that suggested such thoughts, and who must have been as utterly ignorant of the usages of the time, as they were eagerly suspicious of evil, and anxious to suggest it where they sought in vain to find it. Judge such expressions of the sonnets of Shakspeare, as "sweet love," "my love," "lord of my love," by the usages of modern times in reference to manly friendships; and in the same sentence, pray judge the plays of Shakspeare by the laws of Aristotle. The objection and the baseness founded on it, is not worth so much thought as that which was urged against Theodore Beza, and is laughingly alluded to by Voltaire, because he wrote in something of this strain in his Latin verses on Candidus. Recollect the language put into the mouth of Portia—

"This Antonio

Being the bosom lover of my lord."

Recollect the rough Menenius in the Roman play—

"I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover."

And observe in every letter of the time the phrases in common and most abundant use. The learned and rugged Ben Jonson is the ever-true lover of Dr. Donne; and Drayton shall write to Drummond to tell him that Mr. Davies (Joseph Davies) is in love with him. But it is unnecessary to say more on this point. Before these papers are concluded, the reader will have evidence before him against which all such false and ignorant insinuations shall avail nothing. And with whom, among those who are acquainted with the ever-prevailing characteristic of Shakspeare's genius, can such have ever for a single moment availed? From all the coarseness which prevailed in his age how wonderfully was he free! Read Beaumont and Fletcher, and read Shakspeare! Look at the women of the one, and the women of the other! Though he might, as the distinction has indeed been made, occasionally offend a sense of delicacy, he never injured the mind: he caused no excitement of passion which he flattered to degrade; never used what was faulty for a faulty purpose; carried on no warfare against virtue by which wickedness might be made to appear any thing but wicked, and in which sympathy was to be entrapped by the misfortunes of vice. With Shakspeare "vice never walked as it were in twilight." Every thing thing with him is flat sincerity.

And so in the case of the sonnets to which I am alluding. In every sentiment he utters throughout them, there is evidence of the deepest sincerity. The language in which they appear has been called hyperbolic, but, setting aside the usages of the time, I cannot discover the hyperbolism. In the expression of the individual feelings of Shakspeare, it is true, we find, as should surely be expected from a man of such imagination—that uneasy but exquisite sense of beauty and power which cannot be contained within those feelings merely; which is impatient of such actual restraint; which strives to link them with other images of kindred loveliness or beauty; and thus moulds them by the fresh thoughts the last inspire, into an infinite variety of shapes and combinations. But through all the unity is still preserved—the oneness of sincerity and passion.

The first four years of this remarkable friendship would seem to have passed without a cloud. I shall for the present therefore also pass them—with the world of noble and beautiful, as well as deeply interesting thoughts that they gave birth to. These shall form a separate chapter in exhibition of the moral and personal feelings of Shakspeare—and of the extreme sense of refinement with which he seems to have set up this youth, and to keep him ever present in his mind, as a sort of abstraction of the finest particles of earth—something that stood between his own mortal and immortal thoughts, partaking of many of the characteristics of either, and reconciling both. At present I am anxious more particularly to furnish to the reader, with as little interruption as possible, that particular portion of Shakspeare's *actual life* which is supplied by these confessions—to mark its actual course, so far as we may follow it—to tell the story of these two loves, "of comfort and despair," how strangely they crossed each other, and how they affected the feelings and the life of the author of "Hamlet."

The first intimation of any thing having come between Shakspeare and his young friend, to interrupt the most equable course of devotion, of confidence, and faith, is given in the sonnet which stands forty-first in the collection. Here, after glancing at some youthful gallantries which his friend seems to have been seduced into, and which the humane and good-natured poet alludes to with the most generous sweetness, he proceeds thus—

"Ah me! but yet thou mightst, my sweet, forbear,

And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,

Who lead thee in their riot even there

Where thou art forced to break a two-fold truth."

Where had they led him? *To the affections of the mistress of his friend, to the possession of the very object of Shakspeare's strongest personal passion!*

This opens to me a strange story. The woman here alluded to, it is now my duty to trace through the confessions, for she occupies one of the most important places in them. Her strange history can be followed from the very commencement of Shakspeare's connection with her, through all its gradations and most passionate interest, to what we must deem its disastrous close. This is she to whom I alluded in the commencement, "the woman coloured ill," the genius of the poet's despair.

I shall have to describe the commencement of his passion for her—the void in his senses which she filled, as his young friend had occupied the vacant sympathies of his heart. I shall have to shadow forth its close, its desperate close, which saw the unhappy poet for a time—

"Frantic mad with ever more unrest!"

And what an interval is that between! Even in his unsuspecting days, her black eyes, in their glancing of some strange expression, alarming him with scarce the knowledge why—then the strange and sudden falling of his friend into her power—the rumours of her character

From the Christian Observer.

LITERATURE FOR THE BLIND.

Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of Literature for the Blind; and practical Hints and Recommendations as to their Education. With an Appendix, containing Directions for teaching Reading and Writing to the Blind, with or without a regular Teacher.
By James Gall. 1 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1834.

which reach him afterwards, thickening and blackening as they come, while her spells all the while only bind him in the faster—his final discovery of her wretched nature—his affecting portraiture of the hell in which he then found himself, but which he could not quit—and the exquisite self-exculpation with which he half strives to reason the cause of his mistake of her, for how could

"Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?"

It is certain, as I am now about to prove, in following out this strange history from first to last, that Shakspeare had no reason to suppose this woman other than good and true hearted when he first formed a connection with her. So shocked is he when the full discovery comes, that he compares his thoughts and his discourse, as they had been, with such as they have been forced to turn to, and calls them those of a madman,

"At random from the truth vainly expressed—"
for, he rejoins bitterly,

"I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, and dark as night."

But let me not anticipate. I state this as a matter of fact merely, for in truth, had it been otherwise, I could scarcely have claimed exemption in his case, from a lot which has befallen so many men of genius. How sadly, in matters of this sort, have they been ever the creatures of excited imagination and unreasoning self-will! Fielding, in a very curious passage in his "Journey to the other World," has perhaps touched upon one of the secret causes. Mr. Lamb, in one of his masterly articles, has also alluded to it.* And is it surprising? Accustomed so much to the ever constant action and excitement of their never resting fancy, should we wonder that at last their attachment to certain objects should be far oftener in proportion to the strength of the impression they were likely to make, to their power, in fact, by any means, of riveting and fixing the attention, than to the pleasure or gratification they might look to derive from them? The subtle metaphysician will perhaps remark that we are more apt to dwell upon circumstances that excite and shock our feelings than on those of an agreeable nature. Besides, poetry and poets have worlds and beings of their own, or at least enjoy them as such, until they are awaked by sad reality. Their eyes even are made the fools of the other faculties. Nor does the delusion end here. "Poetry," says Bacon, "conforms the show of things to the desires of the soul."

[We regret to be obliged, from unavoidable circumstances, to postpone the conclusion of this paper until next month. It will be prefixed to the third chapter of the series.—*Ed. New Monthly Magazine.*]

* I may perhaps be allowed this opportunity of stating, that an edition of such of the late Mr. Charles Lamb's writings as can be recovered by his executors, with a large selection from his correspondence, is now preparing under the superintendence of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, and will be accompanied by a notice from that learned and accomplished gentleman, of the life and genius of his deceased friend.

Noble Occupation for the Leisure.—Whenever you have nothing else to do—in other words, whenever you have no particular object in view, of pleasure or profit, of immediate or remote good—set yourself to do good in some shape or other;—to men, to sensitive beings, rational or irrational; to one or to many; to some individual, or to the whole race.

Bentham.

The blind, for generations to come, will have to thank James Gall, printer, in Edinburgh, for his labours in their behalf. He is a thorough zealot; he has toiled for many years hard and perseveringly; he has spent his time, risked his money, and impeded his business; and the result of his labours is now before us. The patient investigator, who hunted out a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff, was justly recompensed with the produce of his discovery for his pains; and Charles the Second ordered that the man who climbed to the top of Salisbury steeple should be rewarded with a patent, enjoining that no man should climb there but himself. Mr. Gall has been as persevering as the former, and has placed his acquisitions, by means of the press, on a higher eminence than the latter; and we wish that we could reward him according to his merits, by making him patent printer to the blind for many years to come, so as to ensure him a handsome return for his labour and expense. We doubt, however, whether the patent is needed, as his inventions and improvements, we should hope, will ensure a large demand for his "Literature for the Blind;" and he need not be afraid of any formidable rivalry, the comparatively small number of blind readers, their general poverty and scattered condition, and the expense of the printing apparatus and typography necessary for their use, not rendering competition very flattering.

The serious privations of the blind are not generally known, even by benevolent persons. A portion of them are seen congregated in comfortable asylums, where they are fed, and clothed, and taught, and have appropriate occupations assigned to them, and enjoy the privileges of cheerful society, with far less of care, vexation, or toil, than usually falls to the lot of the rest of mankind. But this sheltered portion of the blind constitutes but a small part of the aggregate of sufferers, of whom Mr. Gall computes that there are at least thirty thousand in different places who speak the English language. For the most part they are thinly scattered, in cheerless loneliness; one here and there in a village or parish, scarcely observed or thought of; fixed to one spot; compelled to seclusion in cottages, or buried in the "solitude of cities;" presenting no prominent mass of wretchedness to the public eye, yet for the most part surrounded by wants and privations of the severest kind, and which are not known or thought of beyond the immediate circle of their relations and friends. Some, we have said, are collected by the hand of charity in appropriate asylums; some are mendicants; and a small number are able to gain a precarious livelihood as musicians, and, of late years, by simple handicraft trades; and a few are in easy circumstances of life; but in general the calamity is

found chiefly among the poor, whose children are exposed to greater casualties than those of the rich, and are not so skilfully attended in their ailments; and their frequent inability, either to earn their bread, or to amuse or even to occupy their leisure, causes much wretchedness among them.

We recollect a friendly argument between two young ladies, the one blind and the other deaf (though not dumb, her deafness not having been congenital), in which they contrived—the blind by finger speaking, and the deaf by oral speaking—to apprise each other of their mutual sympathies. The blind thought herself happy that she could sing and play on the piano-forte, and converse with her friends; the deaf, that she could read and write, or walk about and enjoy the charms of nature, and behold the gladness of “the human face divine;” and each felt acutely for the privations of her companion. But who can doubt but that the blind was far the most afflicted? Even where dumbness is added to deafness, so that the calamity becomes greatly aggravated, the arts of reading and writing afford constant facilities for instruction and amusement; but the blind are excluded from these resources; to them, the whole world, except as accessible by the direct organs of contact, or taken in by report through the ear, is an unknown region. They vegetate in night upon the spot where they tread; dependent upon others; usually incapable of procuring food or clothing; living in continuous childhood; knowledge shut out at its widest portal; and even the volume of eternal life rendered a sealed book, except as charity orally conveys, and memory treasures, its sacred contents.

But their case, though pitiable, is not hopeless; and the present volume conveys the cheering intelligence that even the arts of reading and writing are within the attainment of every blind person of ordinary capacity, by moderate exertion of mind, and within a space of time far more brief than could have been reasonably anticipated. There have been many contrivances to find employment for the blind, so as to occupy their time pleasantly, if not usefully; but an idea of establishing for them a permanent literature is not known to have been suggested till about fifty years ago, when some unknown individuals in Paris devised a plan to teach them to read, and to print books for their use, by means of letters in relief; the idea of which originated in seeing a leaf of paper coming from the press printed on one side, and the letters appearing embossed, but in reverse order, on the other. Some blind persons had previously been taught to read by the aid of wooden or metal types, pins, and similar contrivances; but these had no reference to books. The words or sentences set up were neither permanent nor diffusible; the types were wanted to make new words and sentences; and the words and sentences set up could not be multiplied, like sheets of printed paper. But the new discovery gave rise to sanguine hopes; for all that seemed requisite was for a blind person to learn to read the letters by feeling, either in their reverse order, as above mentioned, or in their direct order, by having types cast for the purpose direct, instead

of reverse, and then sheets might be printed off to suit their convenience.

Such was the theory; but the experiment was beset with difficulties. The first consisted in the character of the ordinary letters used in printing, which, from their rounded forms and too intricate shapes, are not adapted for easy discrimination by the sense of feeling. On this account, though the conductors of the Blind Asylum in Paris began to print with great zeal, the objects of their benevolent solicitude reaped little benefit from their labours; and the scheme at length died away, and was forgotten. Similar attempts were made in this country, but they shared the same fate; and as the art of reading by means of books printed in embossed letters was thus abandoned as a hopeless attainment, that of writing, which seemed still less easy, perished with it.

About the year 1826 or 1827, when the whole matter had been long forgotten, Mr. Gall happened to alight upon some memorial of it, and began to consider the cause of the failure of the experiment, which he attributed to the unsuitableness of the ordinary typographical characters for manual reading. The extremities of the letters, and the termination of the curved lines, he found, were the only parts which the nerves of the fingers could accurately discriminate; the remainder was lost in barren generality of contact. Considerable practice might indeed surmount this difficulty, just as an experienced compositor can read with his fingers; but it was not to be expected that the blind generally would have the perseverance to master the difficulty, especially as they would not at first be aware of the pleasure and benefits to be derived from the exercise of the art.

The use of capital letters was another obstacle, both as it diminished the size of the type—since the small letters must be kept down, to allow contrast to their more important neighbours—and also still more as it gave fifty-two letters to be discriminated instead of half that number; and even a very few additions, it was found, added greatly to the difficulty of discrimination.

To remedy the impediment arising from the curved forms of the letters, Mr. Gall began to give to them an angular character. An O changed into a square or diamond, was readily detected by the touch; and the other letters, by good management, it was hoped, could be rendered discernible without losing their identity.

But there was a still shorter path; for arbitrary characters might be devised so simple and distinct that the finger could readily detect them; and this idea presented itself so strongly to some of the friends of the blind in Edinburgh, that they contrived several alphabets, with greater or less degrees of merit; but with one defect common to them all—that they were arbitrary; and that, therefore, though the blind might learn to read them with facility, initiated teachers would be wanting to instruct them; and how were these to be procured in remote places, or any where but in blind asylums? Mr. Gall, therefore, with great sagacity and firmness, resisted this specious temptation; justly considering, that, if a character could be devised which the blind could readily

discriminate, while at the same time it approximated sufficiently to the ordinary Roman character to be read, after a few minutes' trial, by any person who might wish to instruct them, every advantage would be gained, and the scheme would not wear the repulsive air of an unintelligible mystery. A blind child in a retired village might be taught by a friend or neighbour, who would never have thought of mastering a new character, as remote from common use as the Chinese hieroglyphics.

But this was not the only, or the most important, consideration; for the author proposed to teach the blind to write as well as to read; and if the letters employed by them were not intelligible to all the world, of what use would be their labours. The plan of writing, we may here add, as long projected, and now under Mr. Gall's system, carried to a high state of advancement, is by means of a number of little types, or punches, having the letter formed with sharp edges, or points; which, being pressed on, or stuck in, the paper, form the letter in relief on the reverse side, as children often do with pins for amusement. There is a frame for the purpose, with a parallel guide for the letters, and other conveniences; so that the blind person may write what he wishes with great facility. We receive scores of letters directed and franked in symbols meant for letters, far less decipherable than Mr. Gall's blind man's characters.

By Mr. Gall's modifications of the common alphabet, the tangible powers of the several letters is so great and nearly equalised, that the characters are easily distinguished; so that a blind person may learn the alphabet by the touch as speedily as another person by the eye; while, at the same time, sufficient similarity is kept up to enable any teacher to recognise the letters, after a few minutes' observation. The alphabet serves equally for all countries where the Roman character is used. The expense, Mr. Gall says, is not much greater than that of common printing.

Mr. Gall describes as follows the difficulties he met with in prosecuting his experiments to a successful issue.

"The failure of the friends of the blind on the continent, suggested to the writer the propriety of taking nothing for granted, and of making the ground sure before advancing upon it. He therefore resolved to trust to no theory, however plausible; but to proceed in the path which a fair deduction from his experiments might suggest. These experiments, however, involved in their nature very serious difficulties; difficulties which, as we shall immediately see, would, in ordinary cases, have been all but insurmountable. The full extent of these, indeed, cannot very readily be comprehended by an ordinary reader; although he may form some idea of their nature, when it is considered, that the experiments on any alphabet could be conducted only by means of books, none of which were as yet printed—to print these books, for this special purpose, required types, none of which were as yet in existence—and, what was still worse, the types could not be cast for the purpose of printing, even one page for an experiment, till punches had been cut, matrices sunk, and all the expense had been incurred which are necessarily involved in the founding of types for a new language. And even when all this had been once accomplished, the experiments had yet to begin.

These extensive operations were but *preparatory* to them; and all the improvements and alterations which might be suggested by the experiments that were to follow, necessarily involved a *repetition* of the greater portion of them, as if they had never been accomplished. Every alteration of a letter, if it should be but one, required the total demolition of every book or page, which had previously been printed, as well as of the punches, matrices, and types cast, of the letters to be improved. The work had each time to commence in some measure anew; improved punches had to be cut, matrices to be sunk, types cast, and books printed, before even one other experiment could be commenced, with the chance still that the altered letter, when tried, might still prove defective, and the whole series of changes fail. The experiments, after all this, might again proceed; but the same routine must necessarily have taken place at every alteration.

"All this, as the reader will perceive, must, in ordinary circumstances, have rendered any extensive series of experiments in such a course, important as it was, next to impossible; and this easily accounts for the failure of our friends on the continent. But in the case of the writer, a happy combination of circumstances rendered such a course of experiments practicable. He has all along, for his own amusement, had a small work-shop, turning lathe, and various tools; and he had added to his printing establishment, some time before, the arts of wood-engraving and stereotyping; and to this uncommon, and rather novel union of several arts under one roof, the blind are indebted for their books and their literature. The types were first engraved on wood, and then composed into pages by his own workmen; and as the great pressure necessary to form the relief upon paper would have crushed the wooden types, he got stereotype casts from them in hard metal, from which a sufficient number of pages were printed for the experiments to proceed. In this manner, the alterations upon the several letters were successively made, again tried, and again altered, at very little expense; an expense, in comparison, exceedingly trifling indeed, and not amounting to much more, perhaps, than one per cent. of what it must have cost him had metal types at first been his only resource."—pp. 44—46.

In 1827 the characters, by means of these wooden types, were so far in advance as to warrant the regular printing of a "First Book," by means of which the ulterior experiments could be conducted by the aid of the blind themselves. To effect this object, the managers of the Edinburgh Blind Asylum gave the assistance of their pupils, and afterwards reported most favourably of the success of the undertaking. In 1828 a committee was formed—composed of Dr. Baird, the principal of the University of Edinburgh, Sir. H. Jardine, and professors Pillans, Wilson, and Johnston—who stated that the blind children whom they examined were able to read in a few weeks with their fingers, as well as other children with their eyes; and as Mr. Gall declined receiving any pecuniary acknowledgment except what might accrue to him from the eventual sale of publications, they strongly recommended the extensive circulation of an edition of the Gospel according to St. John, which he proposed printing, and which the subscribers might either retain as a literary curiosity, or distribute among the blind. Another committee, at Glasgow—among whom was Dr. McFarlan, the principal of the University—reported in a manner equally favourable. But, notwithstanding

these encouragements, the scheme had nearly failed from the want of a sufficient number of subscribers to the projected publication. Mr. Gall determined, however, to persevere, though at a serious pecuniary risk; and he even in a manner began the whole anew, by a series of experiments with a view to reduce the types to the smallest convenient dimensions. In the course of these experiments, constant improvements, suggested by repeated trials, took place in the formation of the characters; and each alteration led to renewed trouble and expense in re-modeling the types. At length, when Mr. Gall thought the state of advancement of the characters sufficient to warrant the casting of a fount of metal types, he was impeded by the jealousies and secrets of trade; for type moulds, and the other apparatus of type-founding, are not articles of ordinary manufacture, but are constructed privately and confidentially upon the premises of the type-founders. He however ultimately cleared his way, and completed his first fount of types, of the size called Double-English. The metal types being more sharp and regular than their wooden precursors, the blind could distinguish them more readily; he therefore thought he might now venture on a smaller size; and he therefore, after a new series of experiments, cast a fount of Double Pica, which fully answered its purpose. But the reduction of size detected some defects in the form of several of the letters, which were less distinguishable than others; he therefore went to work again, and, having corrected the evil, ventured on a fount of still smaller size, Great Primer, which is but one size larger than that in which Scottish law papers and church Bibles are printed. By these improvements a book for the blind would be brought into one third of the size at first thought necessary for legibility.

The printing and paper required many experiments. As the letters are formed, not with ink, but by relief caused by pressure, great mechanical power was requisite, and also an improved press; but these difficulties were surmounted by printing only a page at a time, so that any press will now answer the end. The thick, heavy, expensive paper originally employed for embossed printing, it was found might be dispensed with, since any good thick printing paper, with a little more size than usual in its composition, would answer the purpose. The letters in relief may be rudely handled, and even forcibly rubbed and pressed, without injury. The paper may be printed upon on each side; and, to complete the improvements, a suitable method of binding the volumes has also been devised, so as to reduce them to a convenient bulk without injury to the raised letters.

In 1831 Mr. Gall was requested to visit the School for the Indigent Blind in London; and his success in teaching the pupils to read was such as to call forth the warmest approbation of the committee, who requested him to accept a purse of fifty guineas, as a mark of their respect and gratitude, but he declined it. In January, 1832, the Gospel according to St. John was printed, being the first portion of the sacred Scrip-

tures ever printed for the use of the blind, or capable of being read by them. Five or six other books, elementary and educational, have since been printed; but it does not appear from Mr. Gall's account that he has any immediate prospect of receiving an adequate return for what he has actually expended, much less any solid pecuniary reward for his labours. We trust that the publication of his volume will aid his object; and we shall feel happy if our notice of it shall conduce to the same end. Sixpence will put a blind person, or a dozen blind persons in succession, in possession of the "First Book," consisting of the alphabet, the Lord's Prayer, and a few short useful sentences; and this being mastered, the whole field of literature, sacred and secular, so far as books may hereafter be published, is open before him. No blind person in Great Britain, or in any place where the English language is spoken, needs remain a stranger to the benefits now within his reach. The portions of sacred scripture already printed, to which others will be added as the demand increases, are a treasure of infinite value.

We recommend Mr. Gall, or rather the conductors of some of the institutions for the blind, to advertise these publications, so that any person who has a blind friend or neighbour may know how to procure them through the booksellers. To one who desires to follow the example of his Divine Master, it is a new pleasure to be informed of a new act of Christian charity within the compass of his attainment; and we should not think our exhortation lost if we stimulated only some little child, to whom the above facts were related, to teach a blind boy or girl to read the gospel of the beloved disciple.

From the Court Magazine.

VILLAGE CHORISTERS.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHURCH'S DAUGHTER."

A pig in a string is a troublesome article to manage, two pigs in a string are more troublesome still, to a degree, perhaps, in proportion to the squares of their distances—a ram in a halter is also proverbial for obstinacy,—mules are celebrated for their pertinacity, and donkeys for their stupidity; but all the pigs, rams, mules, and asses in the world, put together, would be more easily managed than a company of singers in a village church. About four miles from Loppington there is a village called Snatcham. The living is but small, and the rector resides and performs his duty without the aid of a curate. You cannot imagine a milder and more gentle creature than this excellent clergyman. He is quite a picture, either for pen or pencil. He is not more than five feet four inches in height, somewhat stout, but not very robust; he is nearly seventy years of age—perhaps quite by this time; his hair, what little is left of it, is as white as silver; his face is free from all wrinkles either of care or age; his voice is slender, but musical with meekness. The practical principle of his demeanour has

* * * From a work now in the press, entitled "Provincial Sketches."

always been—any thing for a quiet life. He would not speak a harsh word, or think an unkind thought to or of any human being; but he is now and then tempted to think that when the apostle Paul recommended the Christians to live peaceably with all men, he put in the saving clause "if possible," with particular reference to village choristers. Snatcham choir is said to be the best in the county; such, at least, is the opinion of the choristers themselves;—and he must be a bold man who should say to the contrary. They are no doubt very sincere when they say that they never heard any better than themselves; for, to judge from their singing, one would not imagine that they had ever heard any one else. Snatcham church does not boast an organ, and it is well it does not, for if it did the whole choir would insist upon playing on it all at once; but instead of an organ it has a band of music, which has been gradually increasing for some years past. It commenced, about thirty-five years ago, with a pitch-pipe, which was presently superseded by a flute. It was soon found, however, that the dulcet notes of a single flute were quite lost amid the chaos of sounds produced by the vocal efforts of the choir, so a second flute was added by way of reinforcement; but all the flutes in the world would be no match for the double bass voice of Martin Grubb the Snatcham butcher, under whose burly weight and hurly-burly notes the whole music-gallery trembled and shook. To give pungency to the instrumental department, therefore, a hautboy was added; but the vocalists felt it a point of honour to outscreech the instruments, and the miscellaneous voice of James Gripe, the miller's son, who sang tenor, treble, or counter-tenor, just as it happened, was put into requisition for extra duty to match the hautboy. James Gripe could sing very loud; but the louder he sang, the more you heard that kind of noise that is produced by singing through a comb. It used to be said of him that he sang as if he had studied music in a mill during a high wind. To the two flutes and the hautboy were added two clarionets, because two of Gripe's younger brothers were growing up, and had a fancy for music. Young Grubb, the son of the butcher, began soon to exhibit musical talents, and accompanied his father at home on the violoncello, which instrument, with the leave of the rector, was added to the church band in a very short time,—a time too short, I believe, for the perfection of the performance.

The rector, dear good man, never refused his leave to any thing, especially to what the singers asked; they might have had leave to introduce a wagon and eight horses if they had asked; but still the rector did not like it, and every time he was called upon to christen a child for one of his parishioners, he trembled lest the young one should have a turn for music, and introduce into the gallery some new musical abomination. It was next discovered that only one bass to so many treble instruments was not fair play, so to the violoncello was added a bassoon, and to the bassoon a serpent. What next?—nothing more at present; but if the movement party retains its ascendancy, triangles and kettle drums may be expected. The present state of Snatcham choir

is as follows. In the first place there is Martin Grubb, the butcher, a stout robust man of about fifty years of age, having a round head and a red face, with strong, straight, thick brownish grey hair, combed over his forehead, and reaching to his very eyebrows. He is the oldest, the wealthiest, and the most influential man in the choir. He sings bass, and is said to be the life and soul of the party, though there are no great symptoms of life and soul in his face, which is about as full of expression as a bullock's liver. Then there is young Martin Grubb, who is a bit of a dandy, with black curling hair, and whiskers of the same pattern, pale face, thin lips, long chin, and short nose; his instrument is the violoncello. James Gripe is leader of the treble voices, with occasional digressions as above noticed. And, in addition to the two younger Gripes, Absalom and Peter, who play the two clarionets, there are Onesiphorus Bang, the shoemaker, who plays the first flute; Issachar Crack, a rival shoemaker, who plays the second flute; Cornelius Pike, the tobacco-pipe maker, who plays the bassoon; Alexander Rodolpho Crabbe, the baker, who plays the hautboy; Gregory Plush, the tailor, who plays the serpent, together with divers others, men, boys, and girls, who make up the whole band.

This renowned choir has for a long time considered itself the *ne plus ultra* of the musical profession, and consequently equal to the performance of any music that was ever composed. The old fashioned psalm tunes are therefore all banished from Snatcham church, to the great grief of the worthy rector, whose own voice is almost put out of tune by hearing Sternhold and Hopkins sung to the tunes of "Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish," and such-like Vauxhall and Saddler's Wells music. The members of the choir too, like other political bodies, have not much peace within unless they have war without. If any attack be made upon their privileges they stick together like a swarm of bees; but at other times they are almost always at loggerheads one with another. Old Martin Grubb wields a precarious sceptre, for James Gripe is mightily tenacious of his rights, and resists, tooth and nail, the introduction or too frequent use of those tunes which superabound with bass solos. Grubb and Gripe, by way of an attempt at compromising the matter, have latterly been in the habit of taking it by turns to choose the tunes; and their alternate choice puts one very much in mind of the fable of the fox and the stork, who invited one another to dinner, the fox preparing a flat dish, of which the stork could not avail himself, and the stork in return serving up dinner in a long-necked bottle, too narrow to admit the Fox's head. When James Gripe chooses the tune, he flourishes away in tenor and and treble solos, leaving the butcher as mute as a fish; but when the choice devolves on Martin Grubb, he pays off old scores by a selection of those compositions which most abound in bass solos. And in such cases it not unfrequently happens that Martin, in the delighted consciousness of a triumph over his tenor, treble, and counter-tenor rival, growls and roars with such thundering exultation, that the gallery quivers beneath him, while his son saws away

at his violoncello as though he would cut it in half from very ecstasy. Cornelius Pike and Gregory Plush also spend as much breath as they can spare, and perhaps a little more than they can spare conveniently, in filling the vast cavities of their respective serpent and bassoon.

All this disturbs and distresses the feelings of the worthy pastor, who thinks it possible and feels it desirable, that public devotion should be conducted with a little less noise. It appears, indeed, and no doubt the choristers one and all think so, that Snatcham church and Sternhold and Hopkins's psalms were all made to show forth the marvellous talents of the Snatcham choristers. They think that all the people who attend there come merely for the music, and that the prayers and the sermon have no other use or object than just to afford the singers and other musicians time to take breath, and to give them an opportunity of looking over and and arranging their books for the next outbreak of musical noise. So little attention do the Snatcham choristers pay to any other part of the service than that in which themselves are concerned, that during the whole course of the prayers, and in all the sermon time, they are whispering to one another, and conning over their music books, sometimes almost audibly buzzing out some musical passage, which seems to require elucidation peradventure to some novice; and Master Grubb the younger is so delighted with his violoncello, that he keeps hugging the musical monster with as much fondness and grace as a bear hugs its cubs, and every now and then, in pleasing anticipation of some coming beauties, or in rapturous recollection of some by-gone graces, he tickles the sonorous strings with his clumsy fingers, bringing forth whispers of musical cadences loud enough to wake the drowsy and to disturb the attentive part of the congregation. And then the good rector casts up to the music-gallery a look, not of reproof, but of expostulation, and thereupon Master Grubb slips his hands down by his sides, and turns his eyes up to the ceiling, as if wondering where the sound could possibly come from.

The supplicatory looks of the music-baited clergyman are on these occasions quite touching and most mutely eloquent: they seem to say—"Pray spare me a little:—suffer me to address my flock. I do not interrupt your music with my preaching, why should you interrupt my preaching with your music? My sermons are not very long, why will not you hear them out? I encroach not on your province, why will you encroach on mine? Let me, I pray you, finish my days on earth as pastor of this flock, and do not altogether fiddle me out of the church." But the hearts of the "village musicians" are as hard as the nether millstone; they have no more bowels than a bassoon, no more brains than a kettle drum.

Another grievance is, that these Snatcham choristers have a most intense and villanous provincialism of utterance: it is bad enough in speaking, but in singing they make it ten times worse; for they dilate, expand, and exaggerate their cacophony, till it becomes almost ludicrous to those who are not accustomed to it. The more

excited they are, whether it be by joy or anger, the more loudly they sing, the more broadly they blare out their provincial intonations; and it is very seldom indeed that they ascend their gallery without some stimulus or other of this nature. If they be all united together in the bonds of amity and good-will; if Martin Grubb have suspended his jealousy of Gripe, and if Gripe no longer look with envy and hatred upon Grubb; if some new tune be in preparation wherewith to astonish and entapture the parishioners; if there be in the arrangement tenors and trebles enough to satisfy the ambition of Gripe, and bass enough to develop the marvellous powers of Grubb:—there is a glorious outpouring of sound and vociferation, which none but the well-disciplined ears of the Snatcham parishioners can possibly hear. The walls of Snatcham church must be much stronger than those of Jericho, or they would have been roared to rubbish long ere this. But if the agreement of the choir be the parent of noise, their disagreement is productive of much more. More than once the Gripe and the Grubb factions have carried their animosity so far as to start two different tunes at the same time. And what can be done in such a case? Who is in the wrong? If the Grubb faction were to yield, they would betray a consciousness that they had not acted rightly in their selection of a tune; and if the Gripe faction were to withdraw from the contest, or to chime in with the Grubbs, they would seem to show the white feather: so they battle it out with all their might and main, and each party must sing and play as loud as possible, in order to drown the noise of the other. After church time the Grubbs throw all the blame upon the Gripes, and the Gripes retort the charge upon the Grubbs, and a man had need have the wisdom of a dozen Solomons to judge between them. So excited with passion, and puffing, and singing, and playing, have the parties sometimes been after a *flare-up* of this kind, that they have looked as tired as two teams of horses just unharnessed from two opposition stage-coaches;—nay, the very instruments themselves have appeared exhausted, and an active imagination might easily believe that the old big burly bassoon, standing in a lounging attitude in one corner of the gallery, was panting for want of breath. Such explosions as these, however, do not frequently occur, and it is well they do not; when they do, a reconciliation generally takes place soon after, and an apology is made to the good pastor, more, perhaps, from compassion to his infirmities than out of respect to his office or his years; and his mild reply is generally to the following effect—"Ah! well, my good friends, I think another time you will find it more easy to sing all one tune: I marvel much that ye don't put one another out by this diversity of singing."

There is also another mode in which the parties manifest their discrepancy of opinion, or discordancy of feeling, and that is by the silence of half the choir. Now one would think that such an event would be a joy and a relief to the good man, who loves quiet; and so it is physically, but not morally: for though his ears are relieved from one half of the ordinary musical infliction, yet he is mentally conscious that evil thoughts are

cherished in the breasts of the silent ones, that they who sing are not praising God in their songs, and that they who sing not are not praising him by their silence.

But the climax of the abominations of the Snatcham choristers I have yet to record, and I hope that by their follies other choirs, if there be any so absurd, will take warning. It has been already said that this celebrated Snatcham choir made it a great point to obtain leave from their rector for all the abominations and absurdities which they were accustomed to inflict upon the parish under the guise of music; but the arrogant importunity of their solicitation was such that they seemed to bid defiance to refusal, so that their asking leave was after the fashion of the beggar in *Gil Blas*, who held his musket in the direction of the donor's head. At a large town in the county in which Snatcham is situated, there had been a musical festival, the directors of which, in order to give *éclat* to their advertisements, had used all manner of means to swell the number of the performers. For this purpose they had sought every hedge and ditch, and highway and by-way in the county, to pick up every individual who had the slightest pretension whatever to musical talent. In such a search, of course the Snatcham choir could not by any possibility be overlooked. They were accordingly retained for the choruses, in consequence of which they underwent much musical drilling; nor were they a little pleased at the honour thus thrust upon them. They of course distinguished themselves, though I must say that the wisest thing chorus singers can do is not to distinguish themselves; but the Snatcham choir, it is said, actually did distinguish themselves, especially in the Hallelujah Chorus, and so fascinated were they with that chorus, and their own distinguished manner of singing it, that they resolved unanimously to perform it at Snatcham church. This was bad enough; but this was not the worst, for nothing would serve them but they would have it of all days in the year on Good Friday!

On the evening of the day before, the whole body of the choristers, vocal and instrumental, went up to the rectory, and demanded an audience of their worthy pastor. The good man trembled at their approach, and his heart sank within him at the announcement that they had something very particular to say to him. He thought of harp, flute, psaltery, dulcimer, sackbut, and all kinds of music, and his ears tingled with apprehension of some new enormity about to be added to the choir, in shape of some heathenish instrument. It was a ludicrous sight, and enough to make the pastor laugh, had he been at all disposed to merriment, to see the whole choir seated in his parlour, and occupying, after a fashion, every chair in the room; for if they were never harmonious in any thing else, they were perfectly harmonious as to their mode of sitting: they were all precisely in the same attitude, and that attitude was—sitting on the very outward edge of the chair, with their hats carefully held between their knees, their mouths wide open, and their eyes fixed upon vacancy. At the entrance of the clergyman they all rose, bowed with simultaneous

politeness, and looked towards Martin Grubb as their mouth piece. Martin Grubb, with his broad heavy hand, smoothed his locks over his forehead, and said—"Hem!"

"Well, Mr. Grubb," replied the rector, "you and your friends, I understand, have something particular to say to me."

"Why yes, sir," said Mr. Grubb, "we are called upon you by way of deputation like, just to say a word or two about singing; and for the matter of that, we have been practising a prettyish bit of music out of Handel, what they sung at the musical festival, called the Hallelujah Chorus; and as our choir sung it so well at the festival as to draw all eyes upon us, we have been thinking, sir, with your leave, if you please, and if you have no objection, that we should just like to sing it at church."

"At church?"

"Yes, sir, if you please, at church to-morrow. The Hallelujah Chorus you know, sir, being part of the Messiah, we thought it would be particular appropriate; and we are all perfect in our parts, and there's two or three chaps out of the next parish that are coming over to Snatcham to see their friends, and they'll help us you know, sir, and every thing is quite ready and rehearsed and all that; and we hope, sir, you won't have no objection, because we can never do it so proper as with them additional voices what's coming to-morrow, and there will be such lots of people come to church on purpose to hear us, that they will be all so disappointed if we don't sing it."

Here James Gripe, somewhat jealous of his rival's eloquence, and taking advantage of Martin's pausing for a moment to recover breath, stepped forward, saying—"No, sir, we hope you won't refuse us your leave, because all the people so calculate upon hearing it, that they will go away in dudgeon if so be as they are disappointed, and mayhap they will never come to church again, but go among the methodishes or some of them outlandish sexes; and it would be a pity to overthrow the established church just for the matter of a stave or two of music."

The rector sighed deeply but not audibly, and replied, saying, in a tone of mild expostulation—"But to-morrow, my friends, is Good Friday, a day of extraordinary solemnity, and scarcely admitting even the most solemn music in its service."

"Exactly so," interrupted Martin Grubb, "that's the very thing I say, sir, and therefore the Hallelujah Chorus is the most peculiar appropriate: it's one of the most sollumest things I ever heard,—it's quite awful and grand—enough to make the hair of one's head stand upright with sublimity."

"'Tis indeed, sir," ailed James Gripe, "you may take my word for it, sir."

"Perhaps," returned Martin Grubb, "your reverence never heard it; now if it be so as you never heard it, mayhap you don't know nothing about it, in which case we can, if you please, with your permission, sing you a little bit of it, just to give you an idea of the thing."

The poor persecuted pastor looked round upon his tormentors in blank amazement, and saw them with their ruthless mouths wide open, and ready

to inflict upon him the utmost penalty of their awful voices. In tremulous tones the worthy man exclaimed, "No, no, no, pray don't—pray don't—don't trouble yourselves—I beg you will not. I know the piece of music to which you refer, and I think if you could perform it on any other day than Good Friday—"

Singers are a peculiarly irritable class of persons, and the slightest opposition or contradiction irritates and disturbs them, so that at the very moment that the rector uttered a sentence at all interfering with their will, they all surrounded him with clamorous and sulky importunity, and set to work with all diligence to demolish his objections.

"Please, sir," said Martin Grubb, shaking his big head with a dogged wilfulness, "I don't see how it's to be done. The Hallelujah Chorus requires a lot of extra voices what isn't to be got every day; and if we tells them chaps as is coming over to-morrow to help us, that we don't want their help, they may take tiff, and never come over to Snatcham again."

"But perhaps," the pastor meekly replied, "they may assist you in the grave and sober singing of some serious and well-known psalms in which all the congregation may unite."

On hearing this, the broad-faced butcher expanded his features into a contemptuous sort of a grin, and said—"Come, now, that is a good one, as if reg'lar scientific singers would come all the way to Snatcham just to sing old psalm tunes!"

Mr. Gripe also said—"He! he! he!"

"He! he! he!" is a very conclusive kind of argument; and so the rector of Snatcham felt it to be, for he could not answer it, nor refute it, nor evade it. He looked this way and that way, up to the ceiling and down to the floor, towards Mr. Gripe and towards Mr. Grubb; but neither ceiling nor floor, nor Gripe nor Grubb, afforded him any relief from his painful embarrassment. The exulting singers saw that he was posed, and that now was the time to push home their victory, and overwhelm the rector by their united importunities. So they all crowded round him at once, and almost all at once began to assail him with such a torrent of reasons and argumentation that he had not a word to say for himself.

"Please, sir," said Onesiphorus Bang, "I ha'n't got nothing else ready to play."

"Nor I neither," said Issachar Crack.

"Please, sir," said Alexander Rodolpho Crabbe, "we never like to do nothing without your leave, and we hope you won't compel us to do so now. My wife says she'll never come to church again, if the Hallelujah Chorus is not performed to-morrow."

"And I declare," said Gregory Plush, "that for my part I never wish to touch the serpent again, if we mayn't do that piece of music."

Absalom and Peter Gripe also said the same as touching the clarionets; and James Gripe then looked at the rector with a quaintly interrogative aspect, which, without uttering a word, seemed to say—"There, sir, what will you do without Absalom and Peter's clarionets." Now, for his own part, the worthy pastor would have been glad to get rid of the whole clamour of their music, for

these choristers were always at loggerheads either with one another, or with all the rest of the parish.

The rector thus overwhelmed with argument and eloquence, with pathos and importunity, found himself compelled to yield, which he did with the worst grace imaginable. Away went the choristers, rejoicing in the triumph of music, and full of glee at the thought of the wonderful figure they should cut on the morrow, when, assisted by the "chaps from the next village," they astonished the natives with the Hallelujah Chorus.

That night neither the singers nor the rector slept: the former were kept awake by the anticipation of musical glory, and the latter was made restless by the dread of musical absurdity. Good Friday came:—the whole village looked more like a scene of festivity than of fasting. The "chaps from the next village," as Martin Grubb called them, were as gay as so many larks: there was such a display of blue coats and yellow buttons as never was seen before. The singing gallery was full to suffocation, and the church itself was crowded. The squire of the parish was present, and his family also were with him, and the singers were so happy that they could hardly contain themselves. They did not mind the prayers; they had heard them before, and did not think them half so well worth hearing as the Hallelujah Chorus. There was such a rustling of leaves of music books, and such a buzz of whispering voices, that the worthy rector could hardly be heard. The choristers had arranged that the Hallelujah Chorus should be sung immediately before the sermon, and they thought that the prayers would never be over: they were as impatient as a young horse in harness.

At length the prayers were finished, and the merciless choristers let loose upon the congregation to inflict whatever musical torture they pleased. Away they burst with relentless and resistless fury. There was such scraping, and blowing, and roaring, and growling, and screaming, as never was heard; the powers of every voice, and of every instrument, were exerted to the utmost of their capability—there was such an infinite variety of articulation of hallelowya, halleluear, allyluger, and ahmen, and awmen, and ameen, that none but the initiated could form a guess what the singers were about. The patient and afflicted rector sat still in the pulpit, waiting till the storm should be over: he knew that it could not last for ever, and that they must soon sing themselves hoarse or out of breath. There is an Irish proverb which says "Single misfortunes never come alone:" this was verified in the present case; for a misunderstanding occurred, which produced a double infliction of the music. Messrs. Grubb, Gripe, Crabbe, Bang, Crack, and their friends, when performing at the cathedral, had observed that one or two parts of the performance had been encoored by a signal from his grace the Duke of —, who was present as patron, and this signal consisted of the silent waving or lifting up of a white pocket-handkerchief. Now, unfortunately, just as the band was bringing its mighty performance to a close, the squire of the parish most innocently drew his handker-

chief out of his pocket; but happening to draw it forth with a peculiar grace, or with what Mr. Grubb and his friends thought a peculiar grace, they were most graciously pleased to take it for granted that it must be a signal for a repetition of the chorus, and therefore, just at the moment when the good rector was pleasing himself with the thought that the absurd display was over, they all burst forth again with renewed vigour. He thought they were absolutely mad; he looked; he sighed; he shook his head; but he was only answered by halleluyah, allyluger; and when they had finished the second time, he was half afraid that they would begin again, and sing it the third time. When the service was over, the good man took the liberty to hint to his musical parishioners that he thought they had performed a work of supererogation in performing the chorus twice. They themselves felt that they had somewhat encroached, but they laid the blame upon the squire, whose slightest wish they thought should be obeyed. The squire was very sorry when he found what mischief he had inadvertently done, and promised that he would take care, in future, not to pull out his handkerchief again in singing time.

From the Court Magazine.

BEFORE THE DRAWING-ROOM.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
I must be presented to-day,
I must be presented, or what will my cousin
The bride, Lady Mackintosh, say!
She married a man who was knighted last season
For carrying up an address;
If she's a great lady, you'll own there's no reason,
My lady, why I should be less!
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
I must be presented to-day.

Now pray, Lady Susan, don't say that you're poorly,
'Tis plain that you wish to withdraw;
You married my brother, and I've a right, surely,
To go with my sister-in-law!
And though you consider us vulgar relations,
Some proper repayment there'll be,
For Brother Bob's diamond and pearl presentations,
In this presentation of me.
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
I must be presented to-day.

Look at me, my lady,—'tis silly to quarrel,
You'll own that I'm fit to be seen;
My yellow silk petticoat loop'd up with laurel,
(So elegant, yellow and green!)
My train of blue satin! (judiciously chosen,
'Twill make a pelisse in the spring.)
And then my red feathers! I'm sure, Lady Susan,
I must be remarked by the king.
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
I must be presented to-day.

A train may look very magnificent, flowing
Behind one in folds, I dare say,
But as for a hoop! Oh, I could not bear going
To court in that round-about way!
My lappets! nice lace!—what's the use now of buying
Three yards?—it is quite a take-in;
And why did you laugh when you saw I was tying
Them gracefully under my chin?

I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan.
I must be presented to-day.

And what's to be done when I stand in the presence?
Pray tell—I rely upon you;
Must I civilly say, as I make my obeisance,
"Your majesty, how do you do?"
To be kiss'd by the king! Lady Susan, assist me,
I shall not be fit to be seen!
What! kiss me in public! Oh! when he *has* kissed me,
I sha'n't dare to look at the queen!
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
I will be presented to-day.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

FRANCIA, DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

Among the great political changes that have taken place during the last half-century, and which, for good or for evil, must necessarily influence the condition of those who succeed us, to remote generations, few are more interesting and important than the secession of the Spanish colonies of South America from the weak yet oppressive sway of their mother country.

At the time when the English colonies of North America achieved their independence, and France was progressing in her frightful revolution, Spain, in lieu of profiting by the lessons imparted by these events, and which all who opened their eyes might read—in lieu of turning her closest attention towards her western empire, redressing its grievances, facilitating and protecting its commerce, educating its youth, improving its laws and institutions, and at the same time keeping it in due submission by the strongest control of her authority and exertions of her power—instead of all this, what did she? She continued to creep on in the old worn-out path, to govern unjustly, injuriously, rapaciously, and at the same time so weakly, that her colonies had only to will their freedom, and they were free. With stupid wonder, Spain, herself on the verge of ruin, saw them shake her yoke from their necks almost without an effort.

They obtained their liberty; they did not exactly understand what that was, but they were as proud and as pleased as though they did; still less did they know what use to make of it, and instead of trying to find out, they talked in their assemblies of Greece and Rome, Cæsar, Pompey, and the Gracchi—gave themselves high-sounding republican titles—quarrelled with their neighbours and with each other—and finally—look at them now—at the expiration of five or six and twenty years, what are they?—a mere prey to the spoiler.

These states are not fitted for republicanism: that form of government, it would appear, suits best a nation in its first vigour, emerging from barbarism, while yet free from the taints of luxury and ambition. The states of South America are not forming from the strength of youth, but from the decrepitude of old age; they are remnants of the two most degenerated nations of Europe, the Spanish and the Portuguese, with their negro mixtures. The Portuguese, it is true, have as yet no republic, but their taste is decidedly

that way. One cannot choose but laugh at spying the pig-tail, huge cocked hat, and tarnished embroidery of the old Spaniard and Portuguese protruding through the hastily-assumed toga of republican Rome—the ass in the lion's skin.

The author of this sketch will not apologise to her readers for presuming that they know but little about either Paraguay or Francia. Not even the detention of M. Bonpland, and the efforts made in Europe by his family for his release, could attract the public attention towards this secluded territory and its ruler. A small volume has been published by Messrs. Renger and Longchamps, Swiss gentlemen, travelling as naturalists, who were detained at Assumption (the capital) as unjustly as was M. Bonpland, from 1819 to 1825. This narrative is written with much good sense and simplicity, and its account is confirmed by the information personally received by the present writer from two other gentlemen who had been in Paraguay, one of them as a *detenu* for five years. From these sources is derived the following sketch, with the anecdotes which accompany it.

Paraguay is an inland state of nearly the size of England, with a salubrious climate and rich soil, watered by fine navigable rivers, with a population of about five hundred thousand.

After some puerile attempts to establish a few republican forms and names, consuls, a legislative assembly, &c., the whole state sunk in the short space of four years under the absolute control of one master-mind; Gaspard Roderick de Francia was created dictator, at first for three years, and at the expiration of that time for life.

Francia was born in Paraguay, and has never been beyond the Spanish colonies of South America. His father is supposed by many to have been a Portuguese, but he prefers to have it believed that he is of French origin; his mother was a creole of Paraguay, and he was one of several children.

He was intended for the church, but his destination was changed, and he embraced the profession of the law. He received the first rudiments of his education from the monks at Assumption; he then studied at the University of Cordova du Tucuman, where he was admitted doctor of theology, and he is usually denominated Doctor Francia.

In the exercise of his profession as a lawyer, and especially as a judge, he was remarkable for his integrity and disinterestedness. He was elected a member of the *cabildo*, and afterwards succeeded to the office of *alcaldi*. He was exceedingly independent, flattered no party, and professed his sole political object to be the entire separation of Paraguay from Spain, and its formation into a republican state.

When the revolution was effected, a junta was established, to which Francia was appointed secretary, with a deliberative voice; but all was in confusion; the army, as usual on such occasions, seemed inclined to take the lead, and for a time terror and dissension alone prevailed. Francia, however, at that critical moment, obtained an ascendancy he never afterwards lost; his superior talents, address, and information were constantly

appealed to, and nothing of any importance could be transacted without him.

At length it was settled that the government should be *consular*; Francia and a colleague were appointed consuls for one year, each in supreme command for four months at a time; Francia took care to secure to his share the first and the last four months of the year. Two curule chairs were prepared on this occasion; upon one was inscribed the name of Cæsar, and on the other that of Pompey: Francia eagerly took possession of the first.

But the grand blow yet remained to be struck; by the most consummate art and management, and by the influence he had obtained over the troops, he got himself at the end of the year proclaimed dictator, and, as before said, at the end of three years, dictator for life. The first nomination took place in 1814, when Francia was about 53 years of age.

From the moment he found his footing firm, and his authority quietly submitted to, his whole character appeared to undergo a remarkable change: without faltering or hesitation, without a pause of human weakness or a thrill of human feeling, he proceeded to frame perhaps the most extraordinary despotism that has ever been submitted to. In Paraguay there exist at present but two classes—the dictator forms one, and the populace the other; in the dictator is lodged the whole power, legislative and executive, of the state; the populace has no power, and only one duty—to obey. All was done rapidly, boldly, and powerfully; he well knew the character of the weak and ignorant people at whose head he had placed himself, and who had had the temerity to presume that they possessed energy and virtue enough for a republic.

As the result of this remarkable effort, the middling orders are destroyed; there is no gradation between the ruler and the people—a man may be richer or better educated than his neighbour; but if these advantages be not quite as useful to the dictator as they are to their possessor, they only render him liable to become an object of distrust and oppression.

Even that most difficult of all powers to control—the power of a bigoted but dissolute clergy over a deceived and ignorant people—Francia has entirely mastered; not a monastic institution now exists in Paraguay. The poor old bishop appointed by Spain has been long in a state of derangement, brought on by his horror at the revolution and its consequences; his place is filled by a vicar-general, a creature of the dictator's. No processions of any kind are allowed to take place except that of the *Fete Dieu*, and the sabbath is the only religious holiday permitted to be observed. The dictator nominates all the curates throughout the country, and withdraws them at his pleasure. He proclaims that every individual in Paraguay may adopt any creed he pleases; he may even be a Mahometan or a deist—any thing but an atheist.

He has long since put an end altogether to the municipal body termed the *cabildo*, not only in the capital, but in every town in Paraguay; in the former he has replaced it by a couple of

alcaldes, a *fiel executor* (head of the police,) and an advocate for minors; they are all dependent on him in every respect.

The dictator is the sole receiver and disposer of all the revenues of the state; he observes great secrecy concerning them, so that it has not yet been found possible to make a just estimate of their amount. The minister of finance is merely a principal clerk; he cannot make the smallest payment, or the most trifling delivery of stores, without the authority of the dictator, whose economy is ludicrously minute. The only branch of expenditure on which he appears to be liberal is the provision of the warlike stores, which he is aware, in the event of an invasion, could not be procured; but although the supply is amply kept up, it is only by oppressing the foreign merchant or the native artisan. The salaries of the public functionaries are very moderate—many have none but their fees of office; the clergy are almost all supported by voluntary contributions. The public works are carried on by prisoners, or by means of forced labour, the master workmen alone receiving salaries.

The revenues of the state arise from tithes, a tax upon shops and store-houses in the capital, an import and export duty, the sale duty, stamps, postage of letters, fines, confiscations, the produce of the national domains (which are very extensive), and the *droit d'aubaine*.

Of these taxes the most severe are the import duty and the *droit d'aubaine*; the latter is one of the most wicked and unjust oppressions of this nature ever invented: by it, the state becomes the heir of all foreigners who die without legitimate children *born in Paraguay*. As the poor stranger breathes his last, he beholds the myrmidons of government in his house, taking inventories and affixing their seals—he is obliged to declare upon oath the amount of his property, without even deducting his debts; although he may be in the agonies of death, he is removed from his bed into another apartment, while his chamber undergoes the same scrutiny as the rest of his habitation; if yet likely to live for a few days, a small pittance is doled out from his own purse to supply him with mere necessities; there is not left even sufficient for his interment, which is usually done by subscription, while his widow and foreign-born orphans are turned destitute from their roof.

The army is the dictator's instrument of power—it consists of only five thousand regular troops and twenty thousand militia; the levies of both carefully exclude young men of education, or who belong to wealthy families. Among the regulars, all must serve at first, without exception, in the ranks, from whence they are raised, at the pleasure and choice of the dictator, to fill the station of officers—that is to say, of ensigns and lieutenants, not more than half a dozen individuals at most possessing the rank of captain, beyond which there is no promotion. A soldier of the line can only be tried for any serious crime by the dictator in person. Very strict discipline is enforced in all that regards their conduct as soldiers; but when off duty, they are at perfect liberty, lead licentious

lives, and are seldom reprimanded for any misconduct towards the citizens.

There are at the capital two kinds of prisons; the public prison for criminals and debtors, and the state prison for offenders against the government. In the first, the prisoners are crowded together in the most unwholesome and miserable manner, without distinction of age, rank, sex, or species of crime; but their condition is not so hopeless and heart-breaking as that of the state-prisoners, who languish for years in darkness, chains, and solitude: not sickness, nor even the approach of death itself, occasioning more than a slight amelioration in their treatment. A Doctor Sabaler, who was as an especial favour allowed to be visited by one of the Swiss travellers in his medical capacity, died with the *grillos* on his feet, and was not allowed even to receive the sacrament.

But the most singular feature in the government of Francia is the perfect isolation in which he has succeeded in placing Paraguay. In the attainment of this object he has been no doubt assisted by the peculiar situation of the country: in the midst of an immense and thinly populated continent, it stands alone and impenetrable: its large rivers, extensive forests and morasses, together with the vigilant measures adopted by the dictator, render it next to impossible for a single individual to escape from his dominions; the attempt is perilous in the extreme: those who make it have to encounter the dangers of entirely losing every clue to their destination in the wilds; of being destroyed in one of the immense and frequent conflagrations of the forest; of excessive fatigue and exposure; of starvation, and of attacks from serpents, wild beasts, and savages: if they are brought back, instant execution, or chains and imprisonment await them.

The only possibility of escape is during the time that the river Paraguay overflows the surrounding plains; it is then just practicable, and has been effected: but the Swiss travellers give an interesting account of an attempt to escape during that time, in 1823, which failed. The fugitives, however, showed great want of foresight in their preparations: they had neither fire-arms nor fishing-tackle, both indispensable either to their defence or subsistence. The party consisted of a Mr. Escaffier, four free negroes, and a negress in a state of pregnancy. One of the men died from fatigue, another from the bite of a serpent; at one time they were surrounded by a conflagration, at another involved in an immense glade in the midst of a forest, where they wandered about for fifteen days, seeking the only outlet it contained, namely, the one by which they had entered it. At last they were taken by a serjeant of militia; they were in so reduced a state that the whole party were quite incapable of defending themselves against one man: they were imprisoned and tortured, but ultimately treated with more lenity than might have been expected.

This singular system of national imprisonment extends not only to the natives of the *free republic* of Paraguay, but also in a most unjust and extraordinary degree to the foreigners residing there. The two Swiss gentlemen already alluded

to were traveling for scientific purposes in these vast and unknown regions. At Corrientes, which was in a state of commotion, they were detained eight months, before being permitted to re-embark on the Parana, which conveyed them into Paraguay, and to Assumption its capital, in July 1819. Here they were presented to the dictator, and were told not to concern themselves about his government, but in all other respects to do as they pleased; and it appears that no obstacle was thrown in the way of their researches for which long excursions into the country must have been necessary.

In consequence of a conspiracy being detected, and of some other commotions on the frontier, occasioned by the banditti of Artigas, who after a life of general plunder, upon all estates and parties, was forced to take refuge in Paraguay from his own troops—the port was closed, and all foreign communication put an entire stop to. This was a sad blow to the Europeans in Assumption, who now amounted to about forty persons, English, French, Swiss, and Italian; all merchants, except the two Swiss gentlemen and an English physician. Still, however, they experienced no molestation, until the arrest of M. Bonpland, at his establishment on the frontier, dispelled their illusion. The excuse was that he had held communication with the rebel troops of Artigas, and that his establishment was formed less for commercial or scientific objects than to facilitate an invasion. A party of his Indians were massacred by the soldiers of the dictator; M. Bonpland himself, although apparently unarmed and unresisting, was wounded; his property was plundered, and, without any pity for his sufferings, they conducted him with irons on his feet to Santa Maria. In the course of this painful journey, he forgot, like a good Christian, that he was among his enemies, and attended in his medical capacity the soldiers whom the Indians had wounded in their own defence. However, as soon as the dictator was apprised of the treatment M. Bonpland had received, he ordered his irons to be removed, and restored to him such of his property as had escaped the plunder of the soldiers; but he was not permitted to come to the capital; a residence was assigned to him near Santa Maria, where he remained a prisoner for many years: the more interest that was made for him, either by governments or individuals, the more Francia appeared to rejoice at having him in his power.

At length, having received an official notification of the acknowledgment of the South American republics by England, accompanied by a request that the English in Paraguay might be permitted to leave the country whenever they pleased, with their effects, the dictator ordered them to get their vessels ready. The Swiss gentlemen thought it a favourable moment to apply for the same benefit, which, after the delay of a couple of months, when they were beginning quite to despair, was suddenly granted. Passports were given to them at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, with orders to sail by a vessel that was to depart at one the same day—two hours allowed them to settle their affairs, make their prepara-

tions, and, above all, to pack up their collections of objects of natural history, several of which were of a very fragile nature. There is no spur like necessity. Leaving much in the hands of confidential persons, they went on board, and sailed at the prescribed hour, amidst the good wishes of a multitude of spectators of all ranks; after a sojourn of six years in Paraguay—two years voluntarily, and four by forcible detention.

While on the subject of the treatment of foreigners in Paraguay, it will doubtless not be uninteresting to present an account of the reception there of a countryman of our own. He is one of the two gentlemen (the *detenu* for five years) already mentioned as having afforded to the writer of this the advantage of personal information. The account which follows is in his own words.

"It was late in the evening that the little sloop in which I took my passage had entered the waters of Paraguay. On the approach of night we secured our bark, as is the custom in that river, to a tree, in order to await the dawn of the next morning. We had not been long in this situation, when a certain noise, repeated and answered at intervals, attracted our notice. We had on board an Indian who was returning to his native country, in the capacity of our pilot; he told us that the noise proceeded from the encampment of a tribe of Indians who occupied the right bank of the river, and were then at war with Paraguay. This intelligence caused us some uneasiness. After supper, our men had scarcely retired to rest when a canoe came rapidly down the stream, and was alongside before the person on watch had discovered it. The noise made by him to arouse the people, seemed to have alarmed the persons in the canoe; they let go our chains and were gliding along with the current, when my fowling-piece, which happened to be at hand loaded with bird-shot, was discharged in their direction; they returned us the compliment once with ball, and left us to digest as we might this nocturnal encounter. Presuming that they would return during the night with additional force, we made some little preparation to receive them. We were not disturbed, however, until day-break, when a canoe was seen coming up the stream; after a cautious approach, the persons in it hailed, and came on board; they enquired who was *patrón* or master, and on the poor fellow going forward, they assaulted him with their sabres in the most brutal manner. I enquired the cause of such violent conduct; but the only answer I could get from them, was the frequent repetition, in a very agitated manner, of the words, 'You will see presently.'

"I thought that our hour had come—that the villains were going to take us on shore among the bushes, and shoot us at once. The pilot, who spoke of course the Paraguay language, was asked who I was; on being told, I suppose they considered me entitled to equal attention with the master; so they took hold of me, but without striking, they tied both hands behind my back, as they had already done to him.

"In this situation an *éclaircissement* took place: instead of Indians as we had supposed them, our nocturnal visitors happened to have been free Paraguayos taking their rounds in their capacity of river patrol, or guard. Our small shot had spread so much that it slightly wounded three of the men, who in their terror took us for a man of war; and the silly fellows, under that impression, proceeded straight to the nearest piquet, where they made their report accordingly. The officer on guard, without waiting for further investigation, sent an express with the awful intelligence to the commandant of the district, who in his turn was equally expeditious

in sending it on to the capital. I requested our captor (from whom we got the first part of this intelligence, and who was by degrees becoming less choleric and more disposed to hearken to reason) to ease the ties on our hands as much as was consistent with the security of our persons. As the master, smarting under the excruciating pain produced by the brutal manner in which they had tied him, was crying aloud like a child, he was ordered to be untied altogether. My release soon followed: on the removal of the cords, and the re-action of the blood, the sensation was most unpleasant: for a moment or two I lost my sight, and could scarcely stand; my hands were swollen and much discoloured.

"The master fainted away on being untied, and was obliged to be carried below. On his recovery we were ordered into the canoe—conducted a few miles up the river—landed and lodged in a guard-house, where the master was immediately placed in the stocks. My time had not yet arrived. The sergeant who conducted us had, during our intercourse, become somewhat less hostile towards me, and wishing to save me the indignity of the stocks, desired me to sit down in the porch of the guard-house, under the eye of the sentinel.

"The commander of the detachment forming this guard now made his appearance, not at all in a disposition to deprive me of the benefit of a repose in the stocks. His orders in this respect were soon complied with; but accident brought about my release sooner than either the fellow wished or I anticipated. As the affair of the previous night had now assumed quite a different shape to what had been originally given to it, it became the commander's duty to forward, without delay, a fresh bulletin, together with the papers and manifest of the vessel, as well as the correspondence, of which I might be the bearer. I told him he could have none of those papers unless I went on board. Persisting in this, I soon found myself at comparative liberty, accompanying the officer to the vessel. By the time we had returned to the guard-house his temper was somewhat mollified, and he did not insist on a second lodgment in the stocks. The rest of the day was passed in much preparation, and it must have been about ten o'clock at night when the master was roused from his slumbers in the stocks; we mounted on horseback, and, strongly escorted, traveled all night. At day-break we were in sight of, and not very distant from Neembucii, the residence of the commandant of the district,—a halt was ordered, and a person approached, who told me with civility that he must secure my hands before we entered the town. I desired him to do his duty; he then fixed a cord to my arms above the elbows, leaving sufficient play to guide the horse: the master was served in like manner. This individual, a native of Portugal, had hitherto wished to pass himself off upon me as the bravest of the brave; but ever since our capture he had behaved in a very pusillanimous manner, often crying aloud, entreating the mercy of the brutal Paraguayos, and ever and anon using earnest supplication to the Virgin Mary.

"We were very soon conducted to the presence of the awful commandant of Neembucii; a tall, lank, elderly man, and with his arm stretched out very like a cross-road sign-post. On our approach, he apparently assumed his most imposing manner, and asked 'how we had the temerity to fire on his people?' I replied, 'that we did not know them to be his people—that they came alongside and attempted to board in a dark night without hailing; a conduct so unusual, that we took them to be some of the barbarous Indians, whose signals we had heard a little time before, and that under similar circumstances we should again act in the like manner.' After expressing his indignation, he ordered our bonds to be removed, sent the master to the common prison, and placed me under the surveillance of a guard stationed on the bank of the river, to keep a look-out for such vessels as might

be passing either up or down. I passed about a week in this situation, but that week produced a great change in our affairs. Francia had received in due course the intimation of the presence of an enemy's vessel in the river, and lost not a moment in adopting defensive measures. Six hundred men were under marching orders for the frontier, when the intelligence reached him that the terrible man-of-war had dwindled down into an insignificant merchantman, and that his men had been accidentally wounded with bird-shot, for having attempted to board at night without hailing. He was very angry with his people on this occasion, and particularly chagrined at the want of etiquette which had caused them to be taken for barbarous Indians: 'Would to God,' he exclaimed, 'that the Englishmen had sunk them!'

"About one half of the troops assembled were sent after all to Neembucii under a new commander, so that I had the pleasure to see the old one removed in disgrace. His successor treated me with civility, placed me in possession of my vessel, and restored me the master.

"From this place we had a long passage of about three weeks to the capital, where I found that the sensation produced by our rencontre with the canoe was very great. Much speculation was afloat about the reception I was to meet with from the dictator.

"On landing, I was conducted by a soldier to the government-house, where my arrival was announced. I had not to wait long before I was requested to enter; the day was cold and rainy—I was dressed in a body-coat buttoned, over which I wore a great coat—my pocket-handkerchief, for convenience of access, was pushed in between the buttons of my coat at the breast. The officer requested me to take off my great coat, and, without saying a word, he pulled out my pocket-handkerchief—then, without further ceremony, requested me to enter.

"At the end of a long interior corridor I saw a thin, spare man, not very tall, with a pen stuck behind one ear. His coat, which was made of light gray cloth, might be said to be neither civil nor military; a little stripe of lace on the shoulder was all that distinguished it from any common garment of the same class. Not taking this personage for the dictator, I hesitated to proceed, but he beckoned and I advanced. I told him I was an Englishman just arrived; he asked me when I had left Buenos Ayres? why I had remained so long on the way? and many other questions. He spoke of England and the English people with great affability and frankness of manner.

"I have heard that persons admitted to his presence have been required to stand, and to place their hands in a certain position; I studied no particular posture, nor did he seem to pay the least attention to it. He told me that I had several countrymen in the city, some of whom were then about returning to Buenos Ayres: he then dismissed me in a manner indicating kindness and friendship more than any thing else. He made no allusion to the affair of the canoe, and in that respect I thought it prudent to follow his example; although, if it had come from himself, I was rather desirous to speak to him on the subject.

"The Paraguayos are a kind and hospitable people, and during the many pleasant excursions I made into the interior of the country, they amply atoned to me, by their attention and civilities, for the barbarous manner in which I was treated on entering their country."

This gentleman intended to have stayed two months in Paraguay; he was detained *five years*, only receiving his release at the time I have alluded to, when permission was granted to the English to quit, and in which permission the two Swiss gentlemen Messrs. Renger and Longchamps, were so fortunate as to get themselves

included. There were also some French merchants who had already been detained some years, and who have not yet effected their release; a representation on the subject is at this moment making to the French minister at the court of Rio de Janeiro.

Another class of persons whose situation in Paraguay calls for the commiseration of all, is that of the Spaniards. Against them the suspicion, jealousy, and hatred of Francia are particularly directed; as in Brazil the Portuguese are the chief objects of enmity, and as in the United States the English are the most disliked of all Europeans.*

The Spaniards at the time of the revolution formed the most wealthy and educated class of the community; most of them had creole wives; notwithstanding which, their race was declared extinct so far as related to civil affairs, and they were prohibited for the future from intermarrying with white women. This decree was, however, suffered to lie dormant until Francia had arrived at the height of his power; when, unfortunately, a fanatic Spaniard being exasperated at the quartering of six hundred men in the Convent of St. Francis, had the imprudence openly to exclaim, "The Franciscans, it is true, are extinct, but Francia's turn is yet to come." This language was duly reported—the culprit was sent for. "As to when I shall go," the dictator said to him, "I really am ignorant; but this I know, that you shall go before me." The unhappy man was shot next day, his property confiscated, and his widow and children reduced to beggary.

This was the commencement of the reign of terror, as far as regarded the Spaniards; the consular decree just mentioned was revived, and confiscations and executions rapidly increased. At length a conspiracy was formed; it was headed by Francia's late colleague, and other members of the junta established at the revolution—it was discovered—torture, chains, and death succeeded, and the failure of this hostile attack only served to confirm the power of the dictator.

The convicted and the sufferers upon this occasion had been chiefly creoles, but Francia was resolved to strike one grand blow at the Spaniards, against whom his suspicion never slept. Having shot one of them for not pleasing him in some mason-work he had been intrusted with, the dictator issued an order calling on all the Spaniards inhabiting the city and places within a league of it to assemble in three hours at the square in front of the government-house. They assembled to the number of three hundred; they were accused, among other frivolous charges, of obstructing the proceedings of government; they were led to prison, and crowded by fifties into ill-ventilated rooms, where they were shut up at night, and by day were allowed to walk in a small yard. The dictator appeared to think that he treated them with great lenity, and called them, not his prisoners, but his recluses. The late governor of Paraguay, who had ruled up to the time of the revolution, contrary to the usual practice of his countrymen, with much justice and moderation,

was among the number; he sickened and died, without being able to procure medical assistance.

Some of the prisoners, those of humble condition, were in a short time enlarged, but compelled to withdraw from four to ten leagues' distance from the capital. The more influential persons remained in prison nearly nineteen months, and only recovered their liberty on the hard condition of paying within three days a fine of 150,000 piastres. The money was exacted upon so rigorous a principle, that one individual having died, his contingent was levied on his orphans, although they were creoles. Three were kept in prison for default of payment, and many others were only enabled to make up their proportion through the kindness of some creole merchants: much to the credit of the Paraguayos be it told, that on this occasion they buried in oblivion their national antipathy, and liberally assisted, fed, clothed, and employed the poor Spaniards, to whose influence in the state Francia had thus given a death-blow.

The complete isolation of Paraguay produced one important benefit; the inhabitants were forced to pay attention to agriculture, which the dictator wisely encouraged, and by his own practical knowledge greatly improved. Besides the cultivation of the tobacco-leaf, the sugar-cane, and the zuca-root, which, together with the preparation of the *herb of Paraguay*, had hitherto exclusively employed the industry of the natives,—their fruitful plains began now to be spread over with rice, maize, fruits, and vegetables hitherto unknown to them. Above all, the cultivation of cotton, which article they had until now received wholly from Corrientes, succeeded so well, that its home produce entirely replaced the quantity which had been usually imported. The encouragement of the breed of horses and horned cattle produced the same effects. Manufactures kept pace with agriculture; and the clothing of the people, which had for the most part been imported ready made at a great expense, was now entirely manufactured and made up at home. The Brazilian consul on his return from Paraguay in 1825, embarked at St. Catherine's, on board the frigate commanded by the husband of the writer of this sketch, and is the other informant to whom allusion has been made. He presented the writer with a scarf and pocket-handkerchief from Assumption; the scarf is of white cotton, of a rough, unfinished texture, with the ends most elaborately worked in all manner of devices; the pocket-handkerchief is of French cambrie, worked in Assumption, most richly and delicately, although it had evidently been so long in hand that the material itself had become worn. The consul stated, that the females employed in these fine works were constantly attended by slaves, and were not even permitted to turn the handle of a door, for fear of spoiling the delicacy of their touch.

Thus out of evil came forth good; for it cannot be denied that Francia's suspicions and illiberal system has brought out, in objects of the first importance, the dormant energies of a very talented people. Commerce, where it precedes agriculture and manufactures, is out of its place, and this is its situation generally in regard to

* The lady is here mistaken.—Ed.

South America, which remains poor in the midst of mines of silver, gold, and gems. Commerce has also, in this point of view, a demoralising effect—it encourages expense and idleness; it produces foreign luxuries, where no home comforts exist; speculation and rapacity take the place of steady industry; all is show and incongruity—nothing substantial and consistent. Some ludicrous effects have been related of this premature introduction of foreign conveniences.

At an inland estate in Brazil, the negroes and their overseers were employed in carrying ore, with all its weighty additions of earth, stone, and rubbish, to the stamping-mill, which was at a considerable distance from the mine, and much time and labour were wasted in the conveyance. To obviate this inconvenience, the owner of the estate, who was at Rio de Janeiro, sent them a supply of wheelbarrows from a lot which had been just imported. The sagacious overseers and their sable workmen admired the contrivance of the wheelbarrows, which they perceived would carry three times as much as could be transported in the usual way; accordingly they loaded them—the patient blacks stooped their silly heads—the wheelbarrows were placed on them, and they staggered along under the painfully increased load—congratulating themselves, however, that they should have but one run instead of three; and this continued, no one, black or white, discovering the blunder, until the astonished owner returned and rectified it.

A gentleman traveling in the interior of Brazil put up for a night at a farm-house, furnished in the primitive style of the country; but on the table, in company with a long tallow candle, were placed a handsome pair of plated snuffers and its stand, which he had received as a present from Rio de Janeiro. "What conveniences you invent in Europe!" said the Brazilian to his guest; "before I received this pretty present, I used, after taking off the candle-snuff to throw it about the floor, or perchance on the bench where I was sitting, or over my clothes—but now, mark the difference." So saying, he pinched off the long snuff between his thumb and finger, put it carefully into the snuffers, and closed them up with a look of triumph at his highly amused spectator.

But to return: while agriculture and manufactures thus rapidly improved and flourished, commerce on the other hand was absolutely annihilated. During the close of its port, Assumption resembled a coast where a hundred ships had run aground, and its storehouses, as well as those of the other principal towns, were heaped with rotting tobacco and the herb of Paraguay; the latter, which grows wild in the forests, being the staple commodity of the country, used for making *matte*, a kind of tea, without which the Spanish Americans can scarcely exist.

Among numerous instances of the breach of hospitality by Francia, one singular example of its observance merits being recorded. The bandit chieftain Antigas had done a great deal of injury to Paraguay, both by land and on the river, and had incensed Francia yet further by fomenting revolts among his Indians. Nevertheless, when one of Antigas's lieutenants rebelled against him,

and forced him to retreat with the wreck of his army, he threw himself on the mercy of the dictator, and his appeal was listened to. He was conducted by an escort to the capital, where he was very anxious to obtain an audience of the dictator; but this was refused, and he was sent to the village of Curngnaty, eighty-five leagues north of Assumption. From that place it is impossible for him to escape but by a desert on the Brazilian side, of which there is very little danger that he will avail himself, after the excesses he has committed against that nation. The dictator assigned him a house and lands, with thirty-two piastres a month (his pay formerly as lieutenant of chasseurs), and ordered the governor of the circle to furnish him besides with whatever accommodations he required, and to treat him with great respect. It appears that since that time Antigas has wished to expiate, at least in part, the iniquities he has perpetrated. At the age of sixty he cultivated his farm with his own hands, and became the father of the poor in Curngnaty. It is presumed that he is still residing there.

Among other means of making himself master of all that passes in his territory, Francia has suppressed the post-office; but the post-masters keep their places, in order to expedite official letters, and collect the postage of all others brought by private conveyance, for these letters do not pass free. The violation of the confidence of letters is so well known, that few take the trouble of sealing them.

Francia does not encourage education, but he throws no obstacles in its way: he allows the public elementary schools for boys, which he found established at Assumption, to continue, and takes no notice of several private seminaries that have lately been formed for both sexes.

The city of Assumption is built in the shape of an amphitheatre upon a rising ground, washed by the river Paraguay. Its streets, in 1820, were crooked, irregular, and narrow. The houses, consisting of only one floor, generally stood apart from each other; they were interspersed with trees, little gardens, brushwood, and patches of verdure. Numerous springs issued from the ground in every part of the town, and formed streams or stagnated into pools; the rain-water had furrowed the soil, and broken up all the sloping streets. Such was the city Francia undertook to remodel; and the description given by the Swiss gentlemen of the effects produced by ignorance, miscalculation, and injustice, are almost incredible. At the end of four years the capital of Paraguay presented the aspect of a city that had been bombarded for several months; whole streets were seen bordered merely by hedges of dry reeds; and among the thinly scattered houses, but a very few had their fronts towards the street. The individual loss and suffering exceeded calculation.

It may be interesting to give, in conclusion, a few details of the private life of Francia, and a few anecdotes concerning him, which will place this singular personage in a closer point of view.

Discovering once (before he became corrupted by the acquisition of power) that he was possessor of eight hundred piastres, he thought this sum too much for a single person, and he spent

it. There seems to have really existed originally in the breast of this man somewhat of that simple and severe species of virtue which is essential in the formation and preservation of a republic.

The unfavourable change in his disposition when he became dictator perhaps not even he himself can clearly account for; he was past the age when any dormant vice, except that of avarice, springs up in the character; he was not dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of exalted rank, nor even by that nobler weakness, the desire of fame; for he takes no pains to display his power, or spread his reputation among foreign nations, nor to hand it down to posterity. On the contrary, he carefully shrouds himself, and as far as possible his dominions, in haughty seclusion. Admitting that he had become convinced that his country in her present state was not fitted for republicanism, and that it was requisite for her real welfare that absolute power, for a time at least, should be wielded by one able and vigorous hand—still, on assuming that power, had he not the most splendid opportunity ever enjoyed by a man, of rendering the most lasting and essential benefits to his country? Admitting even that it was necessary for him to rule with a rod of iron in one hand, who would have blamed him had he showered down blessings with the other?

One of the strongest and most painful proofs of how little the real good of his people lies at the heart of Francia, is, that no provision appears to be made for their government at his death, which may now, from his great age, be soon expected. All then will probably relapse into anarchy, unless the army take affairs into its own hand, and experience has fully shown us what the governor and the governed are then likely to endure.

The ruling, or rather the absorbing passion of Francia, is the love of power—of power for itself alone; it is with him a pure, abstracted principle, free from desire of the splendour which usually surrounds it, of the wealth which usually supports it, and of the fame which usually succeeds it. To this passion is united one more spring of action, and one only—it is the fear of assassination:—"Even-handed justice returns the chalice to his own lips,"—he who inflicts terror on all around him is himself its greatest slave; and for one death that he causes, he suffers in imagination a thousand.

There is one peculiarity which must not be omitted in any scrutiny into the causes of Francia's habits of mind. His father was of very eccentric habits, his brother and one of his sisters were lunatics, and he himself is subject to fits of hypochondria, which have sometimes degenerated into madness: his mind is therefore not sound; but while the knowledge of this fact diminishes our wonder at the inconsistency of his character, it very much increases it as to the folly of the people, who with such abject submission bend down their necks for him to trample on.

When the hypochondriacal fit comes on, Francia sometimes shuts himself up for several days, but if unhappily he does not do this, he ill-treats every one around him, orders arrests, inflicts the severest punishments, and thinks nothing of issuing a sentence of death.

On the occasion of an execution, the dictator himself gives out the ball-cartridges, and so parsimonious is he of these materials, that he allows but three men to each execution; so that, in more instances than one, the unhappy victims have been despatched by the bayonet. Francia is a witness of these scenes of horror, for the executions take place always beneath his window, and frequently in his actual presence. Once, while under the influence of his hypochondriacal affection, being offended at the intrusion of a poor woman, he gave the following order to the sentinels placed in front of his gate:—"If any passenger should dare to *fix his eyes* upon the front of my house, you will fire at him; if you miss him, this is for a second shot—(handing him another musket loaded with ball)—and if you miss again, I shall take care not to miss you." The order being quickly made known through the city, the inhabitants carefully avoided passing before this terrible palace, or if any person was obliged to do so, he kept his eyes constantly fixed upon the ground. A fortnight had passed without any accident, when an Indian of the tribe of Payagua, who knew nothing of the order, stopped to look at the government-house; the sentinel discharged his carbine, but missed him, probably intentionally: the report of fire-arms brought out the dictator, and when the cause was made known to him, he revoked the order, averring that he did not recollect ever having given it.

Francia was never married; but in his earlier days he was by no means insensible to the charms of the fair sex; however, on becoming dictator, he abjured them altogether, and at the same time relinquished play. The only being for whom he seemed to have any lasting attachment was a sister, who was usually in charge of his country-house; but so jealous is he of his authority, that he sent her away, because she took upon herself to order a slave to be chastised. He has nephews, but apparently takes no interest in them; when he became dictator he dismissed two, who were officers in the army, only from the fear that they might presume upon their relationship. One he confined in irons four years for having at a ball (it seems people dance even in Paraguay!) struck a man who had insulted him; and another passed a year in the public prison for having employed one of the military band in a serenade which he gave his mistress.

At the commencement of Francia's dictatorship for life, while the people were not yet sufficiently trained for their yoke, when he rode out on horseback he was escorted by hussars; two went before and one followed him; it was their duty to see that every person on the road stopped in the most respectful manner as he passed. At a subsequent period, Francia required his attendants to drive back on the highway all who presented themselves; and the blows of the flat part of the sabre, with which these directions were enforced, very soon disgusted the curious.

He imprisoned the wife of a conspirator, who, upon the arrest of her husband, took the resolution of joining together the broken threads of the conspiracy. Though detected and put in irons, she still repeated every day, "Had I a thousand

lives to lose, I would risk them all to destroy this monster!"

A woman out of jealousy accused her lover of having uttered offensive expressions against the dictator, who ordered the unfortunate man to receive a hundred blows: but the latter was so averse to this disgraceful punishment, that he begged to be shot rather than undergo it, and his request was immediately complied with. The dictator, however, was never known to reward either a spy or informer: on the contrary, he so justly appreciated their character, that he dismissed some officers who had acted for him in that capacity, as soon as he had no further use for their services.

Since 1820, Francia has taken no part in public worship, and has seized every occasion to show his dislike to the established religion. To a commandant, who asked him for the image of a saint, that he might place a newly-constructed fortress under its protection, he answered—"O people of Paraguay, how long will you remain idiots! When I was a catholic I believed as you do, but now I know that bullets are the best saints you can have on the frontiers."

To give an idea of the instruction of the clergy, one anecdote will be enough. In the vale of Ita, about thirty miles from the capital, there is a community of Indians, subjects of Paraguay, who had a curate, the son of a warrior, on whom the King of Spain had conferred the title of don, in reward for some service. This title, which the courtesy of modern times extends to all who have the least pretension to gentility, descended by right to his son, the curate, who, it appears, had been regularly educated for the church. He was a kind, hospitable, social man, much beloved in the neighbourhood, and sought after by all travellers. There were three points on which he piqued himself: his great sobriety, the abundance and excellence of his table, and his deep knowledge of sacred history. It was no doubt his superiority on the last point which, in despite of his reputation for gallantry, attracted all the fair penitents of the country round. As a specimen of his scriptural erudition, he maintained that the Sacred Founder of our religion (whose name I dare not mention in such a sentence as this) "and Mahomet were very intimate friends: that they met frequently to discuss certain points of their respective religion, and that many an evening had they passed together, sitting on the same cloth, and smoking out of the same hookah."

Besides the neighbours and strangers that usually met at the padre's hospitable board, its benefits were extended to fifteen cats and one third that number of dogs, which daily surrounded it, and were fed from the hand of their benevolent master. The padre in the hot weather regularly undressed for dinner; sitting down only in a pair of long drawers, trimmed at the ankles with lace, and a scarf thrown over his shoulders; of these he had a great variety, worked by the fair penitents aforesaid. Indeed the Paraguayans, although fond and vain of dress on occasions of show, are very indifferent to it as an object of decency and comfort. Both sexes are permitted, especially in the country, to go unclothed, until they are well advanced in their teens; if a young

girl be sent on a message to a neighbouring farm, she merely throws a scarf over her head, its ends hanging negligently down in front, and thus trudges along quite unconscious of the surprise her singular appearance excites in the passing stranger. From this complete freedom they spring up strait and well-proportioned: "I could not help," says the informant of the present writer, "comparing them to the palm-trees around; they were as graceful and as pliant, and, like them too, their heads alone were covered."

Francia is much praised for his disinterestedness in regard to money: his private fortune has never been increased by his elevation; he has never accepted a present, and his salary is always in arrear. He is not forgetful of the claims of old fellowship or kindness, provided they are accompanied with diffidence and great respect.

The dictator admits of no confidant; he has never been known to take counsel of any one, nor can any one boast of ever having exercised influence over him.

"I knew an officer," says our liberated fellow-countryman, "of the dictator's body-guard, who was supposed to be making rapid progress in his favour; he did not however stand his ground long; he was dismissed, and having no family who could support him, was reduced to become a day-labourer in the fields. One day, while strolling in the neighbourhood of the city, I saw this individual, naked from the waist upwards, occupied in roasting sweet mandiocas for his dinner."

"The body-guard," he continues, "was composed of about a hundred picked men, the tallest and handsomest that could be found in the country. The lieutenant by whom the guard was commanded, was a young man of very little education, although the son of parents in easy circumstances. From his situation about the person of the dictator, he was much looked up to by many, and was considered as possessing favour at head quarters. This youth grew uncommonly vain, and scarcely knew how to walk or dress, till at last not a day passed without producing some new or extravagant article of apparel. Francia saw with displeasure his monkey-like behaviour, and one morning, when he presumed to appear at parade in an extraordinarily-shaped and ornamented jacket, he called him, and with some familiarity asked where he had got his pretty jacket?—'You look extremely well in it,' said Francia, 'but I think you would look still better if you were to take off your trowsers, and wear it without them, after the fashion of your countrymen.' The poor fellow was obliged to take the hint, strip, and walk a turn or two before the dictator, who complimented him on his appearance, and appealed to the soldiers as to whether he had not suggested a striking improvement. After this scene his services were no longer required."

This corps looked well; it was clothed in a handsome manner, and was much esteemed by Francia for a time: when in good humour he was in the habit of calling it his corps of "Frenchified Russians," thereby meaning, "barbarians in progress of civilisation." However, it finally incurred his displeasure and was disbanded.

Francia treats his officers with very little ceremony; when displeased he abuses them in the presence of the soldiers, as though they were his menial servants, thus aiming at diminishing their importance and increasing his own.

The death of a person in his service, under

the following melancholy circumstances, produced a great effect upon the mind of the dictator, and was followed by some beneficial consequences. About the middle of 1824, a young man (of whose capacity Francia entertained a high opinion, and for whom he had created the office of secretary of state) having committed some trifling errors in the exercise of his functions, became alarmed for the consequences. Dreading to be reproached or dismissed by the dictator, he resolved to drown himself, though, as first officer of the government, he might have effected his escape. Before dying, he wrote a letter to the dictator, in which he gave an account of his official conduct, adding, that in the position in which he stood, he considered that flight would dishonour his country and disgrace his name. The dictator was moved; he perceived how heavily his yoke bore even upon those who were most devoted to him. He was induced to hint that the time was not far distant when Paraguay might enjoy some liberty. Imprisonments became less frequent; none but criminals were sentenced to death, and the denunciations of informers were more disregarded: he punished, too, in his army, some instances of oppression and insolence towards the people. In short, Paraguay, from that moment, began to breathe somewhat more freely, and the self-sacrifice of this honourable and heroic youth was at least not made in vain.

The Swiss travellers describe the dictator as a man of middle stature, with regular features, and those fine black eyes which characterise the creoles of South America: and as having a most penetrating look, with a strong expression of distrust. On their first introduction he wore the official costume, which consisted of a blue laced coat, (the uniform of a Spanish general,) waistcoat, breeches, stockings of white silk, and shoes with gold buckles. He was then sixty-two years of age, but did not appear more than fifty. At the commencement of a conversation he is haughty and intimidating, but if met with firmness, he softens down, and finishes, when in a good humour, by conversing very agreeably; and he is then perceived to be a man of great talent and extensive acquirements. He is a devoted admirer of Napoleon, whose downfall he always deplures; he contemplated with much interest his portrait when shown to him by the Swiss gentlemen; he had in his possession a caricature of Napoleon, which he had mistaken for a portrait, until his visitors explained the German inscription that was underneath it. They believe that it must have been this caricature that suggested to the dictator the idea of adding to his costume an enormous badge in imitation of the clumsy star with which Napoleon is decorated in that piece. Francia also showed the strangers his library, which, together with the best Spanish authors, contained the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Rollin, &c. He possessed, also, some mathematical instruments, globes, and maps—among the latter the best map of Paraguay that is to be found in the country. From the knowledge of the constellations, which he acquired by means of his celestial globe, and of the localities of his own territory by the map, it is imagined by the people

that he is an astrologer, but he himself does not encourage this notion.

In the last interview Dr. Renger had with Francia, when at the end of six years he and his friend had conceived hopes from the English being permitted to depart, and ventured to ask for passports, Francia listened to the request without replying to it, but desired Dr. Renger to go and inspect some forty or fifty recruits who had fallen sick. On his return, Francia asked him several questions about his travels in the interior of Paraguay, and what he intended publishing. He appeared to be very well satisfied with the recognition of the new republics by England, and said, "The French government was wrong not to have been beforehand with the English. The analogy between the characters of both nations, a common religion, and the nature of the produce and manufactures of France, which are better adapted to the wants of these countries, seemed to call for amicable relations, which would have opened new and invaluable channels to French commerce. But that government, instead of signalling itself by an act of liberality, which was in perfect conformity with the interests of France, has preferred maintaining, by a ruinous expedition, a tottering throne, the fall of which it can only defer, but not ultimately prevent. I should not be surprised to see that government making an attack upon our republics in the name of Ferdinand the Seventh, and that is one of my reasons for not permitting the French who are here to depart. With regard to your request, we shall consider of it." The result of this conversation is known to the reader. One motive for the delay in granting the request was, that the dictator wished to have appointed Dr. Renger chief physician to the troops, with the direction of a new military hospital he intended to establish.

Francia's household consists of four slaves—a negro, one male and two female mulattoes—whom he treats with great mildness. He leads a very regular life—the first rays of the sun rarely find him in bed. As soon as he rises, the negro brings a chafing-dish, a kettle, and a pitcher of water, which is heated in his presence. Francia then prepares, with the greatest possible care, his *maté*, or Paraguay tea; having taken this, he walks under the interior peristyle that looks upon the court, and smokes a cigar, which he first takes care to unroll, in order to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it, though it is his own sister who manufactures them for him. At six o'clock the barber arrives—a filthy, ragged, and drunken mulatto, but the only member of the faculty in whom he confides. If the dictator be in good humour, he chats with him, and often in this manner makes use of him to prepare the public for his projects. This barber may be said to be his official gazette (no new incident, by the by, in the annals of history). He then puts on his dressing-gown of printed calico, and repairs to the outer peristyle, where he walks up and down, and receives at the same time those persons who are admitted to an audience. At seven he enters his closet, where he remains until nine, when the officers and other functionaries come to

make their reports and receive his orders. At eleven o'clock the principal secretary brings the papers that are to be submitted to his inspection, and writes from his dictation until noon, when all the officers retire, and Francia sits down to table. His dinner, which is extremely frugal, he always orders himself; when the cook returns from market, she deposits her provisions at the door of her master's closet, who comes out and selects what he wishes for his own use. After dinner he takes his *siesta*; on awaking, he takes his *maté* and smokes a cigar, after observing the same precautions as in the morning. From this until four or five he is occupied with business, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives; the barber then enters and dresses his hair while his horse is saddling. During his ride Francia inspects the public works and the barracks, particularly those of the cavalry, where a habitation is preparing for him. While riding, though surrounded by his escort, he is armed with a sabre and a pair of double-barreled pocket pistols. He returns home about night-fall, and sits down to study until nine, when he takes his supper, consisting of a roasted pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather be fine he again walks under the peristyle, where he often remains till a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gives the watch-word, and on returning into the house he fastens all the doors himself.

For several months in the year he resides at the cavalry barracks, which are outside the city, about a quarter of a league from his usual residence; but there his manner of living is the same, except that he sometimes takes the pleasures of the chase. In the apartments that he occupies there are always arms within his reach; pistols are hung upon the walls, or placed upon the table near him; and sabres, the greater number unsheathed, are to be found in every corner. This fear of assassination is also shown in the etiquette prescribed at his audiences: the person admitted must not approach nearer to the dictator than six paces, until he makes him a sign to advance, and even then he must always stop at the distance of three paces—his arms must be held close to his body, and his hands open and hanging down, so that it may be evident that he has no concealed weapons. The officers even are not permitted to enter his presence with swords by their sides. He is pleased, however, that the person addressing him should look him straight in the face, and return prompt and positive answers. He told Dr. Renger one day, when about to open the body of one of the natives, to see if his countrymen had not one bone more than the usual number in their necks, which prevented them from holding up their heads and speaking out. Alas! it was the fetter on the mind, beyond the skill of the physician to remove, that bowed down their necks.

In the foregoing sketch it has been the writer's object rather to excite than to gratify curiosity. It is impossible but that great interest will prevail towards Paraguay on the death of its singular ruler: none can contemplate with indifference the idea of this fine province, with its docile and industrious population, being given up to anarchy,

and gradually returning to the waste desert from whence it has been struggling to emerge.

Rio de Janeiro, July, 1834.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE DEATH OF MARSHAL NEY.

Much has lately been said both in England and France respecting the death of Marshal Ney, but with the particulars of that dreadful tragedy few of our readers we suspect are fully conversant. With the strictest adherence to historical accuracy, we shall therefore give a brief and succinct narrative of the facts, more particularly as regards the Duke of Wellington's connection with it. It will be necessary to give a short review of the events which preceded it.

Michel Ney was born at Sarre Louis in 1769, and entered when a mere youth into a regiment of hussars, in which he had risen to the rank of *sous-officier* when the revolution of 1789 was effected. During the sanguinary wars waged by nearly the whole of Europe against the French republic he served in every campaign, and for his good conduct, talent, and patriotism was made general of brigade in 1796. In the following year he commanded a division under the celebrated Hoche, and subsequently under Schœmberg, Massena, and Moreau, contributing in no slight degree to the gaining of the glorious battle of Hohenlinden.

In 1804 he was, for his distinguished merit, created a marshal of the empire by Napoleon, and the following year gained the battle of Elchingen in Suabia, for which he was created duke of that name. Marshal Ney subsequently commanded a division at the decisive battle of Jena with the most signal success, but as it would occupy too much space to enumerate all the invaluable and glorious services he rendered his country during his life, we shall only add that at the terrible battle of the Moskwa, in Russia, Ney commanded the centre with his usual talent and success, for which the emperor conferred on him the title of Prince of the Moskwa, observing at the same time—"Le Maréchal Ney est le brave des braves—his soul is of tempered steel!"

After the disastrous campaign of 1814, finding it was no longer possible for Napoleon to continue to reign, he was one of the first generals who submitted to the Bourbons, who soon after created him a peer of France.

In 1815 he was at Condreux when Napoleon landed from Elba; he immediately received orders from the Bourbon government to assemble a military force at Besançon, with which he marched towards Lyons; but some proclamations from Napoleon having reached the troops at the same time that intelligence arrived of his triumphal entry into that city, Ney, yielding to the desire of the entire army and a united people, declared for the emperor, who in a few days again occupied the Tuileries.

During the hundred days, Marshal Ney used every exertion to save France from a second invasion, and, two days previous to the decisive battle of Waterloo, seriously checked the Anglo-

Belgian army commanded by the Duke of Wellington in the actions of Ligny and Quatre Bras.

After the defeat and partial destruction of the French army by the allies, Ney proceeded to Paris, where he gave a true statement of the disaster in the Chamber of Peers, and being averse to the new order of things, retired from public life.

In the meanwhile the English and Prussian armies approached Paris, where the remains of the French army had rallied, and being reinforced by several divisions not engaged at Waterloo, it still presented, with the national guard, a very imposing force; but Napoleon having signified his intention to abdicate, a convention for the capitulation of Paris was agreed to between the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blucher, on the one side, and the governor of Paris on the other, to the effect that private property should be respected, and *no person be molested for their past political or other conduct.* By virtue of this convention Louis XVIII. entered the capital, and was a second time proclaimed King of France.

Notwithstanding the above convention, Marshal Ney was arrested on the 24th of July, and thrown into prison, accused of having contributed to the revolution of the 20th of March, or, in other words, having aided the return of Napoleon. A court-martial was summoned to try him, Marshal Moncey being appointed president; Moncey, however, nobly refused to sit in trial on such a man, *for which he was imprisoned three months in the chateau of Ham.*

The presidentship now fell by seniority upon Marshal Jourdan, who accepted it, and with Marshals Massena, Mortier, and Augereau, and three lieutenant-generals, composed the court martial, which in its second sitting declared itself incompetent to try the prisoner, and immediately dissolved itself, to the undisguised delight of the French people, with whom Ney was, as he merited to be, highly popular.

An ordinance of the king next directed that he should be tried before the chamber of peers; and so great was the interest excited by the approaching mock trial, that, in addition to the capital being surrounded by the English army (during Ney's trial and execution, be it observed, the English were the only foreign troops remaining in Paris,) special commissioners of police were appointed, the press was rigorously restrained from alluding to it, men were selected from each regiment of the line, for their opinions, for the service of Paris, the national guards were removed from the principal posts, patrols traversed the town in all directions, and the city was filled with gendarmes, plainly indicating the apprehensions of the government, lest this cold-blooded murder should be prevented.

About the beginning of December the peers assembled in the palace of the Luxembourg, which was surrounded constantly by 2,000 men, and immediately proceeded to the trial of Ney, who was ably defended by the celebrated advocates and deputies, M. M. Berryer and Dupin; but it was evident that the accused could have no hope of justice from a tribunal of which three

fourths of the members were enraged aristocrats, rendered poor and vindictive by their long emigration from France, and now eager for victims on whom to wreak their vengeance.

Marshal Ney was fully aware of his position, and though he allowed his advocates to defend him, he appealed, as he hoped, to a more impartial and independent power, previous to the trial.

The Duke of Richelieu, as minister, demanded Ney's condemnation in the *name of Europe*; he told the chamber they owed the world a signal reparation, and must not allow the prisoner a longer impunity.

Against these expressions M. M. Berryer and Dupin vehemently protested, and produced the convention of Paris as a complete defence; this the president refused to allow to be heard, and ordered them to continue the defence *without reference to that document!*

Marshal Ney on hearing this rose, and said, "I forbid my counsel to defend me more; my judges, I well knew, were long since determined; I am accused against the faith of treaties, and the law of nations, and you will not let me justify myself. I appeal to Europe and to posterity!"

His advocates, nevertheless, made one more attempt to save him, by showing that Sarre Louis was included in the territory ceded to Prussia; and that, consequently, Ney was not a subject of France; but he refused to allow the plea, and indignantly exclaimed—"Never, I am a Frenchman in my heart, and a Frenchman I will die!"

While the chamber was still effecting to deliberate, Ney returned to his room; he appeared to be supported by a feeling of deep resolution; he embraced his defenders, who had nobly exerted themselves, exclaiming—"It is all over, my dear friends, we shall meet each other in another world!"

He ate his dinner calmly, and with appetite; and observing that a small knife was an object of uneasiness and attention to the persons charged to guard him, he exclaimed—"Do you think that I fear death?" and with a smile threw the knife away.

We now come to the Duke of Wellington's share in this transaction, to which we entreat our readers to pay great attention, and in particular to the following letter, upon which the unfortunate Ney had placed so much reliance:—

"To his Grace the Duke of Wellington, Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, &c.

"Your Excellency,—Cannot be ignorant of the gross violation which has taken place in my person of the convention of Paris, on the faith of which the French army laid down its arms, and I remained in France.

"It was on the following articles I relied, and now appeal to you, not for justice, but simply as the only party to that convention remaining in Paris, who possesses the power to see that solemn engagement enforced.

"ARTICLE 12.—Private persons and property shall be equally respected. The inhabitants and all individuals who shall be in the capital, shall continue to enjoy their rights and liberties without being disturbed or called to account, either as

to the situations they hold, or may have held, or as to their conduct or political opinions.

"ARTICLE 15.—If difficulties arise in the execution of any one of the articles of the present convention, the interpretation of it shall be made in favour of the French army and of the city of Paris."

"Without these terms, is there a human being who believes I would not have died sword in hand, joined and supported by all the brave and virtuous that remained in France?"

"It is then in direct contradiction to this capitulation I am now under arrest; and as a soldier, an Englishman, and an honourable man, I demand of you my instant and unqualified liberation."

"MICHEL NEY."

After several visits to the Tuileries, his grace found leisure, in the intervals of his splendid entertainments at the Palais de l'Elysée Bourbon, to reply to the unfortunate writer. His answer must ever be considered as a stain upon the national character. With the casuistry worthy of a pettifogging lawyer, he observed that the 12th article applied only to the military authority established in Paris, and was not intended to tie up the hands of the French government.

That this was a most treacherous and jesuitical interpretation of the 12th article, must alone be evident to every unbiassed mind, but a few moments' consideration will place its injustice in a still stronger light.

Marshal Ney was clearly included in the terms of article 12, for he had his residence in the capital, in law and fact. The army and the inhabitants of Paris, possessing a certain force, stipulated with the generals of the allied armies for their safety and inviolability. The competency of that force being thus admitted, terms were assented to, which precluded all further resistance. But can it for a moment be supposed that the object of the besieged was to obtain a mere temporary protection—a respite for 48 hours? and that the same army which had kept in awe a hundred thousand men, surrendered at discretion to a government the nation abhorred, and which had not a soldier at its command without the co-operation of the allies.

Such a Machiavelian doctrine is contrary to all reason, and such a principle once established might cover the earth with scaffolds. England, who prides herself on her advanced state of civilisation, cannot suffer such detestable maxims to be promulgated, and must view with horror their advocate and author.

Ney was informed of his sentence late at night, and was hurried to execution early the next morning. The sentence was carried into effect on the 7th December, 1815, in a clandestine manner, near the observatory, for all who were in any way connected with this detestable transaction, appear to have been ashamed of it.

When Ney reached the place of execution, he walked firmly from the coach to the fatal spot, and refusing to have his eyes blinded, calmly faced the detachment: taking off his hat with his left hand, he exclaimed, "*Je proteste solennelle-*

ment devant Dieu et devant les hommes de l'innocuité de mon jugement—l'histoire me jugera."

Then placing his hand upon his heart, he added, "Soldiers, straight to the heart—*Vive le France—feu!*" He fell dead upon the spot, twelve balls having taken effect. Thus perished one of the greatest men France could boast, exhibiting to the last moment that undaunted courage which had ever distinguished him in battle. It needed not to wait for posterity, as Ney predicted—the justice of his death is already decided. As the noble and patriotic Arnaud Carrel, the most talented political writer in France, boldly stated to the peers, many who had condemned Ney being of the number, when sitting in judgment on the National, for breach of privilege, "Time has pronounced, at the present period the judges have more need, of being reinstated in public opinion than the victim!" After having been violently interrupted by the president, he continued—"If, among the members who voted for the death of Marshal Ney, who sit in this assembly, there is one who considers himself aggrieved, let him summon me to this bar; I shall glory in being the first man of the revolution of 1830, who came here to protest, in the name of indignant France, against that abominable assassination!"

This feeling is deep, and we may say universal, amongst our neighbours; it cannot, of course, be expected that the Duke of Wellington, as commander merely of the invading allied forces, could be popular in France; still his name would pass without indignant remark, were it not a lamentable error in his otherwise glorious career.

Critical Notices.

From the London Athenæum.

The Epidemics of the Middle Ages. From the German of J. F. C. Hecker, M. D. Part II.—*The Dancing Mania.* Translated by B. G. Babington, M. D. London: Sherwood & Co.

The first of these treatises was devoted to the fearful history of the "Black Death of the Fourteenth Century:" in the one before us Dr. Hecker has drawn together a copious and singular account of another of those strange disorders, which, in days less enlightened and more disturbed than our own, spread itself in different forms over a great part of the civilised world. The detail becomes more interesting if we follow our author in linking the *Convulsionnaires* of St. Medard—the Jumpers and Shakers, and other modern fanatics—(whom there would be neither pleasure nor profit in enumerating further) with the *Turantani* of Italy, and those afflicted with what Dr. Hecker calls quaintly enough, "more ancient dancing plagues," with the "St. John's dancers" of old Germany, and, going back to the dim times of mythology, the *Mænades* and *Corybantes* of classic song and sculpture. We consider this second volume as likely to prove even more acceptable to the general reader than its predecessor, inasmuch as the malady of which it treats, from its close connection with the mind of the patient, offers almost as curious a subject of study to the psychologist, as to the mere medical practitioner. We shall examine its vagaries and ramifications with an eye to the former; and, as in our review of Dr. Hecker's first volume, merely make an abstract of facts, leaving

all questions of science to be discussed and examined in periodicals exclusively devoted to medicine.

According to the superstition of the 14th century, two saints, St. John and St. Vitus, were considered to have particular connection with the extraordinary disease, of which violent and convulsive motion formed a principal symptom. The anniversary of St. John's day has, from the darkest ages, been celebrated by the kindling of fires—in Germany this was called the "Nod-fyr"—and our author tells us, "that even to the present day the belief subsists, that people and animals that have leaped through these flames, or their smoke, are protected for a whole year from fevers and other diseases, as if by a kind of baptism by fire." "Similar customs," he further informs us, "are to be found among the nations of Southern Europe and Asia; and it is more than probable, that the Greeks transferred to the festival of St. John the Baptist a part of their Bacchanal mysteries. The same saint is still worshipped by the Abyssinian Christians, as the protector of those attacked by the dancing malady; and if we mistake not, the lighting of fires in his honour is still practised among the lower orders of Ireland.

Distinct accounts of the appearance of this whimsical, yet serious, plague in Europe go back to the year 1374, when "assemblages of men and women were seen at Aix la Chapelle, who had come out of Germany, and who, united by one common delusion, exhibited to the public, both in the streets and in the churches, the following strange spectacle. They formed circles, hand in hand, and appearing to have lost all control over their senses, continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together, in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. They then complained of extreme oppression, and groaned as if in the agonies of death, until they were swathed in cloths bound tightly round their waists, on which they again recovered, and remained free from complaint until the next attack. This practice of swathing was resorted to on account of the tympany which followed these spasmodic ravings, but patients were frequently relieved in a less artificial manner, by thumping and trampling upon the parts affected. While dancing they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions through the senses, but were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up spirits whose names they shrieked out; and some of them afterwards asserted that they felt as if they had been immersed in a stream of blood, which obliged them to leap so high."

"It was but a few months ere this demoniacal disease had spread over the neighbouring Netherlands from Aix la Chapelle, where it appeared in July. In Liege, Utrecht, Tongres, and many other towns of Belgium, the dancers appeared with garlands in their hair, and their waists girt with cloths."

"At length the increasing number of the affected excited no less anxiety than the attention that was paid to them. In towns and villages they took possession of the religious houses, processions were every where instituted on their account, and masses were said and hymns were sung, while the disease itself, of the demoniacal origin of which no one entertained the least doubt, excited every where astonishment and horror. In Liege the priests had recourse to exorcisms, and endeavoured by every means in their power to allay an evil which threatened so much danger to themselves."

These St. John's dancers were remarkable for strange antipathies; the sight of pointed shoes so exasperated them, that an ordinance was issued against wearing such: they shared, too, the turkey-cock's irritability at the display of red colours, and some could not endure to behold persons weeping. The disease spread rapidly among the lower orders all over the Netherlands. The streets of Metz were, at one time, filled with eleven hun-

dred dancers. The moral consequences of this active affliction need only be hinted at. Strasburg was visited by it in 1418, and so great was the stir caused by these strange exhibitions, and the crowds that followed the sufferers, among which were bagpipers (for the patients found great pleasure in music), that the civic authorities took the matter up, and the dancers were conducted in procession to the chapels of St. Vitus, near Zabern and Rotstein, where masses were performed for their cure.

But, though the above series of occurrences is placed by Dr. Hecker at the commencement of his history, it appears in his next chapter that traditions of a similar disorder had been long current among the people—of a hundred children who had been seized with leaping fits at Erfurt in the year 1237—of two hundred fanatics, who chose to dance "on the Mosel bridge, at Utrecht, on the 17th of June, A. D. 1278," and even refused to stop to do honour to the host as it passed, "upon which, in punishment of their crime, the bridge gave way, and they were all drowned!" Other similar legends are mentioned (one of them was not long since used by Campbell as a foundation for a ballad), and these had most probably prepared the minds of the nervous to receive and communicate the disorder. Much imposture of course was successfully practised, and time ran on as far as the sixteenth century, when Paracelsus turned his attention to the disease, and treated it as a bodily malady, and not a demoniacal possession.

About this time, the St. Vitus's dance began to decline. At the close of the sixteenth century, it was spoken of as a disease that *had been*. Some further facts respecting it may be interesting. We are told that it "attacked people of all stations, especially those who led a sedentary life, such as shoemakers and tailors; but even the most robust peasants abandoned their labours in the fields, as if they were possessed by evil spirits; and thus those affected were seen assembling indiscriminately, from time to time, at certain appointed places, and, without intermission, until their very last breath was expended. Their fury and extravagance of demeanour so completely deprived them of their senses, that many of them dashed their brains out against the walls and corners of buildings, or rushed headlong into rapid rivers, where they found a watery grave. Roaring and foaming as they were, the bystanders could only succeed in restraining them by placing benches and chairs in their way, so that their strength might be exhausted by the high leaps they were thus tempted to take. As soon as this was the case, they fell, as it were, lifeless to the ground, and, by very slow degrees, again recovered their strength."

"The cure effected by these stormy attacks was in some cases so perfect, that some patients returned to the factory or the plough as if nothing had happened. Others, on the contrary, paid the penalty of their folly by so total a loss of power, that they could not regain their former health, even by the employment of the most strengthening remedies. * * * That patients should be violently affected by music, and their paroxysms brought on and increased by it, is natural with such nervous disorders; where deeper impressions are made through the ear, which is the most intellectual of all the organs, than through any of the other senses. On this account the magistrates hired musicians for the purpose of carrying the St. Vitus's dancers so much the quicker through the attacks, and directed that athletic men should be sent among them in order to complete the exhaustion which had been often observed to produce a good effect.* This

* "It is related by Felix Plater (born 1536, † 1614) that he remembered in his youth the authorities of Basle having commissioned several powerful men to dance with a girl, who had the dancing mania, till she recovered from her disorder. They successively relieved

extraordinary disease was, however, so greatly mitigated in Schenck's time, that the St. Vitus's dancers had long since ceased to stroll from town to town. * * Throughout the whole of June, prior to the festival of St. John, patients felt a disquietude and restlessness which they were unable to overcome. They were dejected, timid, and anxious; wandered about in an unsettled state, being tormented with twitching pains, which seized them suddenly in different parts, and eagerly expected the eve of St. John's day, in the confident hope that, by dancing at the altars of this saint, or of St. Vitus (for in the Breisgau aid was equally sought from both), they would be freed from all their sufferings. This hope was not disappointed; and they remained, for the rest of the year, exempt from any further attack, after having thus, by dancing and raving for three hours, satisfied an irresistible demand of nature."

Dr. Hecker, in beginning his account of Tarantism in Italy, which follows the above, observes, drily enough, that it was very fortunate that the St. Vitus's dancers had fixed upon a patron saint, as it caused them to be treated with gentleness, and they were thereby screened from such harsh measures as were employed against others less canonically protected, and supposed to be possessed—as witches, and the like. After a few other judicious observations, he comes to speak of the Tarantism, and the music found useful for its cure, as a peculiar species of national dance music. Times are changed—and the modern Neapolitans caper and *pironette* for amusement to quaint old melodies, which were employed to soothe the convulsions of their forefathers. The fable of the disease originating in the bite of a venomous spider, is too well known to be dwelt on here; all that we can gather, is, that as in the case of the hundred children at Erfurt, and the two hundred dancers on the Mosel bridge, the peasants of Italy were prepared for a sympathetic disorder by some ancient legend. We must also remember, that the fearful plagues of the middle ages—the leprosy of the Crusades—the St. Anthony's fire—the Black Death—could not have passed over Europe, without producing a strong impression upon the minds, as well as the bodies, of the people; and it is not, therefore, wonderful, that fancy, working upon frames in a state of morbid sensitiveness, should induce and perpetuate the very evil to be dreaded.

"Those who were bitten," says Perotti, "generally fell into a state of melancholy, and appeared to be stupefied, and scarcely in possession of their senses. This condition was, in many cases, united with so great a sensibility to music, that, at the very first tones of their favourite melodies, they sprang up, shouting for joy, and danced on without intermission, until they sunk to the ground exhausted and almost lifeless. In others, the disease did not take this cheerful turn. They wept constantly, and, as if pining away with some unsatisfied desire, spent their days in the greatest misery and anxiety. Others, again, in morbid fits of love, cast their longing looks on women, and instances of death are recorded which are said to have occurred under a paroxysm of either laughing or weeping."

Something of the more impassioned and voluptuous spirit of the south, seems to have distinguished this incarnation of the disease from its *avator* in Germany; the Tarantists were even more passionately sensible to music than the St. John's dancers.

each other; and this singular mode of cure lasted above four weeks, when the patient fell down exhausted, and being quite unable to stand, was carried to an hospital, where she recovered. She had remained in her clothes all the time, and, entirely regardless of the pain of her lacerated feet, she had merely sat down occasionally to take some nourishment, or to slumber, during which the hopping movement of her body continued."

"Cities and villages alike resounded throughout the summer season with the notes of fifes, clarionets, and Turkish drums; and patients were every where to be met with who looked to dancing as their only remedy. Alexander ab Alexandro, who gives this account, saw a young man in a remote village who was seized with a violent attack of Tarantism. He listened with eagerness, and a fixed stare, to the sound of a drum, and his graceful movements gradually became more and more violent until his dancing was converted into a succession of frantic leaps, which required the utmost exertion of his whole strength. In the midst of this over-strained exertion of mind and body the music suddenly ceased, and he immediately fell powerless to the ground, where he lay senseless and motionless until its magical effect again aroused him to a renewal of his impassioned performances."

Different airs, called *tarantellas*, were composed, to suit the various moods of the patients.

"There was one kind of tarantella which was called 'Panno rosso,' a very lively impassioned style of music, to which wild dithyrambic songs were adapted; another, called 'Panno verde,' which was suited to the milder excitement of the senses, caused by green colours, and set to Idyllian songs of verdant fields and shady groves. A third was named 'Cinque tempi;' a fourth 'Moresca,' which was played to a Moorish dance; a fifth, 'Catena;' and a sixth, with a very appropriate designation, 'Spallata,' as if it was only fit to be played to dancers who were lame in the shoulder. This was the slowest and least in vogue of all. For those who loved water they took care to select love songs, which were sung to corresponding music, and such persons delighted in hearing of gushing springs and rushing cascades and streams.

"The music was almost wholly in the Turkish style (aria Turchesca), and the ancient songs of the peasantry of Apulia, which increased in number annually, were well suited to the abrupt and lively notes of the Turkish drum and the shepherd's pipe."

The cure of the afflicted gave occasion to a sort of annual festival, called "*Il carnealetto delle donne*." The abhorrence and passion for colours in the Tarantists, proceeded to a much madder height than in the leapers of Germany: red seems to have been a general favourite, but they were not implicit followers of any one particular hue. The following anecdote is from Kircher:—

"The dancing fits of a certain Capuchin friar in Tarantum excited so much curiosity, that Cardinal Cajetani proceeded to the monastery, that he might see with his own eyes what was going on. As soon as the monk, who was in the midst of his dance, perceived the spiritual prince clothed in his red garments, he no longer listened to the tarantella of the musicians, but with strange gestures endeavoured to approach the cardinal, as if he wished to count the very threads of his purple robe, and to allay his intense longing by its odour. The interference of the spectators, and his own respect, prevented his touching it, and thus the irritation of his senses not being appeased, he fell into a state of such anguish and disquietude, that he presently sunk down in a swoon, from which he did not recover until the cardinal compassionately gave him his purple cape. This he immediately seized in the greatest ecstasy, and pressed now to his breast, now to his forehead and cheeks, and then again commenced his dance as if in the frenzy of a love fit."

Many, too, were seized with an equally delirious passion for water—would bear about glasses of water while dancing, with the most extravagant expressions of fondness, and show an ardent longing for the sea. Others, of more sombre imagination, fancied they found relief in earth-bathing. Nor was it the natives only who were attacked by this madness; foreigners imbibed the contagion; dotards threw away their crutches and danced—children scarcely out of their cradles joined with them.

This frenzy was at its greatest height in the seventeenth century; whole bands of musicians, devoted to the cure of the *Tarantati*, traversed Italy during the summer months, and the women saved up money, before they came, to repay them, and to provide for the costs of the *carnevalletto*, so that the excitement was never permitted to die away. Even the most incredulous and sober churchmen were not proof against the contagion, for, we read that, at a later period,—

"Jo. Baptist Quinzato, bishop of Foligno, having allowed himself, by way of a joke, to be bitten by a *Tarantula*, could obtain a cure in no other way than by being, through the influence of the tarantella, compelled to dance. Others, among the clergy, who wished to shut their ears against music, because they considered dancing derogatory to their station, fell into a dangerous state of illness by thus delaying the crisis of the malady, and were obliged at last to save themselves from a miserable death by submitting to the unwelcome but sole means of cure."

We learn, however, that this disease was not a very fatal one; that of these who had been bitten, only one or two in a thousand died.

We must pass the collateral chapter on hysteria, with the curious illustrations added, in notes, by the translator—of the different insanities to which women, shut up in companies, have been especially subject—of the nuns in France who chose to *mew* in concert, till their catish propensity was cured by a threat of flagellation—of their German sisters, who took the sharper fancy of biting each other, a pastime found particularly enticing and contagious; we must also pass the chapter devoted to the *Tigretier* of Abyssinia, with the strange anecdotes, similar to what we have already given, extracted from Nathaniel Pearce's journal, proving that a malady, like "the ancient dancing plague," still exists in these our own days, in that part of Africa. Nor can we enter upon the concluding division of the work, in which some of the deplorable effects of modern fanaticism are stated, having already devoted more space to the subject than some may think it deserves, and being willing to refrain from looking into one of the darkest and most degrading pages of the history of mind. But, in parting from this book, we must recommend it to our readers, not merely as valuable, but as very amusing; it may be beneficial, too, to those who are inclined to bear too harshly upon the extravagances of poor human nature, if it induce them to forgive as a disease, what they would persecute and ridicule as folly. Dr. Babington's notes contain many striking parallel anecdotes, and add to the interest of the work.

We observe that Dr. Hecker means to continue his labours, and that the next treatise announced, is on "The Sweating Sickness."

*The Exile of Erin, or the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman.**

A bashful Irishman, like a silent woman, is a prodigy, which, like the unicorn, in spite of all the researches of our naturalists, must still be considered fabulous. This work is written with much humour, and exhibits many scenes of life in a ludicrous point of view. There is a mirthful solemnity in the description of some of the dilemmas in which the hero is involved by his *bashfulness*, which reminds us of Liston, in those happy moments of laughable perplexity, where, worried by a flirting wife, or teased by some family *contre-temps*, he stands in serious, melancholy, musing, himself the occasion of laughter to hundreds. The hero, educated by an Irish priest, and nurtured upon whiskey, becomes, by sheer force of bashfulness, an actor, marries a scolding wife, deserts her, and, in due course of time, incited likewise by bashfulness, makes his *début* as a newspaper reporter.

* Republished by the Harpers. New York.

"At last a grand idea struck me! I resolved to try the press. I had often heard and read of those sprightly adventurers, who contrived to earn a subsistence by picking up, or in case of need, inventing accidents, &c., for the newspapers, so I presented myself at a dull period at the *Planet* newspaper office, with an affecting report of a young lady, who had swallowed a tea-cup full of arsenic water, under the influence of derangement, brought on by the diabolical conduct of a young guardsman who had seduced her.

"This paragraph, being well timed, was much approved; it became the subject of an indignant leading article in many of the ensuing Sunday journals, 'on the demoralised condition of the higher classes,' and went the round of the provincial press under the title of 'Shocking Suicide!'

"My next literary perpetration was a Hatton-garden police report, wherein I detailed the particulars of a pugilistic encounter between two Irish hodmen in a style of the most rampant vivacity. About this time, too, I contributed a foot and a half of good jokes weekly to the *Looker-on*, for which the editor, who was himself a wag of the first water, and liked, as he said, to encourage genius, remunerated me at a very handsome rate. But my chief reliance was on the *Planet* newspaper, on which, by adroit flattery of the proprietor, an odd little fellow, with a style of writing 'peculiarly his own,' I contrived to gain so strong a hold, that after a month's probation, I was declared to be master of my business, and placed on the establishment as a sort of flying reporter of all work.

"In this capacity I exhibited powers of invention which would have done honour to a Scottish novelist. Scarcely a day passed but a Mrs. Tomkins and her only daughter fell from a one-horse chaise in Tavistock or Brunswick-squares; or a Mr. Subthorpe, a stout gentleman of sixty, with a wife and six children, broke his leg by stumbling over a bit of orange-peel, which some urchin had inconsiderately flung upon the pavement. My phenomena were equally creditable to my fancy. The *Planet* abounded in accounts of extraordinary gooseberries, which measured four inches round the waist; of Irish potatoes on which could be clearly traced the words "Daniel O'Connell;" of three children born *impromptu* at a birth; of goats without beards, cows with five legs, and donkeys with horns like my Lord —.

"Not unfrequently, when 'extra hands' were wanted, I made my appearance in the gallery in the house of commons, infinitely to the annoyance of the practised and well-educated gentlemen who attended there, not one of whom, however, came near me, whether in eloquence of style, originality of metaphor, or vivacity of logic. They stuck to fact, I expatiated in the airy regions of fiction.

"But ingratitude is the vice of public men in England. I had actually not distinguished myself above half-a-dozen times in the gallery, when I was summoned to the bar, for a breach of privilege contained in a report of one of Sir William Wisacre's orations; reprimanded by the speaker in a style that brought the blood of a hundred ancestors into my cheeks; and then formally dismissed the *Planet* establishment. In justification of his complaint, Sir William urged that he was not in the house at the time I attributed to him the speech in question, and that nothing but the unparalleled impudence of the forgery should have —; but I need say no more. Men of bashful temperament will at once appreciate the motives for my silence."

He soon rises to the high eminence of editor of a satirical newspaper; puts in a *harmless* paragraph about "a certain baronet's lady," is threatened with a prosecution, gives up the proprietors, and vanishes from a London life into a country borough. Here he stirs up an

election contest; bashfully fingers the cash of the reform candidate, and accidentally is made an inmate of the jail, where he industriously collects materials to regulate his future conduct, from the experience of others, among whom a young philosophical pick-pocket stands predominant:—

"It was at the Surrey Theatre—I linger on the recollection with a pleasing melancholy—that I made my first appearance as an artist in this line. The house was crowded, and as good luck would have it, I chanced to stand next an asthmatic man, to whom I imparted my suspicions of there being thieves in the house, and hastened to prove the fact by decamping with his snuff box.

"This exploit at once got me into repute among my contemporary artists, and inspired me with such self-confidence, that for upwards of a twelvemonth afterwards I wrought successfully night and day at my new vocation; and one evening, on the steps of the Opera House, had the honour of a personal interview with the prince regent."

"Indeed!" said I, "how came that about?"

"Why, sir, in attempting to ease his royal highness of a remarkably handsome gold snuff-box, I happened to make a false step and stumbled up against him, whereupon he turned round with a smile, and made me such a gracious bow, that I have been the most loyal of men ever since. But in politics I was always a tory, though I cannot say I have fingered so much public money as Lords E—— or B——. However, a man can but do his best.

"It was at this period of my life that I became acquainted with the immortal Ikey Singleton. We shook hands (strange enough!) in the coat-pockets of a clergyman, who had stuck himself at the back of one of the dress-boxes in Covent-garden, and against whom our professional dexterity was at one and the same moment employed. Ikey was a great man, sir; still I cannot but think he was over-rated. Certes, his mode of effecting transfers was prompt and intelligent, but it wanted originality. You might know him any where by his style. With his contemporary Slender Billy, it was otherwise. He was all versatility, and had the finest conception of a burglary, of any man I ever met with.

"But to return from this digression, into which I have been led by my respect for departed genius. Scarcely had I achieved notoriety by the felonious capabilities of my fingers, when my mind, fitted for nobler pursuits, began to languish for pre-eminence in the higher branches of the profession. Oh! sir, ambition has been my ruin, as it has been that of many a great man before me. On sounding my old schoolfellow, Fusby, on the subject, he readily entered into my feelings, and agreed to join me in an attempt on a house in Brunswick-square, where I had previously ascertained that a rich old bachelor resided.

"Punctual to the moment, we proceeded to effect a lodgment in his kitchen; but unluckily, while we were ascending towards the drawing-room, a stout scullery girl, who, unperceived, had watched our motions, assaulted us both with her fists in so cowardly and unprovoked a manner, that we were compelled to make a precipitate retreat. Detection was the inevitable consequence. Fusby, however, escaped, by turning king's evidence, while I was tried, convicted, and transported to Botany Bay, where I was immediately placed in the service of a Scottish emigrant who held vast pasturages in the neighbourhood of Sidney."

The jail is burnt down, and our hero liberated in a riot. He retires into Wales, where he perpetrates a second marriage in sheer bashfulness. His character follows him from the borough of Humbug, and he is compelled to leave the *molle otium* of a Welsh apothecary, and the *placens uxor* of a scolding wife. The land of his

birth now receives him, and in failure of all other trades, his bashfulness prompts him to the avocation of patriotism. The sketch of the Catholic Association and his maiden speech are capital. Fate, however, now cuts the thread of his career, and vengeance pursues him in the shape of his first wife. While in the act of entangling himself for the third time in the silken fetters of Hymen, the police arrest him, and he is brought to trial for bigamy. The defence is conducted by O'Connell, whom the author happily and humorously delineates as throwing his client overboard after the first sentence of his speech, and rushing "head up" into a pathetic description of the wrongs of his injured country.

"When the case for the prosecution had closed, Mr. O'Cromwell rose for the defence.

"May it please your lordship,—Gentlemen of the jury,—I am well aware that, to a certain extent, judgment must pass against my client. I mean not to deny the fact of his first, nor yet of his second marriage; but this I will maintain, that notwithstanding the eloquent vituperation of my learned friend, the evidence you have this day heard proves that defendant has been far more sinned against than sinning. In considering your verdict, gentleman, I trust you will take this fact into your consideration. Besides, do not let it escape your attention, that this prosecution has at least as much to do with politics as justice. The protestant magistrate, Kelly, who takes such extraordinary pains to promote it, does so, for the sole reason that the defendant is a catholic and a radical. But this is nothing new here, for Irish justice is notoriously of the Orange faction. Oh, my beloved countrymen, when shall we be free from this galling ascendancy? Where is there a lovelier climate? Where a finer peasantry? Oh, it galls me to the quick, to think that, where God has been so bountiful, man has been so base! We were designed to be a nation—we are a province. We were designed to be happy—we are miserable. But we have one consolation—WE ARE SEVEN MILLIONS!"

"Mr. Sheilly.—I beg my learned friend's pardon. We were seven millions a month ago. We are eight now."

"Lord Norvery.—Mr. O'Cromwell, you are traveling wholly from the record."

"Mr. O'Cromwell.—My lord, justice to my client compels me to show that this prosecution is for the most part of a political——"

"Lord Norvery.—Sir, we know nothing of politics here."

"Mr. O'Cromwell.—I should have thought otherwise, from your lordship's extreme hurry to——"

"Lord Norvery (in a loud voice).—I will have respect paid to the bench—I insist on it."

"Mr. O'Cromwell.—Really, my lord, this interruption is most ——"

"Lord Norvery.—Oh, very well, sir, I understand your meaning. If you fancy yourself aggrieved, you know how to apply for your remedy."

"Mr. O'Cromwell (solemnly).—My lord, I have a vow—a sacred vow!"

"Lord Norvery.—Enough, sir, go on."

"Mr. O'Cromwell.—Gentlemen, my client's case is only another proof of the necessity that exists for cleansing the fountain-heads of justice in this most afflicted country."

"His lordship here again interrupted Mr. O'Cromwell, and the two parties continued addressing each other with inflamed gestures, at the very top of their voices, for ten minutes, while the court roared with laughter. At length, after a vehement altercation, Mr. O'Cromwell's superior wind prevailed, and he proceeded as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I repeat my former statement,—this prosecution is almost wholly political. But thus has it ever been—thus will it ever be—until Irishmen have learned to know and vindicate their rights.

Hereditary bondsmen ! know you not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ?

Yes, we are indeed a nation of bondsmen, and England is our task-master. We are hewers of wood and drawers of water, and the Saxon is our overseer. Yet Nature designed us for freedom. (A sort of running duet here took place between Mr. O'Cromwell and his lordship.) Our every hill is a fortress—

"Lord Norvery.—Mr. O'Cromwell, this is no corn-exchange meeting."

"Mr. O'Cromwell.—Our every road a defile"—

"Lord Norvery.—Sir, I insist"—

"Mr. O'Cromwell.—Our every field a redoubt"—

"Lord Norvery.—This conduct is really"—

"Mr. O'Cromwell.—Up then, countrymen, and be stirring ! (Here his lordship sank back exhausted with his vehemence.) Up with your weapons—but let them be those of constitutional agitation ! Strike, but let it be in theory ! Fight, but let it be in a contest of obedience to the laws, to those laws which, where they but once thoroughly reformed, would make Ireland again what she once was—

Great, glorious, and free,

First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

"When the learned gentleman had concluded, the venerated judge commenced summing up the evidence ; after which the jury returned a verdict of ' guilty ; ' whereupon his lordship sentenced the prisoner to transportation for life."

Crayon Miscellany. By the Author of "The Sketch Book." No. 1. Containing a Tour on the Prairies. Murray, 1835.

We question whether the most ardent admirers of forest life, those who have envied the followers of the banished duke—their green retreats in the woods of Ardenne—would derive so much enjoyment from a sudden rush into the splendid wilds of America, as from the perusal of this delightful volume. Magnificent and beautiful as nature appears in these little-trodden solitudes, sublime as are the spectacles which they present, their aspect in sunshine and storm, their stately scenery, the noble animals belonging to the brute creation roaming at liberty over the fertile plains, and the ardour and excitement afforded by the chase of these spirit-stirring objects of pursuit, all these would be deprived of their highest relish without a companion whose admirable power of making minute points tell, and whose fine taste and quick perception of beauty render him the most enchanting guide that the traveller could be blessed with. We remember having been much interested by the narrative of a journey to the Rocky Mountains, published some years ago, and which gave a very faithful delineation of the scenery and productions of the prairies. We also cherish a very lively recollection of Mr. Cooper's striking novel, one of a series of works descriptive of American life upon which his fame as an author will ultimately rest ; but, notwithstanding our previous acquaintance with the subject, the novelty and freshness which this most accomplished of travellers has infused into his work, give to it an originality which we could scarcely deem it possible that it should possess.

Mr. Irving's taste for the picturesque led him to join a large party, accompanying a commissioner, who was directed to employ all his rhetoric in persuading the Indian tribes to settle quietly down to peaceable occupations. The Pawnees being still averse to every kind of restraint, and desirous to keep their grand hunting grounds free from molestation, there was some danger of hostile attack from these monarchs of the waste, a circumstance which added greatly to the interest of the journey. Nothing can be more finely described than the enthusiasm of the whole party at first setting out : the

excitement which the pursuit of elks, buffalos, and wild horses, and the expected irruptions of the Pawnees, produced, and then the gradual cooling down of the spirit of enterprise, and the weary, heart-sunken, forlorn array of the return.

Report of William Crawford, Esq. on the Penitentiaries of the United States. Printed by order of the house of commons.

On few subjects has there been more contradictory testimony, than the effects produced by the establishment of penitentiaries in the United States. One great cause of this, is the fact, that each penitentiary is subject to the local legislature ; that there is consequently no uniformity in the system of discipline ; and that the good effected in one state, has been frustrated by the defective or mischievous plans of another. A second cause is the neglect of statistical science in America ; there is no central depot for the state papers of the union, and the registers are not always kept with accuracy. Under these circumstances Mr. Crawford was sent by Lord Melbourne to inspect the several penitentiaries of the United States, examine the respective systems on which they are governed, with a view of ascertaining what portions of their regulations it would be practicable and expedient to apply to the prisons of this country. This report contains the result of his examination of fifteen penitentiaries, detailed with considerable minuteness. We shall, however, direct the attention of our readers only to those general propositions which seem applicable to the criminal legislation of England. The first popularity of American law noticed by Mr. Crawford, is one of great importance :—

"The most striking character, however, respecting the laws of the United States, especially to those familiar only with the circumstances and situation of criminals in Great Britain, is the desire shown for making reparation, not only to the state, by payment of a fine, but also to the party injured in cases affecting his property. In some states, in New York and Tennessee, for instance, the party injured may have execution against the convict for the amount of his loss, when capable of being estimated by damages, which is done by the jury who try the offender. In others, as Virginia and Missouri, restoration of the property stolen, or its value, forms part of the sentence. This practice obtains very generally in the cases of stealing slaves or horses ; and in these instances, where restitution is not made, the sum to be paid is usually double or treble the value of the slave or horse. In Rhode Island, in the case of larceny, the owner is to receive full value as well as his property. In Connecticut, part of the punishment for forgery committed on a private person is a fine of double the amount of the damage sustained, to be paid to the injured party. The convict is generally made liable to the state for the costs of his own prosecution ; but his property, if more than sufficient for this purpose, is not forfeited : indeed, the law in some instances specially provides for the administration of the estates of convicts during their imprisonment. That the fullest reparation should be made by the offender to the injured party is in the highest degree desirable, if it can be effected without, on the one hand, excluding a material, or, on the other, admitting an interested witness. But the principal object of such punishments, viz. the increased certainty of their infliction, in consequence of the additional inducement to prosecute, would not be much promoted in a community where the pecuniary circumstances of the criminals must, in the great majority of cases, render this part of the law little else than nominal. To secure the costs and fines, where the prisoner has no property, laws have in some states been passed, authorising the court to transfer the convict to any party as a hired servant for a

certain time, or to make him work out the amount in prison, by allowing him a certain sum per diem for his labour. In others he may be detained for costs, or liberated upon giving his note of hand, or continue liable to be apprehended in future should he obtain the means of payment."

The principle of procuring satisfaction to the persons injured, was always kept steadily in view by ancient legislators, but it seems strangely neglected in England. Our punishments may gratify the vindictive feelings of the prosecutor, but there is no compensation for the loss that he has sustained. In many cases, to be sure, it would be impossible to enforce restitution, still there is obvious justice in making every exertion to secure it. In England the injured person not only has to bear the original loss, but has too frequently to contribute to the expenses of the prosecution.

The penitentiary lately established at Philadelphia, appears to be the most efficient for the accomplishment of the best purposes of prison punishment, that has yet been devised. It derives its efficacy from the strictness with which solitary confinement is enforced:—

"This penitentiary is situated about a mile from the city of Philadelphia. The site occupies about twelve acres. It is built of stone and surrounded by a wall thirty feet in height. Every room is vaulted and fire-proof. At each angle of the boundary wall is a tower for the purpose of overlooking the establishment. In the centre is a circular building, or observatory, from which several corridors radiate: they are under complete inspection. The cells are ranged on each side of the corridors, in the wall of which is a small aperture and iron door to each cell: through this aperture the meals of the prisoner are handed to him without his seeing the officer, and he may at all times be thus inspected without his knowledge. Other openings are provided for the purposes of ventilation and warmth. Heated air is conducted by flues from stoves under the corridors. In the arched ceiling of each cell is a window for the admission of light. The cells are eleven feet nine inches long, seven feet six inches wide, and sixteen feet high to the top of the arched ceiling. The cells on the ground floor have double doors leading into a yard, eighteen feet by eight feet, in which the convict is allowed to take exercise for an hour daily. The walls of the yard are eleven feet high. Prisoners are not allowed to walk at the same time in adjoining yards; and when in the yards are inspected by a watchman placed for that purpose in the tower of the observatory. * * * On the admission of a convict he is taken into an office at the entrance of the penitentiary and subjected to the usual course of examination. His person is cleansed and he is clothed in a uniform. He is then blindfolded and conducted to his cell. On his way thither he is for a short time detained in the observatory, where he is admonished by the warden as to the necessity of implicit obedience to the regulations. On arriving in his cell the hood is removed, and he is left alone. There he may remain for years, perhaps for life, without seeing any human being but the inspectors, the warden and his officers, and perhaps occasionally one of the official visitors of the prison. For the first day or two the convict is not allowed to have even a bible, nor is any employment given to him for at least a week, a period during which he is the object of the warden's special observation. The prisoner soon petitions for an occupation. It is not, however, until solitude appears to have effectually subdued him that employment of any kind is introduced into his cell. * * *

"So strict is this seclusion that I found, on conversing with the prisoners, that they were not aware of the existence of the cholera which had but a few months before prevailed in Philadelphia."

One advantage resulting from this seclusion, is too remarkable to be omitted:—

"The propensity of convicts, on their liberation, to revive acquaintances formed in prison is notorious. If any individual so situated be disposed to abandon his criminal habits he is too often assailed by temptations from his late associates, and threatened by exposure. An instance of this kind was related to me of a convict who had manifested great contrition for his past life, and conducted himself so well as to obtain his pardon from the Walnut-Street prison. Having been re-committed, he was asked why he had returned: he replied, 'I intended to behave well, and I went for that purpose into the state of Ohio, where I hoped that my former character would be unknown, and I might set out anew in life. I got employment and was doing well, when unfortunately I one day met a man who had been a convict here at the same time as myself. I passed him, feigning not to know him: he followed me and said, 'I know and will expose you, so you need not expect to shun me. It is folly to set out to be honest. Come with me and drink, and we will talk over old affairs.' I could not escape from him; my spirits sunk in despair, and I went with him. The result you know.' The seclusion of the eastern penitentiary removes this formidable obstacle to reformation. The convict, on leaving his cell, re-enters the world unknown by any of the former inmates of the prison."

The opponents of the system of solitary confinement assert that it is calculated to produce the most terrible of all inflictions, madness, and they quote in proof the result of experiments made at Auburn, in the state of New York, and also in the state of Maine. To this it might fairly be replied, that this fatal result has not occurred in the Gloucester Penitentiary, in the Glasgow Bridewell, or in the new establishment at Philadelphia; and that the effects produced in Auburn and Maine were owing not to solitary confinement, but to the contracted dimensions and unhealthy condition of the cells in which the experiments were conducted. Mr. Crawford gives us a fearful picture of the misery produced by these experiments:—

"A trial of solitary confinement, day and night, without labour, was made at Auburn in the year 1822, for ten months, upon eighty of the most hardened convicts. They were each confined in a cell only seven feet long, three feet and a half wide, and seven feet high. They were on no account permitted to leave the cell, during that long period, on any occasion, not even for the purposes of nature. They had no means of obtaining any change of air, nor opportunities of taking exercise. The most disastrous consequences were naturally the result."

"Several persons became insane: health was impaired, and life endangered. The discipline of the prison at that period was one of unmixed severity. There was no moral or religious instruction of any kind communicated within its walls, nor consolation administered by which the convict was enabled to bear up against the cruelty of this treatment. Nor was a trial of the same description which took place in the state of Maine, conducted under more advantageous circumstances. The night-rooms or cells at this prison are literally pits entered from the top by a ladder, through an aperture about two feet square. The opening is secured by an iron grate, used as a trap-door; the only other orifice is one at the bottom, about an inch and a half in diameter, for the admission of warm air from underneath. The cells are eight feet nine inches long, four feet six inches wide, and nine feet eight inches high. Their gloom is indescribable. The diet, during confinement, was bread and water, only. Thus immured, and without any occupation, it will excite no surprise to learn that a man who had been sentenced to pass seventy days in one of these miserable pits hung himself after four days' imprisonment. Another condemned to sixty days also committed suicide on the twenty-fourth day. It became necessary to remove four others, who were unable to

endure this cruelty, from the cell to the hospital repeatedly before the expiration of their sentence. It is said that similar experiments have been made in Virginia, and that various diseases terminating in death, were the result. The cells in which the prisoners were confined have been since disused: they are, in fact, dungeons, being on the basement story, and so dark as to require a lamp in visiting them. In damp weather the water stands in drops on the walls. The cells were not warmed at any season of the year. A prisoner's feet were actually frozen during his confinement. No fair trial of the effects of solitude could have taken place, as has been alleged, in the penitentiary of New Jersey, the cells being so arranged that the convicts can converse with perfect freedom. From experiments of this character no just conclusions can therefore be derived unfriendly to solitary imprisonment of any kind, especially when accompanied by employment, in large and well-ventilated cells, the arrangements of which have reference to the preservation of the health, regular employment, and improvement of the mind of the offender."

Indeed, the entire system at Auburn appears the worst possible: liberty to inflict severe punishments at pleasure is granted to the overseers, the keepers, and even the under-keepers; and this authority is very frequently abused, as might indeed have been reasonably expected.

Mr. Crawford concludes his report with some very valuable suggestions; the most important are—

"That it is expedient to diminish as much as possible the number of persons committed for safe custody only, and with this view to extend the practice of taking bail as widely as is consistent with the public interests.

"That there should be a more frequent delivery of the county jails than twice in the year.

"That provision should be made in every jail and house of correction for the solitary confinement of certain classes.

"The last suggestion which I take the liberty to offer is, that arrangements should be made for enabling the convict on his discharge to earn an honest subsistence. The best system of prison discipline must necessarily be ineffectual if the offender on his liberation be unable to procure employment by which to earn a creditable livelihood. So greatly, however, does the supply of labour exceed the demand throughout England, that serious difficulties are experienced in this respect by thousands who have the advantage of character and connections, but who are nevertheless compelled to seek a subsistence by emigration to distant lands. How immeasurably are those difficulties increased when the individual is tainted by crime, and therefore shunned by society! It is in vain to look for the means of procuring employment for the discharged convict in this country. In the colonies alone can the remedy be found. If the emigration of liberated criminals to a penal colony were encouraged, an opportunity would be afforded to the best disposed to change their habits and commence a new life. That there is a large class whose depravity would dispose them to reject such a proposal cannot be questioned, and it might form a subject of consideration whether a criminal, who had on his discharge from prison refused an offer of emigration, should not on reconviction be subjected to an increased punishment. There are, however, others who would gladly avail themselves of any opportunity by which they could escape from bad connections, and avoid the numerous temptations which inevitably beset them in this country. Emigration to Australia would be the means of enabling them to maintain themselves by industry, and become, what they never can hope to be by remaining at home, honest and useful members of society."

The last suggestion we deem particularly valuable, but it may be doubted, whether it would not be found too expensive in practice.—*Athenaeum*.

Fine Arts.

The Crucifixion. By John Martin. F. G. Moon, Threadneedle Street.

This is one of those sublime works upon a scriptural foundation for which Mr. Martin is so remarkable, and in which he has no equal.

The subject of the crucifixion, in itself most wonderful and magnificent, is one which none can attempt with effect save those who possess the spirit of poetry; and this is Mr. Martin's in a high degree—to that which he touches he gives an interest and a beauty which it might otherwise want. And though this cannot be the case in the present instance, yet even here, he has been "himself alone," by striking out a new plan; and instead of rendering the "great atonement" itself his principal study, has devoted his attention to the objects around, and produced, as a whole, an effect of which it may be truly said, the minutest detail is made subservient to the grandeur of the whole.

The opening graves—the Temple—the sacred Mount of Calvary—the figures of "Mary the mother" and "John the beloved" of Jesus—all render a deep and affecting beauty in return for the interest which they themselves derive from the subject, while the whole of the engraving displays that high tone of feeling which ever has, and we believe, ever will, characterise the efforts of the artist whose work we have had so much pleasure in eulogising.—*Metropolitan*.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings, by C. Stanfield, R.A., Turner, R.A., and Calcott, R.A., and other eminent artists, made from original sketches taken on the spot. With descriptions of the plates, by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, B. D. of St. John's College, Cambridge, &c. John Murray, Albemarle Street; and Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

We give this title at full length as a kind of security for the justice of the praise we are compelled to bestow on this undertaking. The names of the artists are of themselves a sufficient warranty that the views and plates shall be good. This, the twelfth part, contains a view of Nineveh, by Turner, after James Rich, Esq. Scarcely the debris of this once magnificent city remains. What there is of it, and the modern Moussul, on the Tigris, make a very romantic picture. Jericho, also by Turner, after Sir A. Edmondstone, is also a very interesting and well-engraved plate; but gives us a most impotent idea of that once important city, second only to Jerusalem. Ramah, with the building called Rachel's Tomb, is also by the same person. The fore-ground is relieved by an irruption of a detachment of wolves upon a flock of sheep. The last plate of this number is a View of Damascus, which gives a good impression of that often demolished, yet still surviving city. This twelfth part supports the character, high as it is, of those that have preceded it.—*Ibid*.

Notabilia.

AUTOGRAPHS.—Collections of autographs had their origin about the middle of the sixteenth century, in Germany, where persons who traveled carried about with them white paper books, to obtain the signatures of persons of eminence. These albums are frequently found in the manuscript libraries of Europe; several are preserved in the British Museum; and some are adorned

with splendid illuminations. The oldest bears a date as early as 1578, and appears to have belonged to a lady. There is one in the library which belonged to George III., made for King Charles I. The Album of the Synod of Dort, 1618-9, is still extant. It was collected by John Dibbezius, or Dibbits, the pastor of the church. The earliest royal autograph of England now known, is the small figure of a cross, made by the hand of King William Rufus, in the centre of a charter by which the manor of Lambeth was granted to the church of Rochester. The next royal autograph known, is the signature of Richard II. From this time the royal signatures of England continue in uninterrupted succession.

PAINT.—An American gentleman, who was lately introduced at the drawing-room at St. James's Palace, in giving an account of the scene in an American publication, says, after speaking of the queen's courteous behaviour: "She is not handsome, but from the associations which her good reputation suggests, her looks are agreeable and interesting. I saw quite an elderly lady on the queen's right hand, whose paint, laid upon her cheeks, reminded me of nothing so impressively as the wife of a Winnebago chief in the North West territory of America, whom I had frequently seen, in 1830, as she came from making her toilet over the mirror surface of Fox River, with the aid of an abundance of vermilion. I could positively have taken her for the wife of the Indian chief, the other parts of her dress and the circumstances of the occasion aside. I should think her about seventy years old! With this singular exception—and really it was very remarkable—all the persons in attendance upon her majesty, male and female, appeared in a very becoming manner."—*Christian Observer*.

GOLD MEDAL.—A curious gold medal was discovered a short time ago by a labourer who was excavating a part of the road on the Ashford line, near Tunbridge-Bridge. It is one of the Roman emperors, and the obverse is a Roman head in relief, with an inscription which is said to denote its being commemorative of Severus. The head is encircled with small garnets, inlaid. It appears to have been worn as an ornament, as a rudely cast suspender is attached to the top of it. This piece of antiquity is now in the possession of Mr. Eastes, of Canterbury.—*Kentish Paper*.

ANCIENT REMAINS.—As a number of workmen were digging in a field on the right-hand side of Barkby-lane, Leicester, and lately laid out for building, about three or four feet below the surface of the earth they turned up several skulls, besides various other bones connected with the human frame. The extraordinary size of the leg-bones plainly indicated the parties, when living, to have been a stout and, no doubt, hardy race of men. Several sets of teeth were also discovered in a perfect state; but how and at what time they were buried history furnishes no record.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

PAPYRUS.—Professor Seyfarth, speaking of the result of his gleanings last year in the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Turin, observes, the most important discovery he made has been an outline of Egyptian history, described on each of the closely-filled sides of a papyrus, between fourteen and eighteen feet long, and two feet broad. It corresponds with the customary chronological accounts, by dating its narrative from the times of the dominion of the pagan deities. The first sovereigns of Egypt were Ammon, Vulcanus, and Ammon Sol; then follow their successors until the days of Osiris, Typhon, Horus, Thouth, Anubis, and Horus II.; the whole comprising an interval of thirteen thousand nine hundred and seventeen years, and corresponding in this respect with Manetho's testimony.

ROMAN REMAINS.—at Kent-street, Southwark, and St. Clement's-Lane, London.—In the burial-ground of the Dissenters' Chapel, in Deveril-street, New Dover-road, which is situated about two hundred yards southwest of

Kent-Street, a part of the line of the ancient Watling-street, Roman urns, lacrymatories of glass, and other vessels, are found almost on every occasion when the ground is open for a fresh interment. A very perfect and elegantly formed urn of gray pottery, eight inches high, seven inches in diameter at the top, and three at the bottom, containing calcined bones, evidently carefully separated from the embers of the funeral pile, has recently been discovered. Mr. Martin, an undertaker, who resides near the chapel, has numerous articles of similar antiquity in his possession, found on the same spot, and among them several fragments of highly polished bronze mirrors, which have apparently been purposely broken at the interment of the ashes of the females to whom they had probably belonged. These remains decidedly mark the site of a Roman or Romano-British burial-ground.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

From the Annual Report of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, just published, it appears that "a very considerable augmentation of its income, and a proportionate increase in the circulation of its publications, have taken place in the past year. Its income has amounted to the sum of 74,000*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.*, being an increase upon the preceding year of more than 3,000*l.* The total number of its publications circulated during the past year has amounted to 2,152,073, being an increase of 72,000 upon the preceding year." The statement is exclusive of the books circulated by the committee of general literature and education. The number of publications circulated by that committee alone in one year, including the *Saturday Magazine*, has amounted to 5,163,929. Of the *Saturday Magazine*, which was their earliest work, an increase of the amount of nearly fifteen thousand numbers in each week has taken place; and the average of the weekly circulation, including the Supplements, is now more than ninety-five thousand. The total number of copies sold in the past year, is four millions nine hundred and fifty-seven thousand and eighty-four. The total number of the publications sold in the past year, exclusive of the *Saturday Magazine*, is two hundred and six thousand eight hundred and forty-five.—*Ibid*.

UNROLLING A MUMMY.—Two newspapers, the "Belfast News Letter" and the "Guardian" have been kindly forwarded to us, in both of which an account is given of the unrolling a mummy, brought to this country and presented to the Natural History Society of Belfast by Mr. Greg. So many mummies have of late been unrolled, and the results have been so uniform, that we shall, on this occasion, confine ourselves to a general notice of such facts and discoveries only as appear to have been peculiar. According to the interpretation given by the Rev. Dr. Hincks of the hieroglyphics on the coffin, the body was that of an unmarried female of the name of Kabooti, the daughter of a priest of Ammon, whose parents were dead at the time of her decease; but there was no legible part of the inscription which gave any precise information respecting the era when she lived; which, however, is presumed to have been about 2000 or 2500 years ago. According to the "Guardian," on unrolling the body sundry porcelain tubes, about three quarters of an inch in length, were found, through which some filaments of the cotton had been passed: these the "News Letter" seems to describe as part of the ornaments of the outer shawl in which the body was enveloped. In the course of unfolding the numerous wrappers, various dead insects (and one living one! described as about the size of—query, was it not?—a flea) were found, and on approaching the mummy these became more numerous, and the chest and the parts connected with the abdomen, says the "Guardian," had been either completely decomposed or devoured by insects, the space being occupied by large quantities of their larvae. "The cloth," observes the "News Letter," "had evidently been

perforated by them in many places, and an immense multitude of either dead larvae, or not improbably the exuvium of the beetles, were discovered within pliedgets of cotton. One leg, the arms, the upper part of the breast, and the head, were now entirely exposed to view, and an examination of the body itself soon commenced. The hair was in excellent preservation, being very fine, about three inches and a half long, forming ringlets like those of children, and of a deep auburn shade, with not the slightest appearance of wool—the eyes were replaced by balls of cotton—the lips, cheeks, and sides of the head had suffered much from the attacks of the insects, many of which were found deeply imbedded in the round holes which they had perforated in the flesh—the teeth were white, regular, and very pretty, and with one single exception not an unsound one could be seen—the appearance of the *dentes sapientie* proved the age of the body at death not to have been less than twenty, or more than thirty. The foot was particularly small and beautifully shaped. The body was five feet and one inch long. Afterwards some minor mummies were examined. "Two of these," says the "Guardian," "turned out to be the remains of snakes, and in an earthen jar, supposed to contain the mummy of a sacred Ibis, the egg of one of these birds was found enveloped in numerous folds of cotton cloth, of a much softer nature and looser texture than that in which the body of Kabooti was wrapped."—*Athenaeum*.

VITTIORA WHEAT, yielding two harvests in the year.—Loudon's horticultural and agricultural notices, last autumn, gave satisfactory accounts of the experiment tried in Somersetshire, of planting this valuable present made to his country by Sir Robert Ker Porter, our consular resident in that part of South America where it is a native of the soil. Loudon reports it to have given great promise, both from its spring and summer sowing. In Warwickshire, we ourselves know that it succeeded so well as to produce a fine crop in July last year, though, by an accident, it had been planted a month too late; and it yielded a particularly sweet and well-tasted flour, from which excellent bread was made. The proper times for sowing are February (which gives its harvest in June) and in June (which yields its harvest in October).

QUICKSILVER versus STEAM-POWER.—The Earl of Dundonald (better known as Lord Cochrane) was examined last session before the commons' committee on steam navigation to India. His Lordship, among other matters, said he had projected "a substitute for steam," as well as "a new mode of propelling vessels." The substitute for steam is quicksilver; and he employs it "to produce power by exhausting one vessel and compressing air in another, thus forming an atmospheric plenum and a vacuum, which will produce the same effect as the plenum and vacuum formed by the generation of steam and its condensation." This plan (superceding the necessity of carrying coals) he added, is peculiarly adapted to agitated water, like the sea. The plan may be wholly worked without fuel. The evidence and papers are too long for extract, but his lordship concludes this part of his evidence with stating, that "vessels filled with quicksilver apparatus might be provided with sails of the usual kind; there would be no smoke nor any fire, and there need be no indication from their external appearance that they are equipped in any other manner than as sailing vessels. As to the method of propelling *without paddle wheels* (his lordship says,) I should be happy to lay it before the committee, were my patent right secured."

THE POTATO.—Mr. Hickley has communicated to the "Irish Farmer's Journal" a very singular and successful experiment, tried upon the potato in the county of Dublin: A gentleman, who holds a farm of 150 acres, planted in the usual manner 34 acres under potatoes in 1832; the result was, a complete failure of the crop.

This induced him to try many experiments upon the root, all of which failed except the following: he took six potatoes and divided them into twenty cuts; he then got a large basin of water, into which he put a cupful of salt and a piece of blue stone about the size of a walnut. He put ten of the cuts into the basin, and let them remain there one entire night. On the following day he procured a very strong microscope, through which he examined the entire twenty cuts. On the ten cuts which were not immersed in the basin he could distinctly perceive many small white particles like eggs; and those cuts which were immersed presented no such appearance whatsoever. This discovery urged him to follow up the examination attentively; and every day, for a short period, he continued to watch the appearance of the aforesaid matter. The result was, that those white globular particles were animalcula, for in a few days they became quite visible to the naked eye in the form of worms or maggots. The cuts that had been steeped never showed the slightest appearance of any such thing, and they retained their solidity and firmness when the other ten cuts were completely decayed and rotted. Still unwilling to believe without further proof, he tried the experiment five or six times, and planted them, distinctly marking a division between those cuts which were steeped and those that were not. The consequence was, the almost total failure of the one kind and the complete success of the others placed the question beyond the possibility of a doubt. He considers that the air has a powerful effect upon the potato, and may sometimes impregnate it with this destructive matter.—*N. Monthly*.

Literary Intelligence.

Dr. Bird's deeply interesting novel, "Calavar," has been published in London under the title of "Abdallah, the Moor."

Mrs. Butler's Journal was to be published in London in May.

The poets Thomas Moore, William Wordsworth, and Robert Southey, are all at present in London, and each of them preparing to publish a new work. Southey is engaged on the *Life and Works of Cowper*.

The publication, in monthly parts, of Sir Jonah Barrington's popular History of the Irish Union is continued in regular order by the issue of the third part, in which the portraits, by the spirited hand of the elder Heath, consist, among others, of Arthur O'Connor, the Earl of Moira, Mr. Butler, &c.

The Pilgrims of Walsingham, or Tales of the Middle Ages, an Historical Romance, by Agnes Strickland.

A Journal of a Seven Years' Residence in New South Wales, by J. W. Ord, Esq.

The Two Friends, a novel, by the Countess of Blessington, 3 vols. small 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.

Burke's History of the Commissioners of Great Britain and Ireland, Part VIII. (completing the 2d vol.) 7s. 6d.

Lives of the most Eminent Literary and Scientific Men, by R. Southey, James Montgomery, &c. &c. vol. I. (forming Vol. LXIII. of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia,) 6s.

Mr. Valpy has announced for publication, a new and illustrated edition of Pope's Works; to be edited by Dr. Croly, with a new Life, Notes, and Critical Observations on each poem. The work is to be published in six monthly volumes, on the plan of Byron, Scott, and Shakespeare. The engravings are of a superior kind, from drawings made expressly for the edition.

Shakespeare's Knowledge of Zoology, Botany, Physiology, Chemistry, Medicine, &c. will be displayed and illustrated by notes, original and selected.

THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

With the present number of the Museum we furnish an index and title page to the 26th volume, being first of the work since it passed into the hands of the present editor. We believe it will be safe to refer to it as containing the *élite* of all the British periodicals for the last six months. The attention that has been bestowed on it will be continued, both from a sense of duty and the highly flattering testimonials to the value of its contents, furnished by the great body of the public press, as well as by distinguished individuals of all parties.

In addition to other varied contents in this month's publication, will be found a second letter from Charles Waterton, which many, without approving the writer's impressions, have been desirous to peruse. We have no motive for their insertion, either *pro* or *con*, other than to convey information of what is doing, and would copy immediately any replies, if within a reasonable compass. The Museum shall continue, while under our charge, strictly impartial.

Of the accuracy of the portrait of Charles Lamb we have had no means of judging from personal knowledge, but the editor of the London Spectator says, in a late number:—

"The sketch of Charles Lamb, better known as 'Elia,' in *Fraser's Magazine* for February, is a true and characteristic outline of the noble head and puny body of this fine humorist; but the filling-up of the face is wanting. His outward man was a type of his intellectual powers: his mind overbalanced the body. The well-spring of wit and pathos was deep and pure; but it flowed in a tiny stream, and through narrow and tortuous channels."

Lamb's friend, "Barry Cornwall," alias Proctor, has deluged the British periodicals with adulatory paragraphs, containing more than, it seems to us, Elia's writings will merit, good as they undoubtedly are. In the New Monthly Magazine for April there occurs a brief article containing the following sketch, written in a manuscript collection of Mr. Upcott, to which attention is called by the following remarks:—

"It is so singularly characteristic, that we can scarcely persuade ourselves we do not hear it, as we read, spoken from his living lips. Slight as it is, it conveys the most exquisite and perfect notion of the personal manner and habits of our friend. Mark its humour, crammed into a few thinking words; its pathetic sensibility in the midst of contrast; its wit, truth, and feeling; and, above all, its fanciful retreat at the close under a phantom cloud of death." Here follows the autobiographical sketch:—

"Charles Lamb, born in the Inner Temple, 10th February, 1775, educated in Christ's Hospital, afterwards a clerk in the accountants' office, East India House; pensioned off from that service, 1825, after thirty years' service; is now a gentleman at large; can remember few specialities in his life worth noticing, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste sud manū*); below the middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism or a poor quibble, than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libeled as a person always aiming at wit, which, as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dulness. A small eater but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper berry; was a fierce smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. He has been guilty of obtruding upon the public a tale in prose, called Rosamund Gray; a dramatic sketch, named John Woodvil; a Farewell Ode to Tobacco; with sundry other poems, and light prose matter, collected in two slight crown octavos, and pompously christened his works, though in fact they were his recreations, and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall street, filling some hundred folios. He is also the true Elia, whose essays are extant in a little volume, published a year or two since, and rather better known from that name without a meaning, than from any thing he has done, or can hope to do, in his own. He also was the first to draw the public attention to the old English dramatists, in a work called 'Specimens of English Dramatic Writers,' who lived about the time of Shakspeare, published about fifteen years since. In short, all his merits and demerits to set forth, would take to the end of Mr. Upcott's book, and then not be told truly.

"He died 18 much lamented."

"Witness his hand, CHARLES LAMB.

"18th April, 1827."

"* To anybody—please to fill up these blanks."

The magazine writer adds this comment—

"Reader! there is more in those blanks, which C. L. desires you to 'fill up,' and in that phrase of 'much lamented,' than you may be disposed to feel. It seems a merry jest with death; but it was here, as in most matters wherein he raised mirth from all around him, the result of a train of very pensive and melancholy imagery in his own fancy. As he wrote those words, we can conceive him at his old task of counting the probabilities of his duration, and clinging to them one by one. He wrote them only that he might seem to face the worst, as it were, and meet death in the spirit of life. 'Much lamented!'—no immodest anticipation of grief in others, but the melancholy betrayal of his own! Let us listen to him on another occasion, speaking on

this subject:—"In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away 'like a weaver's shuttle.' Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends. To be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave!***I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death—but out upon thee, I say, thou foul ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with father John) give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned, as a universal viper;—to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy privation, or more frightful and confounding positive."

"We linger with the reader over this personal talk of our friend. It brings us face to face with him once more. It almost assures us, in its living strength of feeling, that its writer is, perhaps, not as we imagine him—dead; that his immortal part spoke truly, and now vindicates its worth, living in enjoyment and to enjoy; that he himself, it may be, is as strong again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. But no—this we would rather not have. We wish to see him again just as he used to be—in his very habit as he lived—and to enjoy his friendship elsewhere with the same smiling indications which conveyed it to us here—the recognisable face—the 'sweet assurance of a look.'"

Our readers doubtless remember the first number of the "Traditions of the War of American Independence," respecting the unfortunate Asgill. A shadow of doubt was cast round the narrative from its having alluded to the venerable Bishop White, though not by name; the other features of the story were admitted to be correct. We had intended to mention the subject, but as our May number was distributing, the following note, from the bishop himself, was laid on our table:—

The Editor of the Museum.

May 1, 1835.

Dear Sir,

I have lately read, in your *Museum* for January, a narrative of sundry matters which occurred after the surrender of the army of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va. said to have been written by an officer connected with the capitulation.

He relates, that when an officer of the name of Asgill, in danger of being executed in retaliation for a similar execution on the side of the British, was conducted a prisoner through this city, the chaplain of congress obtruded himself in the character of a religious visitant of the afflicted young man, and was indignantly repelled.

Having been frequently asked, whether this can be intended as applicable to me, I wish to declare, through the channel of your periodical, that it cannot; and that I never saw the said Mr. Asgill, or endeavoured to gain admission to him. The narrative states, that the chaplain lost his hat and his wig on the occasion. It might be made to appear, on the testimony of my early and of my present friends, that I never wore the latter of these articles of dress.

My colleague in the chaplainship was the Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Duffield, of the presbyterian church. He wore a wig; but, independently on his not being capable of intruding in the manner described, I am confident, that what was intended in the narrative cannot apply to him. The innocence of the selected victim became a cause of such extensive sympathy, that whatever related to it, could not but have been made a subject of general conversation. Had Mr. Duffield been so ignominiously treated, I should certainly have heard of it, and probably from himself, considering the frequency and familiarity of our intercourse.

If there be any truth in the narrative, it may have been in the person of some indiscreet chaplain of the army. But I doubt of even this, thinking, notwithstanding any hearsay tale which may have been in the possession of the narrator, that it would have been an object of attention.

I am, respectfully,

Your humble servant,

WM. WHITE.

It was stated last month that the *Foreign Quarterly Review* had been discontinued, owing to the failure of the publisher; his assignees, however, publish it, and the editor, Mr. Cochrane, has issued "*Cochrane's Foreign Quarterly Review*." The two are in opposition, and we are afraid, from the specimens, that neither will equal the former series. Which one the American reprints will patronise, we are yet uninformed.